



THE INDEPENDENT

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PART ONE INSIDE TODAY'S SATURDAY MAGAZINE

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SEE PAGE 50 OF THIS ISSUE

NHS smear tests 'fail' thousands

THOUSANDS OF women's lives are being put at risk because of "significant failings" at every level of the cervical screening process, according to a damning new report.

Health service leaders have "lacked grip" on the service and must take some responsibility for Britain's worst smear test scandal in which eight women died, MPs will say. It concludes that the NHS "is failing many of the most vulnerable".

The report from the Public Accounts Committee, which is due to be published tomorrow, will provoke a furious row with the beleaguered service, which has tried to recover from a series of high-profile problems.

But sources close to the service yesterday accused the MPs of grabbing "five minutes' worth of headlines" and said the report could actually deter women from coming forward to be screened.

"If they want to attack the NHS Executive let them find another battlefield," said one insider. "If women are frightened away from the service lives could be endangered."

Cancer of the cervix is the fifth most common cancer among women. The NHS screening programme was set up in 1988, and women aged between 20 and 64 are called for a cervical smear every three to five years. Since it was set up, deaths have fallen by a third.

But the committee says that six years after its previous report "there are still significant quality failings at every stage of the cervical screening programme" and it is "sceptical" that the new improvements introduced could prevent another scandal.

It notes that more than 10 per cent of health authorities are still failing to reach the target of screening 80 per cent of women aged 25-64 in the previous five years and "their failure to achieve... the target is putting lives at risk".

The committee also blames the NHS cervical screening programme for taking until March 1996 - after the scandal at Kent and Canterbury hospital - to issue comprehensive guidance for laboratory practice and performance. Eight women died in Britain's worst smear scandal and 30 were forced to have hysterectomies because their cancers were not diagnosed in time.

"In our view the late development of this guidance is one reason why many laboratories are a long way from achieving key targets and from providing an effective service to women," the report says.

One woman in 12 is still going through the stress of having a repeat smear taken because of poor smear taking, and one third of health authorities failed to contact general practices with persistently high rates of inadequate smears, failures the committee said were "regrettable".

Despite efforts, the service had still not overcome particular problems in reaching the worst off women and those from ethnic minorities. "The fact remains that the NHS is failing many of the most vulnerable people in our society," said David Davis, chairman of the committee. A spokeswoman for the NHS Cervical Screening Programme said yesterday that she could not comment until the report was published. Insiders, however, said that the committee had to realise that the programme could not prevent all deaths. "Screening is a seatbelt, not a vaccine - there can never be a 100 per cent guarantee, however diligently the service is run, because of the nature of the test."

The committee's strongest criticism however is reserved for the NHS Executive itself and its failure to hold the service accountable at local level. It censured the local management at Kent and Canterbury, for presiding "over a state of affairs where repeated warnings of understaffing, poor training and low morale... went unheeded over many years".

The committee calls for the NHS Executive to set firm national and local timetables to achieve targets in smear taking, laboratory and colposcopy performance as well as taking "robust action" when standards slip.

New Lords offer may widen rift

WILLIAM HAGUE was facing further damaging rifts with the Tory peers last night after it emerged that they were willing to accept an offer of closer co-operation with Labour.

Baroness Jay, the Leader of the Lords, has written to Tory peers in an effort to reach a consensus, which would further undermine Mr Hague.

Yesterday the Tory leader, facing a crisis after four peers resigned from the front bench and two more quit the Tory party, attempted to shore up his embattled leadership by acting tough. He warned other Tory

frontbenchers that they would be sacked as Viscount Cranborne had been if they attempted to bounce him into deals with the Government.

But Lady Jay has offered ministerial meetings with Tory, Liberal Democrat and cross-bench peers on the whole of the Government's legislation in the Queen's Speech.

The deal was set out in a letter to Lord Weatherill, the chairman of the crossbench peers, and Lord Cranborne, the day before the Tory leader of the Lords was sacked by Mr Hague for negotiating behind his back with Tony Blair on Lords reform.

In the letter, seen by *The Independent*, Lady Jay offered to hold a meeting before the committee stage in the Lords on each bill for peers of all parties and their advisers with ministers and civil servants "to answer questions and offer clarification on aspects of the legislation".

Lord Weatherill, who is promoting the deal on the reform of the House of Lords that led to Lord Cranborne's sacking, said: "This way peers and their advisers can meet ministers and their aides and discuss any planned amendments and iron out any problems in private."

Lady Jay's letter is certain to drive a further wedge between the Conservative leader and his Tory peers, who are ready to take up her offer. Lord Strathclyde told *The Independent* yesterday that the Tories will vote for the Cranborne deal when it is put forward in an amendment by Lord Weatherill.

Some Tory peers accused Mr Hague of "losing the plot" in sacking Lord Cranborne. In spite of claims that Mr Hague did not know what was going on, *The Independent* learnt last night that Michael Ancram, the Conservative Party chairman, was told about the deal by Lord Cranborne's deputy, Lord Fraser of Carmyllie, at a meeting of frontbenchers two hours before Mr Hague's clash with Mr Blair in the Commons.

Lord Fraser, who resigned out of loyalty to Lord Cranborne, told Mr Ancram in front of other Tory frontbench peers they wanted to accept the deal. They assumed that Mr Ancram had reported back to Mr Hague that he was facing a mass rebellion by his front bench if he continued to reject the deal.



The space shuttle 'Endeavour' lifts off from Florida yesterday in a second attempt to launch 'Unity', part of the new international space station. Reuters

EU defence pact agreed

THE BRITISH and French governments agreed yesterday the principles of a defence policy for the European Union, which would extend EU competence to military matters for the first time.

The agreement, at the annual Anglo-French summit, was the first time that Paris and London have joined forces to try to break new ground in the EU in this way.

The Prime Minister, Tony Blair, hailed the agreement as "historic". The French President, Jacques Chirac, said it marked - after the common market, the single market and the single currency - an "important new milestone" in the unification of Europe.

The aim is not to undermine Nato but to provide decision-making and military capabilities to allow the EU to intervene in regional crises. The agreement, which will be discussed with other European governments and the United States, is a feather in Mr Blair's cap after a week of misleading EU headlines in the British press.

The annual British rebate from Brussels negotiated in 1984 - worth about £2bn this year - was barely mentioned at the summit. Lionel Jospin, the French Prime Minister, hinted that he expected it to be renegotiated as part of the wider package of reforms of the EU budget, farm policy and institutions to be tackled next year. This was a restatement of a well-known French position.

Asked about the rebate at the final press conference, Mr Blair said there was no question of Britain abandoning it. However, Mr Chirac butted in: "If we start from the principle that everything that is mine is mine, but everything that everyone else has is up for negotiation, we are doomed to failure."

Mr Blair gave a fixed grin, no doubt anticipating stories about a Chirac snub today. In truth, a bloody battle over the rebate has long been inevitable for next year. There was none yesterday.

In a separate meeting of the French and British transport ministers, John Prescott formally enlisted his like-minded French colleague, Jean-Claude Gaysot, in the struggle to delay for five years the abolition of duty-free within the EU from next July. As Mr Blair pointed out, the deadline, agreed by EU governments seven years ago, can be delayed only by unanimous vote. Several other countries are refusing to budge.

Defence trail-blazers, page 15

DON'T LET THEM DIE

In the ruins of their burnt out homes in Kosovo, desperate children huddle together against the bitter winter cold. Grave weakened by malnutrition and sub zero temperatures, they are at acute risk from the deadly diseases thriving around them.

During the conflict, diseases like diarrhoea and pneumonia have spread at a terrifying rate. Nine out of every ten deaths are among children.

UNICEF will not abandon the children of Kosovo. We are providing life-saving medicines, vaccines and transport to mobile medical teams. We are also sending urgently needed aid. But with temperatures still falling, we are in a race against time. As the search for a political solution continues, we need your help now.

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FO tried to hire Benn as propagandist

A SECRET-SERVICE unit in the Foreign Office tried to recruit Tony Benn, the left-wing MP, and offered him a generous salary to write anti-Communist articles for the media. He turned it down on his father's advice.

The Foreign Office's Information Research Department (IRD), a covert unit set up after the war to fight Soviet in-

fluences, sought out the young Anthony Wedgwood Benn in the 1950s, describing him as "a really brilliant young man". IRD documents recently released by the Foreign Office show Mr Benn was approached in 1950 by Colonel Leslie Sheridan, a former *Daily Mirror* journalist and wartime Special Opera-

tions Executive officer. Mr Benn had just been elected MP for Bristol East when Sheridan offered him the job.

Despite the offer of what was then a generous salary - £1,100 - the approach was not a great success. Sheridan told his boss in a memo: "I had a long conversation with young Wedgwood Benn on December 13 and I thought it doubtful he would agree."

Mr Benn sent a note turning down the offer. "Dear Colonel Sheridan, I have been thinking over the matter we discussed yesterday + have come to the conclusion that I cannot take on the work. I feel that it would be incompatible with my independence as an MP + in any case it's not really my street at all. I wouldn't be any good at it."

Yesterday Mr Benn said: "My dad told me to turn it down... £1,100 was a lot of money at that time... But it was also completely illegal. An MP taking an office of profit under the Crown is required to resign their seat. They wanted me to join and defy the law. It just shows that the secret services are out of political control - then as now."



A young Tony Benn: Took his father's advice

IRA confession

The IRA has admitted the abduction and murder of a mother of ten in 1972

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US reveals conscience

CIA made "mistakes" in Latin America, says Madeleine Albright

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Rover drives downhill

Rover is heading for its worst performance in the domestic market

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My evening of art with Jeffrey Archer

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The sexiest dance in the world sweeps Britain

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TODAY'S TELEVISION

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A quiet suburban street, a gangland hit and the death of Solly Who?

IT LOOKS like a quiet, safe suburban London street, a Bet-jamenesque vision of comfort and tranquility. But eight days ago, the peace of Arden Road in Finchley was shattered as a hitman pumped four bullets into the head of a Hatton Garden jeweller Solly Nahome.

It was a brutal murder that shocked residents. His neighbours knew little about Nahome; he was a businessman who kept himself to himself. But Nahome's death was to have far-reaching consequences in other, less salubrious, parts of London.

They were four shots that rang across the criminal underworld. Nahome, 48, was a money launderer for the notorious Adams family, the North London criminal gang. Such was the shock of his murder, the leader, Patsy Adams, left his well-guarded retreat in Spain to catch the first flight home.

Solly Nahome had arrived at his Finchley home, where a helmeted man, who had been standing by a motor cycle, suddenly headed towards him. In the dangerous world Nahome

BY PAUL LASHMAR AND KIM SENGUPTA

inhabited, this meant only one thing – a gangland hit. He ran to the front door but the gunman, described by witnesses as "black", caught up with him.

Nahome was key to the Adams' hidden fortune, organising "front" companies and disguising financial arrangements. His murder suggests a serious attempt by a rival gang to disrupt the family enterprise.

Solly Nahome tried to live anonymously. His address does not appear on the electoral register and he preferred to pay for everything in cash. This week, Nahome, his wife and 11-month-old daughter were due to move to a large, new house.

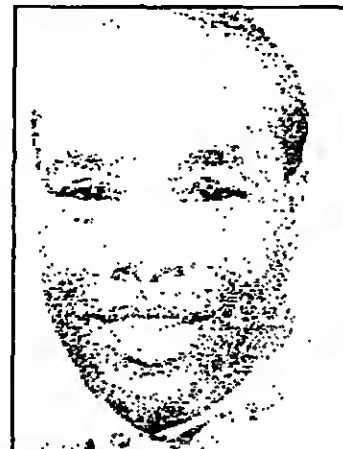
His brother, Joseph, 50, also a jeweller from North London, denied Solly had links to the criminal underworld. "He was never associated in a million years," he told the *Jewish Chronicle*.

Solly – Saul Solomon Nahome – was born in Iran in 1950, according to associates. In 1961,

the family, with three brothers and two sisters, moved from Burma to London where they were to take British citizenship. Like many Jewish émigrés, they were drawn to the jewellery trade.

By the early Eighties, the small figure of Solly Nahome became a regular in Hatton Garden, London's famous gold and jewellery centre. "The Garden" consists of rows of tall, dingy late-Victorian buildings. At street level are the jewellery shops with their garish signs. Upstairs are warrens of rooms, often interspersed with heavy security doors, where clusters of dealers and craftsmen have worked for generations.

But in the late Seventies and Eighties, The Garden was awash with gold fraud gangs. Nahome flourished here. He often attracted the attention of the police. A gold trader in the area said: "Solly was a toe-rag. I used to do business with him as he bought and sold a lot of gold. He was the kind of man you would not take a cheque from." By all accounts, Na-



One-time Adams enforcer Gilbert Wynter (left), now missing; and Tommy Adams, jailed for importing drugs

HITMAN GUNS DOWN £100M CRIME GANG'S MISTER FIX-IT



home was involved in many nefarious schemes and learnt the skills of the money launderer.

The Adams family have close connections with Hatton Garden, just a gemstone's throw from their home base in Islington. When they became major figures in the drugs world, they knew the cash-only environment was ideal for money laundering. Nahome's entrée to the

Adams, about six years ago, had been through the oldest brother Patsy, and he was soon holding twice-weekly meetings with the family. The family came to see Nahome as a trusted and respected consigliere. He was put in charge of laundering proceeds from the Adams' drug dealing, worth around £18m. He also had other clients.

Detectors have heard that Nahome had been pressing Terry Adams on the need to concentrate more on semi-legitimate businesses or, at least, white-collar crime. He began to help launder their drugs money. It is said he bought an interest in a bar/restaurant near Hatton Garden as the frontman for their interests. After last week's hit, the police thought the family itself was eliminating some loose ends. There had been tears among

some Adams lieutenants that Nahome, who had increasingly been under police scrutiny, could crack if arrested.

But the police now believe Nahome was killed as the opening shot in a gangland war to unseat the Adams family. A year ago this would have been inconceivable. The Adams run their drugs network with a rule of terror. They are said to have ordered as many as 23 gang-

land hits. For 10 years they have looked untouchable.

Then earlier this year, their luck began to run out. A one-time Adams enforcer, Gilbert Wynter, 37, disappeared among rumours of a fallout with the family. He is, according to sources, either in hiding in the Caribbean, or holding up the Millennium Dome inside one of the pillars. In September, the second most senior member of the gang, Tommy Adams, was jailed for seven years for importing cannabis, with a confiscation order for £1m. Last week, an associate of the family, conman Anthony Passmore, was jailed for a massive fraud.

The murder suspects include another north London-based family and gangsters who had worked with Mr Wynter. Before his death, Nahome is said to have been on a number of trips abroad, including one visit to Israel, for business deals connected with the Adams family.

Now it could be that the Adams will be literally fighting for their lives.

ITV watches BBC go on Christmas spending spree

EVERY CHRISTMAS it is the same old story. Baby in a manger, the collective ingestion of sprouts and Quality Street, and ITV taking the sort of thrashing for which people normally have to pay.

The BBC unveiled its Christmas schedule yesterday and, long before the first remote control is taken up in the battle for viewer ratings, the corporation looks certain to prevail again.

Not that there is anything startlingly different in this year's BBC schedule – it is the usual mix of film premieres, drama and Christmas specials of just about everything except a party political broadcast. It is just that the BBC always wins at Christmas.

The enduring seasonal su-

BY REIYS WILLIAMS

priority is partly an issue of programmes, but mainly an issue of priorities.

By the time the second half of December swings round, most consumers are pretty well spent up and therefore of limited interest to the advertisers that bankroll ITV.

"The BBC spends around two and a half times as much as us on programmes at Christmas," says an ITV spokeswoman.

"We're a commercial broadcaster. We have advertisers to think about as well as viewers. They would prefer us to invest in our top programmes at other times of the year."

"It's not that we stop trying at Christmas, it's just that we

have different priorities to the BBC."

Instead of even attempting to match the BBC genre-for-genre across the schedule, ITV has this year decided to spend less on films and to concentrate more on home-grown drama. Hence its fairly meagre cinematic offerings.

Whereas the BBC is presenting the terrestrial premieres of *Babe*, *Apollo 13* and *Speed*, as well as the Oscar-nominated *Mrs Brown* and an extravagant film adaptation of *Twelfth Night*, ITV is restricting itself to the original, but hardly box-office *Nightmare Before Christmas*, a remake of *Black Beauty*, *Richie Rich* and Disney's version of *The Three Musketeers*.

The money has been divert-

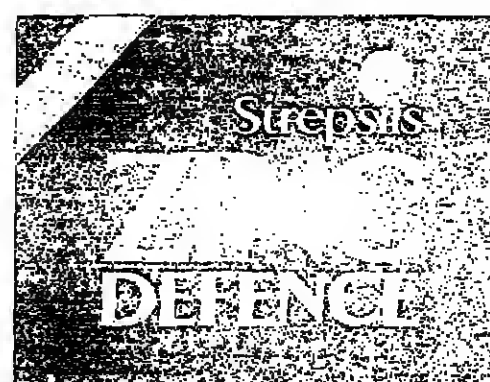
ed into a feature-length adaptation of *Cider With Rosie*, which stars Juliet Stevenson, and *Lost for Words*, a potentially moving dramatisation of the onset of old age, featuring Thora Hird and Pete Postlethwaite.

The extra effort the BBC channels put into the season is reflected at pretty well every level, not just in the obvious Christmas specials of shows such as *Men Behaving Badly*, *Jonathan Creek* and *Goodness Gracious Me*, but also in its factual and music output. BBC2 is screening a two-part *Arena* on the life of Brian Epstein, a programme that could be eclipsed, but only in its novelty value, by a 50-minute documentary covering Agas and the people who own them.



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THE BATTLE FOR THE COUCH POTATOES' VOTE

FILM

DRAMA

COMEDY

ENTERTAINMENT

FACTUAL



Babe

Terrestrial premieres of *Babe*, *Apollo 13* ("We have a problem Houston") and *Nixon* as well as Oscar-nominated *Mrs Brown*, *Speed* and the seminal *It's a Wonderful Life*. Worth paying the licence fee just for the latter.

Apart from the dark, nearly brilliant *Nightmare Before Christmas* by Tim Burton, it's meagre pickings with *Richie Rich*, *The Three Musketeers*, *Black Beauty* and, er, that's it.

A big fat turkey with all the trimmings on BBC. Assorted puddings on ITV.



EastEnders

A film version of *Twelfth Night*, starring Helena Bonham-Carter and Nigel Hawthorne, seasonal slabs of *Casualty* and *Jonathan Creek*, as well as a sumptuous adaptation of Henry James's *The American*.

Instead of spending on films, ITV has invested in seasonal drama – Laurie Lee's *Cider With Rosie* starring Juliet Stevenson and bankers Paul Merton, Neil Morrissey etc is probably the highlight.

The BBC shades it with the conclusion of the Grant and Tiffany saga in *EastEnders*.



Men Behaving Badly

A *Men Behaving Badly* trilogy follows Gary as he contemplates the unthinkable – an empty can of lager. Oh yes, and fatherhood. Not forgetting *French and Saunders*, *Vic and Bob*, and *Harry Enfield*.

A television network without comedy is a bit like a shepherd who can't whistle. A version of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, starring Paul Merton, Neil Morrissey etc is probably the highlight.

"Fertilise me like never before," Dorothy orders Gary. How can you refuse?



Changing Rooms

Seasonal outings for *Ready, Steady, Look*, *Before They Were Famous* and *Whatever You Want* with Gaby Roslin. And, of course, Carol Smilie's oddly compelling *Changing Rooms*.

Cilla Black dusts off that hat for another *Blind Date Wedding*, while the hero of the *Freddie Starr Show* does the same with his joke collection. Chris Tarrant offers wads of cash in a *Who Wants to be a Millionaire?* special.

A very loose and fluid category this. It has to be a dead heat.



Agas

Given the alleged turn of events in the Christmas story, "factual" programmes are a curious way to mark the festival. Still, there's a two-part biopic of Brian Epstein and a tribute to the Queen Mother.

Eclectic in the extreme – from a moving return trip to Northern Ireland with *Christmas in Omagh* and to Murray and *Martin's Christmas FI Special*.

If you watch only one programme, make it *Agas* and *Ther Owners* on BBC2.



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6/HOME NEWS

THE INDEPENDENT
Saturday 5 December 1998

Lifeless baby's miracle revival

BY CHRIS HAMILTON

THE PARENTS of a newborn child who began breathing 20 minutes after doctors declared she was dead spoke yesterday of her "miracle" recovery.

Tiffany Taylor was born seemingly lifeless at Hope Hospital, Salford, Greater Manchester, four weeks ago and after 20 minutes battling to resuscitate her, medics gave up hope. She was handed to Pauline Taylor and Tommy O'Connor, her parents, but then, as he cradled the body in his arms, she showed signs of breathing. Staff were alerted and she was taken to the neonatal intensive care unit.

Ms Taylor, a 38-year-old school welfare assistant from Eccles, said: "If it was not for Tommy holding her, she would not be alive. They said that she was dead and we said, 'No, she's not'. For 20 minutes they argued - we literally begged them to try again."

Mr O'Connor added: "I saw she was breathing, but a doctor told me she was dead and these were her last gasps."

The couple are now considering lodging a formal complaint with Salford Royal Hospitals NHS Trust.

A hospital spokeswoman, Amanda Thomas, said: "I acknowledge the staff thought she was dead."



Models parading during the BBC Clothes Show at the National Exhibition Centre in Birmingham Andrew Fox

Vodafone to help fund cancer study

BY PETER THAL LARSEN

THE UK'S biggest mobile phone operator has agreed to help fund a study that will examine whether mobile phone use is linked to cancer.

Although Vodafone has not committed a specific amount, it has agreed in principle to the request from the World Health Organisation, which is carrying out the study.

The full cost of the project will run into millions of pounds and the WHO has written to UK mobile operators such as Vodafone and Cellnet, asking them to help fund the study.

According to the WHO, the survey, which will span ten countries and involve interviewing thousands of people, will last up to three years and cost at least \$6m.

The European Commission has agreed to provide half of that amount, provided the mobile phone industry supplies the rest. The survey will be the first comprehensive attempt to examine the health risks posed by mobile phones. A Vodafone spokesman confirmed yesterday that it had agreed in principle to the project.

into the effects of exposing the head to close-up radiation.

If the study goes ahead, the WHO will start by selecting thousands of cancer sufferers and interviewing them about how much they use their mobile phones. It will then compare the results with a group of people who don't use mobile phones to see whether they are less likely to suffer from cancer.

Dr Repacholi stressed that the mobile phone companies would not be able to influence the study.

"We will make sure there is a firewall there," he said. "And the contract says the industry can have no input before the results must be published in a recognised academic journal."

The WHO survey has won the support of the National Radiological Protection Board, the standards body which is partly funded by the Department of Health.

"We're doing all we can to encourage this programme's funding," a spokesman said. "We are desperate for high-quality research in this area that can be seen as independent."

Landowners may face new access laws

BY COLIN BROWN
Chief Political Correspondent

THE GOVERNMENT will signal next week that it intends to press ahead with tough legislation to open up land to ramblers, despite fierce resistance from landowners.

Michael Meacher, the Environment Minister, is expected to announce that a consultation process on the Access to the Countryside green paper has shown that limited rights need to be underpinned by statutory powers to open land owned by reluctant landlords such as the millionaire property dealer, Nicholas Van Hoogstraten.

Mr Van Hoogstraten has infuriated ramblers after he blocked a footpath which runs for half a mile through High Cross Estate in the heart of the Sussex downland near Uckfield. All pleas by the ramblers for the footpath to be reopened have been refused.

The Government would prefer to allow voluntary agreements to be reached between walkers and landowners, but the consultation has shown that some landowners, like Mr Van Hoogstraten, are determined to keep them out.

Ministers have concluded that walkers need some legal backing to their right of access to the countryside. That will be welcomed by the ramblers, but they will be told that the Gov-

ernment cannot proceed with legislation until after the Lords is reformed, which could put legislative action off for at least a year, and possibly until after the general election.

In the meantime, a Labour backbench MP Gordon Prentice, is expected to take up the issue with a private members' bill on the right to roam after coming fifth in the ballot for the right to introduce backbench bills. The issue could revive the clash between town and country, which came to a head last summer with the mass march on London over the backbench bill, introduced by Worcester's Labour MP Mike Foster, to ban fox hunting.

Mr Prentice is guaranteed a full day of debate in the Commons but it is likely that a freedom to roam bill would be killed like the ban on fox hunting.

Tony Blair has been wary of upsetting the landowners since the mass rally in London, but the consultation process has convinced ministers that there is a need to reinforce walkers' right of access to the countryside. "We will need some legal underpinning. But we won't be able to start until the Lords is reformed," said a source.

SOMETIMES
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YOU
DON'T LIKE.



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girlfriend,
will she think
less of you?

When you have a problem, it's the most natural thing in the world to want to talk it through with someone.

Sometimes, though, this creates another problem: who's the best person to confide in?

An obvious choice would be a close friend. But let's face it, we don't always choose our friends for their amazing powers of tact, diplomacy and discretion. Tell one person, and you may end up telling the world.

You may be lucky enough to be able to talk to someone in your family. Then again, you may be one of the large number of people who find talking to your nearest and dearest agonisingly embarrassing.

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IN BRIEF

Romanians claim asylum

ROMANIAN FAMILIES arrested in one of the biggest sweeps of illegal immigrants in Britain were yesterday claiming asylum. A total of 103 people, including babies, were detained at Dartford International Ferry Terminal in Kent by police on Thursday night.

Charity launches tax campaign

CHERNOBYL CHILDREN LIFE LINE, a charity in Surrey that brings sick children from Belarus to Britain for month-long stays with volunteer families, is launching a campaign to persuade the Government to exempt the children from paying £20 airport tax. The charity's departure tax bill comes to £50,000 a year. *Magazine, p12*

Carlton faces fine over fake film

CARLTON TELEVISION is facing a six-figure fine from the Independent Television Commission after an internal inquiry found the channel's award-winning documentary *The Connection* had been faked. The ITC meets on 17 December to decide on a punishment.

Driver in rail crash sent for trial

THE DRIVER of the train involved in the 1997 Southall rail crash in which seven people died was yesterday committed for trial on charges of manslaughter. Larry Harrison, 52, of west London, was the driver of a train from Swansea to London that crashed into an empty freight train.

JOHN WALSH

Rod Stewart's fans
accept his image for
the sake of the music

IN THE WEEKEND REVIEW PAGE 5

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Oskar is far more of a worry than William

HAROLD WILSON'S well worn remark that a week is a long time in politics has been thoroughly vindicated once again.

At the start of this one, Tony Blair was facing the prospect of a backlash in his own party against a decidedly dodgy-looking secret deal with a Tory arch foe, Lord Cranborne, to preserve at least an element of the hereditary peerage unless and until the government gets round to introducing an elected second chamber. At the end of it William Hague shows every sign of having snatched a leadership crisis from the jaws of what might have been credibly presented as a Tory triumph, brilliantly achieved against almost impossible parliamentary odds.

By not swallowing his pride and gratefully accepting Lord Cranborne's deal - however imperiously negotiated behind his back - Mr Hague has



DONALD
MACINTYRE

ended up with the peers in revolt and almost certainly the same outcome as if he had taken Lord Cranborne's advice in the first place. If your position isn't all that strong, it doesn't make much sense to behave as if it was. It was Lord Cranborne who had the troops in the Lords, not Mr Hague. So it's not that surprising that Mr Blair was allowing himself just a passing

glance at St Malo yesterday. Nevertheless, talk of a Tory leadership challenge may be, to put mildly, just a little premature. True, there will be no shortage of MPs who would deep down whether it wouldn't have been better to elect a truly dangerous politician like Kenneth Clarke in the first place. But it's sometimes forgotten that leading the Conservative Party isn't necessarily the most appealing job in the world at the moment.

Mr Clarke, if Tory MPs could overcome the Europhobia which appears to be their one common characteristic at present, might be willing. But if you were Francis Maude - or even Michael Portillo - you might just calculate that it would be better to go for the job after, rather than before, a general election which most Tories expect to lose.

And that's apart from two other important points: one is

that the new system makes it quite difficult to dislodge a Tory leader and secondly that Mr Hague may well have some modest but unmistakable electoral successes to his name - in the European Parliament and local councils, by this time next year.

In any case Mr Blair won't - and shouldn't - go for too long. For though it is taking some Labour politicians, still mesmerised by 18 grinding years in opposition, quite a long time to realise it, the Tories are not, and haven't been for some time, their main problem.

One day they will be again, though whether this will come to pass under Mr Hague's leadership is a little less probable than it was. But the tough business of government does not necessarily get less tough just because the main Opposition party seems to be visibly disintegrating before your

eyes. The early years of Margaret Thatcher's administration, at the beginning of the Eighties, were no less traumatic for the Conservatives because the Labour Party spent most of the period coming up with ever more novel ways of making itself unelectable.

Counter-intuitive though it may seem to say so, this has actually been rather a difficult week for the government.

Because Mr Blair is, supremely, a politician who understands the big picture, it's a safe bet that he will have spent rather more time this week thinking about Oskar Lafontaine than he has about William Hague. And he's right to have done so.

The German Finance Minister, by loudly proclaiming this week what he sees as the need to remove obstacles, including the British veto, to harmonisation of taxes in the

EU, has sharpened the focus on what remains the central dilemma likely to face the Government during 1999: what to do about Europe, in general, and EMU, in particular.

What Mr Lafontaine has done is to call into question what was beginning to look like Mr Blair's strategy of edging, albeit slowly and imperceptibly, towards EMU, allowing a consensus slowly to build up without deliberately picking a fight with the Eurosceptic press by doing too much to stimulate it.

The outlines of all this are well known: as Britons became increasingly used to the euro as traders, tourists, and perhaps employees they would feel less and less threatened it and - hey presto! - suddenly a referendum would look quite easily winnable.

Mr Lafontaine has now made this quite a lot more difficult to sustain as a strategy,

not least because he has become the new hate figure for the Eurosceptic press.

There are answers to what Mr Lafontaine is saying, though they involve being a little more grown up than people Europeans have so far been in admitting that joining EMU will inevitably have at least some effects which go beyond exclusively monetary policy.

One answer is that Britain is not the only country in the EU which will be reluctant to turn away inward investment by raising business taxes. Another is that if Britain really wants to influence the general direction of economic policy in Europe - and it surely does - towards flexible labour markets and all the other goals that Mr Blair and Gordon Brown want, then it will have much more chance of doing so inside than outside EMU.

But that would almost cer-

tainly mean the British Prime Minister being more up front about the virtues of Britain's membership of EMU than he has so far - perhaps even firmly announcing, sometime in the next twelve months, that Britain intends to join.

There are no cost free options, of course. It means taking on the Eurosceptic press. But if he doesn't, Mr Lafontaine may be the politician who dominates the British Euro-debate between now and the election - with the chances of winning an EMU referendum diminishing as a result.

Which may be the real, long term, meaning of this week's Tory crisis.

The less effective the one truly Eurosceptic party in British politics becomes, the easier it is to ignore it. What has changed this week is that it looks just that bit more difficult to postpone a decision.



Lord Pilkington on home territory in Somerset. A good friend of Lord Cranborne, he taught him at Eton

Samantha Pritchard

Retreat to estates of the realm

AFTER THE battles of the week, the lords retreated yesterday to their estates to concentrate on pursuits a little less metaphorically bloody. Having winged the leader of his party, Lord Cranborne was bagging pheasants in deepest South Dorset on his family's country estate.

At a house party at the Manor House, Cranborne, Lord Cranborne, who said he was sacked by William Hague for "running in like an ill-trained spaniel", was surrounded by family, close friends, and his spaniels, Stan and Ollie. A

BY COLIN BROWN
Chief Political Correspondent

shooting party enabled him to switch his sights from some of his Westminster enemies, who had accused him of treachery for his secret deal with Tony Blair, which plunged Mr Hague's leadership into crisis.

A Protestant, he will be going to the village church tomorrow while his wife, a Catholic, goes to another local church, but he is unlikely to be seeking forgiveness for "behaving outrageously". He has

told friends he does not regret what he did. "He knew exactly what he was doing and ... he was much more concerned with getting an agreement he had been trying to get for five years," said a friend.

Since it became clear Labour would try to abolish the hereditary peers, Lord Cranborne has been plotting to reach a compromise which could avoid the Lords becoming an entirely appointed upper house dependent on the patronage of the Prime Minister. He was convinced the deal

rejected by Mr Hague and the shadow Cabinet would help to preserve a hereditary element in the upper house. Some Tory MPs accused him of seeking "thirty pieces of silver" to save his own skin as a Cecil, one of the oldest aristocratic families in the Lords, but that was dismissed as "complete tosh" by his friends.

Lord Cranborne, said to have treated Mr Hague like his estate gardener, has made it clear privately that he intends to keep his head down to allow his replacement, Lord Strathclyde, to exercise his own authority. "Tom Strathclyde is a very close friend and ally of Lord Cranborne, and he is going to deliver the deal that Robert negotiated," said a friend. "Robert wants to let Tom get on with doing the job ... But when the Bill is introduced to reform the Lords, Robert will reappear."

Meanwhile, Lord Pilkington of Oxford will be dining with his neighbour, Lord Peyton, this evening and lunching with Lord Tordoff tomorrow. Did he think the subject of this week's rebellion in the House of Lords will come up? "I should think almost certainly," he said yesterday. Lord Pilkington, 65, resigned as Tory education spokesman on Wednesday, amazed that Mr Hague had dismissed the deal negotiated by Lord Cranborne, his good friend. The dismissal of Lord Cranborne, whom Lord Pilkington had taught at Eton, was the final straw.

On Thursday evening, when he was expected to do his duty on the Opposition frontbench, he could be seen, suitcase in hand, heading out of London for his 17th-century farmhouse in Somerset. "I'm sad from the point of view that the thing I care passionately about is education and now I'll only have a backbench role," he said.

But he felt more strongly about the bigger picture. "It seemed to me an amazing thing to do [reject the deal and sack Lord Cranborne] when a deal like this had been achieved. It was a marker for the future. And it didn't seem to me there was any other coherent policy."

When Lord Pilkington learnt on Wednesday of the offer of a reprieve for 91 hereditary peers, he was "utterly amazed" at what Lord Cranborne had secured. "It's much more constructive than a war of attrition, which wouldn't be good for a second chamber. It seemed in line with the pragmatic nature of Toryism."

Lord Pilkington firmly opposes a wholly elected second chamber and points to the elected French Senate to indicate why. "It's become a retirement home for politicians. There's an element of that in the Lords, but there is independence. There's nothing I've got that they can take away from me and nothing they have got I particularly want." That was why he was able to quit. "The world won't fall if I resign," he added. "But I felt someone at least must make a mark."

Peers ignore Hague over Lords reform

PEERS ARE likely to defy William Hague over the compromise for House of Lords reform by voting for an amendment to renege nearly 100 hereditaries, Lord Strathclyde signalled yesterday.

Under the scheme, drawn up by cross-bench peers and endorsed by Lord Cranborne and Tony Blair, 91 hereditary peers will retain their voting rights until the Government has introduced wider reform of the second chamber.

While Lord Strathclyde, the newly appointed Tory leader of the Lords following Lord Cranborne's sacking, made clear there was no official agreement between the Government and the Opposition, he secured a deal from William Hague that Tory peers would not be asked to vote against the concession on hereditaries.

However, he urged the Prime Minister to include the plan in the forthcoming Bill on House of Lords reform so MPs would have sufficient time to debate the proposal.

Presently the concession is likely to be introduced by cross-benchers as an amendment once the Bill has cleared in the Commons and goes to the Lords for debate.

BY SARAH SCHAEFER

Lord Strathclyde, a popular figure in Westminster, admitted he was facing a "great challenge" to lift the morale of Conservative peers, saying they were feeling "very unhappy and very bruised".

A new frontbench team will be appointed next week after a series of resignations in protest at Lord Cranborne's "brutal" sacking by Mr Hague.

Lord Strathclyde added he would seek to convince his party to go back to their role as an "effective and thorough" Opposition as soon as possible.

"It is going to be very difficult after what happened this week but we have an important role as a revising chamber and we should go back to that and put this all behind us," he told *The Independent*.

The Tories will continue to oppose the "closed-lists" system to be introduced under the European Parliamentary Elections Bill, which was reintroduced in the Commons earlier this week, after being defeated five times by defiant peers in the last parliamentary session.

Other key Government Bills, such as legislation on trade

union recognition and welfare

reform, are also likely to come under fierce scrutiny by peers.

"I have never used the term zero tolerance and there will not be opposition for the sake of it but we will put down amendments where we disagree."

Lord Strathclyde, who accepted his new post only under the condition that he would not criticise Lord Cranborne in public or in private, stressed his continuing friendship with the sacked former Leader of the Lords. "Robert [Cranborne] will remain a great friend of mine," he said.

Previously the chief whip in the Lords, Thomas Galloway Dunlop du Roy de Blicquy Galloway is the second Lord Strathclyde, inheriting in 1985, at the age of only 25, the title awarded to his grandfather 30 years earlier.

A former Lloyd's insurance broker, he quickly made his mark in the Lords, first in the Whips' Office, then as a minister at the Department of Trade and Industry in 1994. He was sent back to the Whips' Office as Government chief whip where he served during the last three years of John Major's government.

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Minder Seb Coe trying to stop photographers from taking pictures of William Hague during a radio interview in Wales yesterday *Brian Harris*

'It never would have happened to Thatcher'

BY STEPHEN GOODWIN

THEY DON'T discuss politics much in the Richmondshire Conservative Club, even when their MP, the Opposition leader William Hague, has faced his most difficult week.

Joining members sign as supporters of the party but few are activists. They prefer to spend a quiet afternoon playing a game of snooker, or sit and read a paper. John Smith's. "Actually, we don't discuss politics a lot in here," said Keith Balls, 70, a retired publican reading his newspaper over a pint. "Mr Hague is very pleasant." But that's about it.

There did not seem to be the adulation once enjoyed in such clubs by Baroness Thatcher. One member confided that Mr

Hague was thought "a bit of an upstart" when he became MP for the area 10 years ago at the age of 26 but had grown into the job. It hardly sounded as if he would be missed.

Ask one of the mature gents propping up the bar what he thinks of the local MP, and the reply is more likely to be: "Well, he hasn't bought a pint in here yet." It is a Yorkshireman's answer and perhaps Rotherham-born Mr Hague, who pops into the club fairly regularly, would appreciate it, whether true or false.

It is not that the 20 or so people in the club are unaware of Mr Hague's self-inflicted diffi-

culties, but politics is something that happens down in London.

"We come to play snooker and drink beer," says one member who refuses to give his name because, when pressed, he conceded Mr Hague may have "jumped the gun" in sacking Viscount Cranborne and then picking up the deal to relieve 91 hereditary peers.

Mr Hague lives only three miles from Richmond, one of the most picturesque towns of North Yorkshire, and will be there today to open the Georgian Christmas fayre in its cobbled market square.

Perhaps significantly, since this is Mr Hague's manor, the one portrait conspicuously absent on the club walls is that of

Margaret Thatcher. The Queen is there, with John Major, Churchill - and Mr Hague.

Brian Robertshaw, a retired nurse, regrets the lady's absence and thinks Lord Cranborne would never have been allowed to batch private deals if she had still been leader. "She had her finger on the pulse," he said. But like other club members - by no means necessarily Tory Association members - he believes Mr Hague acted correctly.

Harold Batty, 71, a retired undertaker, thinks "William and his good lady are smashing" and the MP can do no wrong. "You can't have people like that [Cranborne] doing deals without authorisation."

While Mr Hague's sprawling constituency has more than its fair share of hereditary peers, particularly in the dales west of Richmond, they are not the sort to frequent the Conservative Club and nor is there great deference towards them.

Toby Horton, Richmond party chairman, said Yorkshire people were very direct, and Mr Hague was no different. "I think most of the people in the constituency would take a pretty direct view that it is very sad but it is a question of discipline."

One Yorkshire peer, Lord Dartmouth, actually telephoned the Tories' northern region office from America to applaud Mr Hague's sacking of the peer.

The smack of firm self-destruction

THE WEEK was an unexpected triumph for Tony Blair and a total disaster for William Hague.

Instead of a hard time over tax harmonisation, Mr Blair scored an unexpected win, with the Tories in a crisis over the Upper House. He also has the extra bonus of additional legislation, which he thought would have to wait for a later session. In every respect the Prime Minister will be laughing all the way to the statute book.

The Tories, meanwhile, were in disarray. The words shambles, confusion, farce and disaster come nowhere near to describing their plight. For Tory MPs it was difficult to fathom what had gone wrong. At first they were content to back Mr Hague's line of demonising Lord Cranborne as a hound who had acted out of self-interest to save the skins of the Cecil and a few of their aristocratic chums in a dirty deal with the Labour enemy.

A deal, furthermore, that had been sealed over drinks at 10 Downing Street, without the permission of their boss.

But they were open-mouthed when told that Mr Hague had agreed to Lord Cranborne's successor taking the job only if the peers could still support the deal.

While most MPs concede that Lord Cranborne had behaved, as he admitted himself, "outrageously", a minority later indicated that Mr Hague's "smack of firm leadership" reputation had been bought at too high a price.

As the fog lifted, Tory MPs surveyed a scene of political carnage. Peers were resigning or defecting by the hour. There was a Lords versus Commons war. The trouble was that it was between Tory MPs and Tory peers.

Inexperience was regarded as the chief culprit by some senior backbenchers.

Nicholas Soames, the aris-



ocrat MP for Mid Sussex, summed up the mood of several long-serving Members: "I am deeply unhappy and profoundly embarrassed by the antics of this party," he said, making clear that the loss of Lord Cranborne was a disaster. If there really was no alternative to removing Lord Cranborne, a wiser head might have allowed him to resign. This would have protected his dignity in the eyes of those sensitive Lords for whom the word "sacking" is deeply offensive.

The "dismissal" of the Tories' principal hereditary peer leaves too much messy blue blood over too much crimson carpet.

But where are the Tories left now? The survivors have joined surrender talks on the government benches. The enemy will dictate the terms of the peace.

WAS THE Home Secretary, Jack Straw, in the know about the deal Lord Cranborne was doing behind William Hague's back? During the Queen's Speech debate he produced a pamphlet, published in 1981 by the former "Blue Chip" group of new Conservative MPs which said: "Hereditary peers no longer command enough respect from the nation as a whole to justify their exercise of legislative

power." The paper was written by, among others, Robert Cranborne.

Mr Straw had also found a speech, made in 1980 by a young Conservative called William Hague, in which he described hereditary peers as "silly".

DURING THE night of the Tory turmoil over Lord Cranborne's sacking, Kenneth Clarke was relaxing in his usual laid-back way, quaffing champagne in the Members' Smoking Room. Presumably he was celebrating the narrow escape he had last year when he nearly became Tory leader. There is no way, at the moment, that he is anxious to be in William Hague's shoes - Hush Puppies are much more comfortable - but then, who knows? If duty calls ...

TOP OF the class for the most assiduous and expensive questioner is Norman Baker (Lib Dem, Lewes). On one day alone he tabled 32 written questions. This week he elicited from the Cabinet Office that severance pay to former Labour ministers came to £106,652. The highest pay-outs went to Harriet Harman, David Clark and Ron Davies, who each received £11,300.

But it is not just big numbers that attracts Mr Baker's attention. He asked the Foreign Office to supply the name of the oldest bottle of wine in its cellars. (Chateau Latour 1955). And the most expensive bottle bought since Labour came to power (Chateau Latour Petrus 1995 - £27,60 inc VAT).

Mr Baker has tabled over 1,400 questions since he was elected last year. Answering a written question, according to the Treasury, costs £112. The cost of his scrutiny, so far, exceeds £160,000.

The Foreign Office wine cellar looks positively frugal by comparison.

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Small saver meets world recession

LIKE MOST people, I do not know enough about money. There is a probably untrue story about David Astor, who edited *The Observer* in its glory days, which is told to show how unworried and, as an Astor, how rich he was. One day in the Fifties or early Sixties someone at one of his editorial conferences mentioned that the mortgage rate was going up; the paper should take an interest on behalf of its readers. "Tell me," Astor is said to have said, "what is a mortgage exactly?"

The system of borrowing money to buy a house was explained to him. Astor asked if many people on the paper did it. Yes, he was told, very many, almost everybody.

"Good heavens," Astor is said to have exclaimed, "you mean to tell me that most of my staff are in debt?"

Unlike Astor, I've known about mortgages for some years now, though (and how strange it seems now to remember this) I don't think I had any clear idea about them until my mid-twenties. Personal circumstance explains this ignorance, just as it explains Astor's: I grew up among council rents and, other than an aunt and uncle, I can't think I knew anyone who borrowed money to "own" their own home. But money then was altogether less invasive of ordinary life. Now the *Nine O'Clock News* closes every night with the rate of the pound against the Mark and the dollar and how much the Dow and Footsie have gone up or down. Not so long ago, such information would have seemed arcane, of interest only to those men in bowler hats who crossed London Bridge every morning at 9.30 on their way from the suburbs to the City. Now we are all meant to know about money and its movements, and perhaps, after consulting the personal finance pages, to act on what we know.

Recently, probably because I'm 53 and don't have the respect of much of a pension, no literature or cold-calling please), I've become an obsessive reader of these pages. What should I do with my savings? I understand Tessa, but should I have a Pep? And if a Pep, one that tracks the London index or one in European stocks? The advice is cautious and sometimes contradictory. Part of the difficulty is terminology. The further you stray from savings rates and into higher finance, the more the reader's knowledge is assumed by the writer. I think, thanks to a patient piece in the new issue of the *New York Review of Books*, that I have a glimmer of understanding of hedge funds. Derivatives, on the other hand, remain opaque (as an editor, I more than once asked an Astor-like question about derivatives at editorial meetings; the answer from the business section always included the phrase "impossibly complicated").

But, as we know now, understanding these things is not necessarily much of a help. The behaviour of stock markets can never be predicted with real certainty - risk is their lifeblood - and this year they have become especially unpredictable. I could, for example, take a punt on a Pep in European stock in the belief that the economy of mainland Europe will do better in the next few years than Britain's is expected to. Or I could read George Soros's new book and decide that my money was better off in the Dufferin Building Society or in gold trinkets under the bed. It depends on how you see the future of global capitalism, and

NOTEBOOK



IAN JACK

Soros, who has the soundest of credentials as the world's most famous currency speculator, takes a very dim view indeed. He writes: "The range of probabilities lies between a cascading decline of the stock markets and a more drawn-out process of deterioration. I think the latter more likely." In a book peppered with phrases such as "the final crisis" and metaphors for global capitalism such as "bubonic plague" and "wrecking-ball", this, believe me, is one of his more optimistic predictions.

Soros is one of at least three new books that examine the instability of the world economy and challenge the idea that is now with us like the weather, nothing can be done. Of these authors, the one who deserves the most honour is, I think, John Gray - not because he is published by Granta Books (small declaration of interest, hardly in the *Geoffrey Robinson* class; I edit *Granta* magazine); nor because Soros himself pays a handsome tribute to him; but because he was more right, sooner, than anyone else. Gray finished his book just after Blair's victory in May last year, a month or so before Thailand's currency began to collapse, which in recent history is the equivalent of that shot in Sarajevo in 1914.

Even when his book was first published, in March this year, you would have been wiser to have read it as a guide to the world's future behaviour than, say, *The Wall Street Journal*, though that wasn't a popular opinion at the time. Many reviews were hostile. He was attacked as wildly pessimistic. And now only a few months later, after Indonesia, South Korea, Russia, his thoughts seem almost conventional. In a postscript to *False Dawn: the delusions of global capitalism*, which was republished last week, he writes: "Markets were made to serve man, not man the market. In a global free market the instruments of economic life have become dangerously emancipated from social con-

trol and political governance." Even the World Bank agrees.

And yet (like David Astor, like me and probably you) Gray wouldn't claim to be an expert in money.

He isn't even an economist. He has never been a Marxist. He is the Professor of European Thought at the London School of Economics, and his arguments are drawn from culture and history, which in his view are more certain, indeed the only guides to human behaviour. As he said when we met last week: "The closer you get to markets, the fewer people you meet who have faith in them."

The great qualities of his book, as of him, are clarity and a kind of pungent scepticism, like strong unmlked, unsweetened tea. He writes assertively. He said he hadn't wanted to hedge his bets. "I wrote the book to attack a consensus that was seen then as common sense," he said.

"The critics of the global market had been driven to the margin. It had become a world view, every mainstream political party subscribed to it as historic inevitability. The only people openly questioning it were people like the Ralph Nader, the Greens, academics in development studies. My view was always that it was a political project with prospects that weren't too good."

Gray's journey towards this view, however, has been in some ways an unusual one. He was born 50 years ago in South Shields on Tyneside; his father was a carpenter. Short-hand descriptions of origins can deceive, but it would be reasonable to imagine from this one that his attacks on the free-market come from the Left. Not at all. Throughout the 1980s he was known as a Thatcherite academic, whose views were sometimes listened to (if not actually heed-ed) by the lady herself. So how did he get from there to here?

During our talk, two reasons emerged. The first is that the global free market requires people to think and behave dif-

ferently - just as differently, in Gray's opinion, as successful Marxism would. In the second, there is the figure of the universal worker; in the first, the universal consumer. Both ideologies see the need for human security as irrational and dispensable. Gray doesn't believe in what he called this "hubristic humanism" which owes so much to Christianity and the Enlightenment of the 18th century. He quoted the Edinburgh philosopher David Hume: "All plans of government which suppose great reformation in the manners of mankind are plainly imaginary."

Gray said: "The future will

always be more like the past than any of our hopes for it. For instance, the idea that America has found a new paradigm of growth (no recessions, steadily onwards and upwards), that's plainly imaginary." He didn't believe in the "political romanticism" - which political parties still sell, despite gathering scepticism - that "good things can be achieved without consequent bads in their shadows". In other words, there is often a downside.

Second, he believed that people were far more strongly attached to their cultures than globalisation allowed.

Japan was not China, Britain was not the USA. "There are quite severe limits to the extent that different cultures can replicate each other's achievements. That's a very fundamental for me. It explains my hostility both to Marxism and to global laissez-faire."

"Cultural traditions are repositories of meanings for people's lives. There will always be death and accidents and grief, and we'll still be confronted by the same facts of mortality and contingency."

Later, Gray and I went for a meal and over the coffee he indulged me in my new obsession: Peps, pensions, the



Some feel bullish about globalisation, but eminent writers stress the downside of a much-touted panacea

most prudent place to put one's money. Eventually, he said: "Perhaps the best prudence in this situation is imprudence," meaning, I think, that I should spend it on goods or property.

That, in this new Age of Uncertainty, may be the best advice. It would also, if widely followed, forestall the coming recession, though not the one after that.

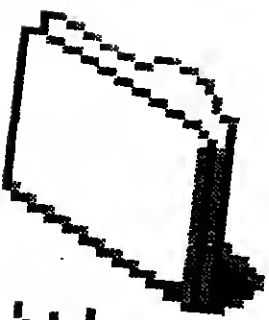
■ *The Crisis of Global Capitalism*, by George Soros, published by Little Brown at £17.99; *False Dawn: the delusions of global capitalism*, by John Gray, published by Granta Books at £8.99.

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12/HOME NEWS

Academia's honours system booms

BY BEN RUSSELL AND
CHRIS BROWN

WHEN Sir David Attenborough dons his academic gown and walks on to the stage to receive an honorary degree from Bradford University today, it will feel a familiar experience.

The naturalist and filmmaker lists 19 other honorary university awards in his *Who's Who* entry, among his many other achievements.

That makes him the clear leader in the academic award stakes according to a survey carried out by *The Independent* of the 75 British universities. The list also includes names such as Dame Diana Rigg, Kate Adie, Lord Bragg, Gary Lineker, Linford Christie, the ice-skating duo Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean and the television actor and sometime pop star Robson Green.

They are all part of a growing trend in awarding an Hon PhD or DLitt to stars of stage, screen, sports – and business.

The reason is that the genteel world of the graduation ceremony has succumbed to the



David Attenborough (right, with his brother Richard), receiving the first of his honorary doctorates at Leicester University in 1970. He collects his 20th today

needs of publicity and finance. According to Professor Alan Smithers of Liverpool University, the number of honorary graduates has soared alongside

the number of universities, students and graduates.

The professor said: "I would hope that judgements are dispassionate. Honorary gradu-

ates must be distinguished in their own field, hopefully will be well known and they must be able to make a sparkling speech. The risk is, in the desperation

for coverage, the universities will go for sporting figures and pop stars and minor media people."

Honorary graduates from the business world include Sir

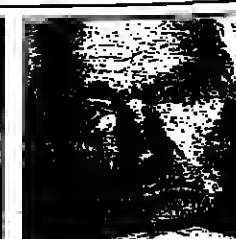
SIR DAVID ATTENBOROUGH'S MAIN RIVALS



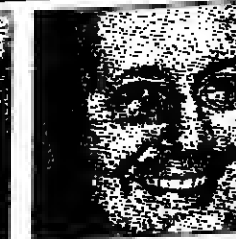
Lord Jenkins
politician
17 degrees



Sir Richard Sykes
businessman
10 degrees



Lord Mackay
former Lord Chancellor
10 degrees



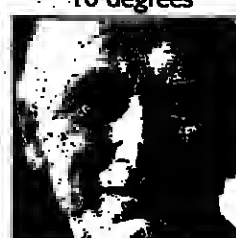
Sir Kenneth Calman
civil servant
9 degrees



Betty Boothroyd
Speaker of Commons
8 degrees



Sir Iain Vallance
businessman
7 degrees



Sir Ron Dearing
civil servant
7 degrees



Eddie George
banker
6 degrees



Lord Bragg
broadcaster and writer
6 degrees



Mary Robinson
former Irish President
5 degrees

and Eddie George, governor of the Bank of England, who notched up six degrees.

Politicians loom large. Mo Mowlam has received three degrees this year alone – including two last month – for her work as Secretary of State for Northern Ireland. Martin Bell, the independent MP for Tatton, has degrees from North London and Robert Gordon Universities, as well as from the University of East Anglia. President Nelson Mandela received eight degrees at once in 1996 during his visit to Britain.

Honorary graduates are put forward by lecturers and then chosen by panels of dons. For centuries they have honoured eminent academics, benefactors, the great and the good.

Professor Martin Harris, vice-chancellor of Manchester University, himself the holder of three honorary degrees, said: "We just look for people who have been distinguished, but have some link with the city. The aim is to mark distinction and to thank people for the contribution they have made to society over and above the norm. People very, very rarely turn them down."

Bradford is holding 14 degree ceremonies this year, and like all other universities is looking to add a little sparkle to the proceedings.

Its vice-chancellor, Professor Colin Bell, said: "When I graduated from Keele in the 1960s there was just one graduation ceremony for the university and only something like 31 universities. Now Bradford is one of 100 universities and we have

something like 14 graduation ceremonies alone. That's a lot of graduates."

Yesterday, Bradford bestowed honorary degrees on the actor Bill Owen, who plays Compo in the BBC's *Last of the Summer Wine* television series, and James Dyson, inventor of the bagless vacuum cleaner and a multiple holder of such titles.

Professor Bell said the university wanted to honour distinguished people with a link to the university or to the surrounding area. But, he said: "We all have public relations departments measuring their success in column inches and photo-opportunities. There is a real reason for the publicity. The most important people are the people graduating and if they see Diana Rigg or another honorary graduate in the papers after the ceremony the mums and dads and the graduates themselves love it."

Universities are cagey about links between their honours and grants or gifts from industry. But one prominent academic said: "Vice-chancellors look down the list and say: 'Is that a please or a thank you?'"

The honours, however, do not overly impress *Who's Who*. "Some people do not bother to even list them. It is up to the individuals whether they choose to include them in their entry or not," said a spokesman. "You can assess how important they are to the individual by whether they include them. But you certainly don't need one to be in *Who's Who*. It's not something we take much notice of."

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Gangsters cash in on toy craze

FAKE TOYS at the top of the Christmas best-seller list are being sold to fund organised crime, police said yesterday.

Counterfeit Beanie Babies, and Furbies – burping, farting, furry creatures – have been seized and could have links with crime gangs in Poland, Turkey, Italy and Indonesia exploiting the demand for presents by selling often sub-standard fakes, raising cash to fund other illegal activities. This year fake Beanie

Baby soft toys worth £1m have been seized in the UK. There is a limited production period for each Beanie Baby character, which makes many into collectors' items and pushes up the value for counterfeiters.

The National Criminal Intelligence Service's Interpol London office urged shoppers to go to reputable retailers and to buy only those goods with the marks of authentic products to ensure that they were not helping criminals.

THE RIGHTS OF EVERY MAN

'The Independent' is publishing daily each of the 30 Articles of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, illustrated by Ralph Steadman, to mark its 50th anniversary on 10 December.



Article 25

(1) Everyone has the right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of himself and of his family, including food, clothing, housing and medical care and necessary social services, and the right to security in the event of unemployment, sickness, disability, widowhood, old age or other lack of livelihood in circumstances beyond his control.

(2) Motherhood and childhood are entitled to special care and assistance. All children, whether born in or out of wedlock, shall enjoy the same social protection.

A pamphlet edition of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights is published by Waterstone's, price £1. Proceeds to the Medical Foundation for the Care of Victims of Torture.

14/FOREIGN NEWS

Long-haul travel: Fear of explosion prompts US officials to issue warning on use of fuel pump in jumbo jets

Urgent new safety rules hit airlines

PASSENGERS USING jumbo jets could be hit by higher fares and longer delays because of emergency safety rules brought in to prevent the risk of an explosion.

The United States Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) has asked airlines operating long-haul Boeing 747-400 aircraft to stop immediately running fuel pumps until tanks are dry.

The FAA issued the order after learning that a piece in the tank's fuel pump could throw off sparks if it is working when the tank is dry.

Although the order legally only affects US airlines, the Civil Aviation Authority (CAA) in Britain said yesterday it was adopting the directive. Other countries are likely to follow suit.

Normally, the pumps in both the horizontal stabiliser tank and centre tank are run until

BY PHILIP THORNTON
Transport Correspondent

the tank is dry to use up fuel efficiently. Fuel in excess of that needed for the journey cuts into profits. Airlines operating very long-distance flights will either have to make refuelling stops, take fewer passengers or carry less freight, experts said.

Kieran Daly, editor of Air Transport Intelligence, an Internet service, said the main impact would be on airlines flying from Asia to Europe and the US.

He said refuelling stops would lead to longer flight time and "more potential for aggravation as airlines never change their schedules to allow for it".

Mr Daly said carrying fewer passengers would be a last resort. "It is all about preserving market share and they won't want to push people away be-

cause they may not come back."

A third option is to carry less "belly cargo" - freight in excess of luggage - which represents pure profit for the airline.

"Everything that contributes to an increase in costs ultimately gets paid for by passengers. But equally every time they make an efficiency saving that also gets passed on," he said, adding that he was confident the historically low price of fuel would keep fares low.

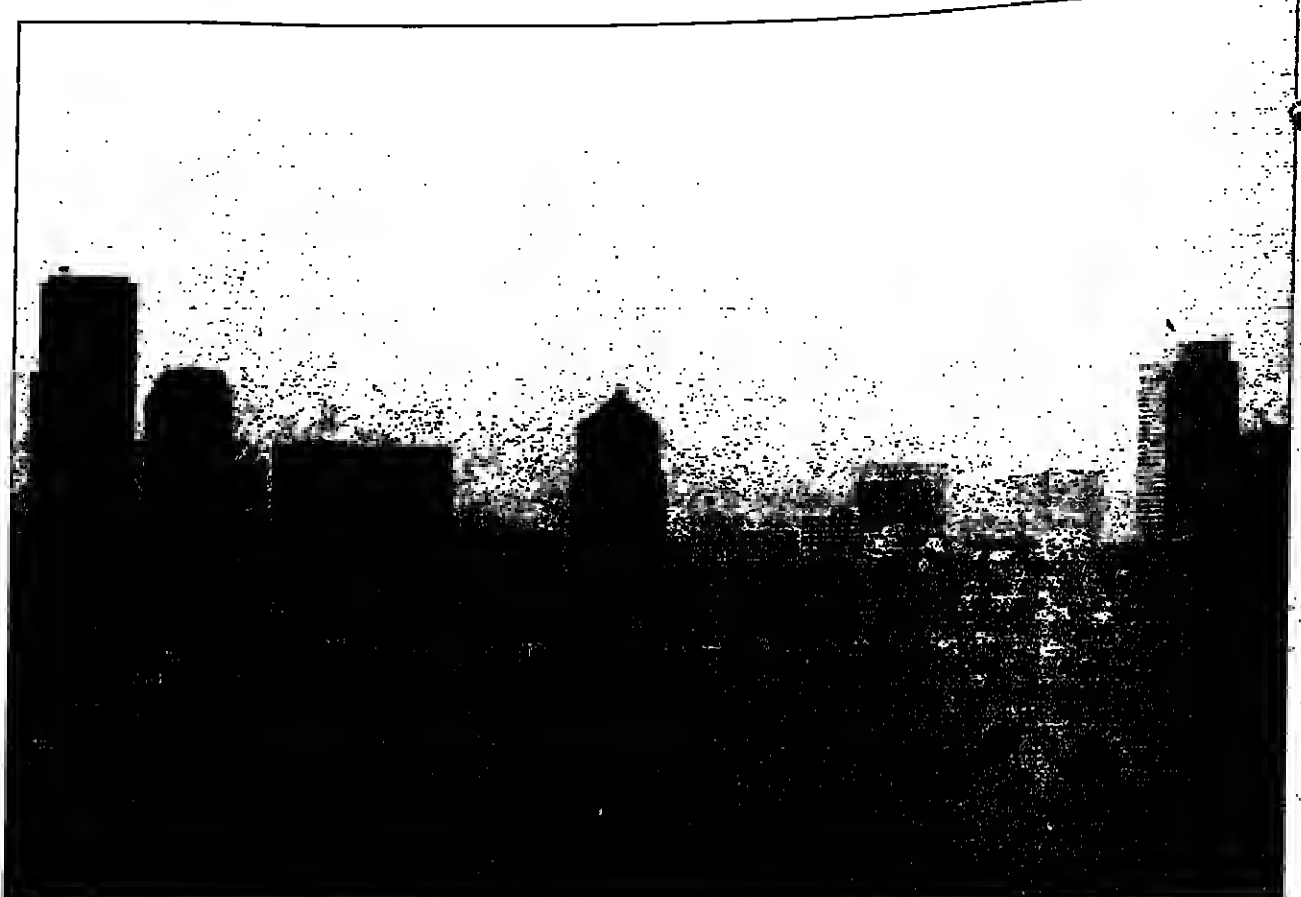
The order applies to all 246 US-registered 747s. Worldwide there are 1,087 such jumbo jets. British Airways operate 50 of the 747-400s, and Virgin six.

A BA spokesman said: "Our longest continual flight is one of 6,748 miles between London and Singapore. We have looked at this flight and other long-haul services and we are happy to say that we are able to imple-

ment the FAA directive without having to reroute for fuelling and without having to make any extra stops."

A Virgin spokesman said: "All our really long flights, to the Far East, are on Airbus planes. Our longest 747-400 flight is between London and Los Angeles and the public need not worry about our having to make any extra stops."

Northwest Airlines said weight restrictions or a refuelling stop might have to be used on its Detroit-Peking route. United Airlines will include some fuel stops on its longest trans-Pacific flights. All Nippon Airways, the Taiwanese carriers, and Japan Airlines warn of cuts in passenger numbers and extra refuelling stops. Cathay Pacific has put a crew at Anchorage, Alaska, in case its Los Angeles service has to refuel.



Seattle was once America's number one place to live, but Boeing's cutbacks have come as a shock

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Software city starts to find major bugs in reality

SEATTLE IS not a city much used to adversity. Since the rise of Microsoft, the hi-tech industry and the invention of Pacific North-west café lattes, it has gone from boom to boom, adding an exhilarating cosmopolitanism to its pleasantly understated prosperity.

So when Boeing, still the Seattle area's largest employer, announced this week that it was laying off 48,000 workers in the next two years, it came as the kind of shock the city had almost forgotten existed.

Almost all the job cuts are expected to hit the string of Boeing factories and assembly plants around Puget Sound, the large natural harbour dotted with islands that surrounds Seattle. The cause is a sharp drop-off in orders from Asia, compounded by a chain of over-enthusiastic expansion decisions in the past two years.

In addition, Boeing - which merged two years ago with McDonnell Douglas to form an aircraft-producing behemoth - has got caught in a price war with its thriving European rival, Airbus Industrie, cutting its profit margins to the bone in a declining market. The company's workforce has yo-yoed from 110,000 in the early 1990s, to about 230,000 now, and is set to fall to around 180,000 by the start of the next millennium.

This is not a crisis on the scale of the early 1970s, when Seattle was virtually a one-company town and someone put up a sign - since much copied - asking whether the last person to leave could please turn out the lights.

But it is nevertheless the largest single job cut in living memory - a cut that is likely to be compounded by the fact that every Boeing job generates two or three others in the local economy. The Asian crisis is particularly bad news for a city that built the foundations of its present affluence on trade with the East in the 1980s, and relied on it to survive the last, much smaller slump at Boeing in the early 1990s.

"In 1991-93 the state economy held up pretty well, because of other areas - obviously the high-tech area - but also timber and agriculture," said Charles Hill, a professor at the University of Washington's business school. "The problem now, of course, is that timber and agriculture are Asian-dependent. Go figure."

As David Brewster, a local columnist, wrote in the *Seattle Times* recently: "This form of hyper-capitalism, with its exaggerated emphasis on *homo economicus*, is bound to have a transformative effect on our region."

The Boeing job cuts are only going to exacerbate that trend. In all probability, many of the laid-off workers will find new employment in construction. Local economists predict a slowing in the economy but certainly not a recession. But Seattle will lose what is left of its innocence - the innocence that allowed it to profit from windfalls such as the Alaska gold rush or the military construction boom of the Second World War while enjoying a pleasant seclusion from the sources of its revenue. The Boeing cuts won't make Seattle a nicer place; they will drag it reluctantly into the hard, real world.

So, does the news from Boeing spell recession in boomtown Seattle? Not exactly. Microsoft and the computer industry (which includes the local software retailer amazon.com) are planning to add employees by the thousands in the next few years, as is the building industry. The housing market is going through the roof, with hi-tech workers building monster homes in the suburbs and along the shorelines of Puget Sound and the Olympic Peninsula - a trend that shows no signs of slowing down.

The real danger is that Seattle will lose its working class. The friendly, diverse, endlessly tolerant city that attracted so many people in the past few years risks turning into a haven for yuppies and Microsofties to the exclusion of all others - following much the same pattern as San Francisco.

Already, the middle-class housing boom has encroached on suburbs such as Renton and Everett, which traditionally belonged to employees of the aircraft industry.

With the rise of Microsoft, the friendly small-town manners of Seattle have been given a jolt by the aggressive, competitive ethos of the world's fastest-growing economic sector. The resentment has been as palpable as it has been unavailable.

Boeing is Seattle's most important employer



Boeing is Seattle's most important employer

US says sorry for 'terrible errors' of CIA

THE UNITED States apparently has a guilty conscience about all that it did covertly to promote right-wing movements and fight socialism in Latin America during the Cold War and, spurred by the arrest in Britain in October of the former Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet, is even beginning to say so.

In a remarkable, if belated, show of superpower penitence, Madeleine Albright, the US Secretary of State, expressed regret for US policy and CIA operations in the region during a speech at Emory University in Atlanta late on Thursday, Washington, she conceded, had made "terrible mistakes".

Her extraordinary comments come as the Clinton administration continues to agonise over the position it should take on the fate of General Pinochet and the request by the Spanish government for his extradition to Spain to face charges of torture and genocide.

Washington has so far declined to offer direct support for the Spanish request. It has meanwhile come under intense pressure to release thousands

BY DAVID USBORNE
in New York

of documents, which have remained under seal for 25 years, about its role in Chile in the early 1970s and in the 1973 coup that installed General Pinochet.

The dilemma is acute. While the documents could be important in bolstering the Spanish case against the former dictator, who is accused of having been responsible for the disappearance and murder of some 3,000 people in Chile, they may also seriously embarrass the US.

Above all, they may show that the US continued to back General Pinochet after he came to power and turned a blind eye to abuses or, worse, that the CIA worked directly with his secret police.

"When you speak of that era, I think many of us, as we look back on it, feel that there were serious mistakes made," Mrs Albright told the Emory students. And in a direct reference to the case of Chile, she went on: "We are reviewing and releasing more documents related to the

Pinochet era. It is part of trying to deal with the terrible mistakes and problems at that time."

Just how many of the documents will be released and how quickly remains unclear.

Earlier this week, the State Department spokesman, James Rubin, said the US would "declassify and make public as much information as possible". The next day, however, he said he needed to "clarify" his words and that the US commitment was only to "review" those papers that may shed light on the Pinochet era.

The ambiguity is thought to reflect deep divisions within the administration on what should be done. "There is a struggle going on here," one White House official told *The Nation* magazine this week. "This has been an incredibly divisive issue."

Even the position of Mrs Albright is opaque. Earlier this week, she appeared to side with Chile's demand that General Pinochet be returned home when she said "significant respect" should be given to Santiago's position.



Mike, a homeless man, commits 'pie-icide' yesterday with members of the National Pie Association in the hope of bringing awareness to the plight of the homeless in San Francisco. A debate now rages over the political propriety of pie attacks
Andy Kama/Reuters

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CHOOSE FROM OVER 50 MOBILES IN-STORE

Hair-raising exploits of a high-rise thief

THEY CALL him "Spiderman", a cat burglar who has become something of a folk hero within the Florida crooks' community. He has, they say, climbed as high as 30 floors up skyscraper apartment blocks, from balcony to balcony, using only his strength, agility and Ninja-style boots.

But his real name Derrick James, a 33-year-old former paratrooper with the United States 82nd Airborne Division? Police say it is. Mr James denies it. But he is on trial in Miami this week for one of the 132 robberies police attribute to "Spiderman".

If convicted, police believe they may be able to pin on him many of the other high-rise robberies, usually jewellery and credit cards taken from the upper floors of apartments along Miami Beach's so-called "Condo Canyon".

Police suspect him of a jewellery heist on the 10th floor of my own building. I live on the seventh. A couple of months ago, police came to my door and asked to look at my balcony. They showed me what they said were footprints suggesting "Spiderman" had passed through on his way up. I had my doubts. I'd been home at the time, with my balcony door open. And it looked impossible to bridge the six-foot gap from my balcony railing to the gripless concrete above without climbing equipment.

"It's outrageous. Nobody could do what they're saying," Mr James told reporters who visited him in jail. "I'm not the

BY PHIL DAVISON
in Miami

Spiderman and I don't know who he is." He rolled up his prison overalls sleeves to show normal biceps. For the sake of fairness, his trial judge has barred the use of the word "Spiderman" in the courtroom. At the trial yesterday, a Miami pawnbroker testified he believed Mr James was Spiderman. "He once came in to sell me some jewellery. When I asked him why he was limping, he said he'd fallen from a balcony," said Orlando San Miguel. "He came to sell me stuff several times, telling me he got it by climbing from balcony to balcony."

The pawnbroker said that, in return for his testimony, police had promised not to prosecute him for receiving stolen jewellery.

Mr James was charged with the single burglary, from the seventh floor of Miami's Bristol Tower condominium in June, after police saw him in the vicinity and found a stolen laptop computer and \$5,000 (£3,000) of jewels in his car. They suspect him of robbing an apartment on the 30th floor of the same building, netting \$1m of valuables on another occasion.

Mr James said he earned his living - between \$70,000 and \$120,000 a year - from gambling on horse races. With several prior convictions, he faces several years in jail if convicted. The trial is expected to conclude in the next few days.

IN BRIEF

Escaped convict found dead

A TEXAS death-row inmate who cleared two fences topped with razor wire and escaped through a hail of bullets has been found dead in a river near the prison. Martin Gurule, 29, was the first man to break out of death row in Texas since a member of the Bonnie and Clyde gang fled in 1934. Gurule had been the subject of a week-long massive search.

'The Beach' gets Thai go-ahead

BRITISH FILM producers were given approval yesterday by Thailand's Forestry Department to film *The Beach* after protesters had claimed filming would damage the local environment. A panel of scientists ruled that the damage would not be permanent although they could not guarantee a precious coral reef would not be harmed.

Muslims burn church in Indonesia

A MUSLIM mob in Indonesia burnt down a Catholic church yesterday, sending Christians fleeing in Ujung Pandang, capital of South Sulawesi. Religious and ethnic clashes have soared in Indonesia as authorities face continuing political protests and worsening law and order.

Student loan protest by e-mail

THOUSANDS OF Norwegian students launched a protest against rises in student loans by inundating government computers with e-mail. The protesters sent at least 200,000 messages through the Internet to Prime Minister Kjell Magne Bondevik, who probably didn't notice. Last week, he said he did not know how to use a computer.

LINDA NOX
Fiction
showing
truth
IN THE WINTER

Angry spirits make healer work hard

WEEK IN THE LIFE

MIAN SHAMSHUDDIN - HOLY MAN

FOR A living saint Mian Shamsuddin looked tired. He smoothed out his white beard, rubbed his eyes and rearranged his white robes. It had been a tough week, he explained apologetically. There had been a lot of work to do - a lot of people had been possessed by *djinn*s or spirits and it had been draining to exorcise them all.

Mian Shamsuddin is a *pir* - a religious healer, a spiritual leader and, by virtue of a distant ancestor, a living saint. For tens of millions of poor, uneducated Pakistanis their *pir* is their doctor's surgery, stress counselling service and citizens' advice bureau rolled into one. If your neighbours have cast a spell on you, your husband beats you or there is just a pain in your right molar the *pir*, who holds the accumulated wisdom of generations of holy men, will sort it out.

Every day from 11am until 1pm Mr Shamsuddin dispenses charms, verses, medicine and advice in about equal proportions, sitting on a bed in his home in a run-down area in the centre of the eastern Pak-

istani city of Lahore. The room is bare, with white-washed walls, straw matting on the floor and a single fan and a clock. Mr Shamsuddin sits with a green chest full of potions, herbs, bits of paper and rupees open in front of him.

On Thursday he spent two hours conducting a mass exorcism. With those possessed sitting in front of him with saffron garlands round their necks he chanted verses - some from the Koran, some his own - and blew gently on them all. Then he tapped them with a metal spatula before slapping it hard on the ground "to show the spirits what they would get if they didn't go away immediately". The threat of violence seemed to work, as it so often does in Pakistan. The spirits appeared to make a speedy exit and the *pir*'s patients filed out, all smiles and salaams.

Wednesday's audience had been different. A dozen men and women sat on the mats before Mr Shamsuddin and told him



Mian Shamsuddin, a 'pir' or holy man, performing an exorcism on a young woman in Lahore. Karen Davies

their problems. A woman was troubled by visions of dead children, another's cloth business was failing because envious relatives had cast a spell on it, a third was treated badly by her

husband. One man had travelled 100 miles because "once he had been a good worker but now felt lazy all the time".

To each the *pir* listened and nodded sagely before chanting

over them and tapping them with his metal spatula. For some he prescribed medicine - concoctions of herbs and oil he dispensed personally. For others he wrote out charms on

bits of paper - to be burnt and then eaten. Quite how effective the ingested ashes would be against serious physical conditions Mr Shamsuddin did not say.

Pirs are an important part of the Sufi tradition of Islam - a mystical, devotional strand of the faith that emphasises a personal, emotional and often unorthodox style of worship. But, though millions believe deeply in their holiness, Pakistan's *pirs* are increasingly the target of criticism.

Human rights activists say that many *pirs* abuse their authority to sexually and physically abuse women placed in their care. A series of books, one by the wife of a well-known *pir*, has revealed a seedy, vicious and venal side that has provoked widespread controversy.

Many of the *pirs* have enormous followings and, as such, huge political power. A number of *pirs*, who are often big landowners too, sit in provincial and national parliaments in Pakistan and lead secular lifestyles. Others have become rich on the gifts of their followers. And some, in this deeply conservative country, cause outrage. One *pir* believes everything can be cured by watching girls dance.

Mr Shamsuddin, who is 62 and has been a *pir* since his father died 40 years ago, says there are many frauds who give all *pirs* a bad name. "I am not interested in politics and

never ask for money. I learnt my knowledge from my father who learnt from his father and so on back four hundred years," he said. Next to Mr Shamsuddin's house is a shrine to the 17th-century ancestor who started the family business.

Yesterday, Mr Shamsuddin said, he had his toughest case for months. It required all the knowledge gained by his forefathers over generations. A man came to him who had recently been to India where he had been possessed by an Indian spirit.

"He was staring and rolling his eyes. I knew he was about to attack me so I started reciting verses. He started shivering and the spirit was getting very angry. I had to beat him hard. Finally I told him to go back to India and not to attack Pakistan and Muslims and, thanks be to God, he went."

But, said Mr Shamsuddin, now he was exhausted.

"These Indian *djinn*s really take it out of you. I hope I don't get any more like that for a while. I don't know why they are so strong. It must be all those lentils."

JASON BURKE

Mother goes undercover to find killer

IT SOUNDS like the plot of a far-fetched American TV movie: A mother refuses to believe that her daughter died from a self-administered heroin overdose and goes undercover, disguised as a prostitute and drug addict, to find her killers.

But this is the true story of Eleni Fotiadou, 44, whose six-month investigation on the streets of the port city of Thessaloniki, in northern Greece, has led to arrest warrants being issued for eight people on charges of rape and murder.

The Greek public has been wooed over by this tale of a mother's courage and many believe her claims that, as well as fighting the Thessaloniki underworld, she was also struggling

BY PAUL WOOD
in Athens

verdict that she had died from a heroin overdose. "My child's body was full of bruises, bumps and scrapes," she told Greek television. "Her jewellery was gone and her clothes were torn off, which shows that violence had been perpetrated."

She took her suspicions to the authorities, but faced with police "indifference" she decided to conduct her own investigation.

Thessaloniki is a major centre for eastern European gangs involved in the vice trade and a staging post on the route used by Balkan heroin smugglers. Undeterred, Ms Fotiadou swapped the white coat of her day job as a laboratory assistant for a night-time disguise of high heels and a mini-skirt.

"I started dressing like a prostitute and junkie and going to places where I could get information," she said. "I was sure that my child was killed."

A breakthrough came when she spotted a gold cross, identical to one that had belonged to her daughter, around the neck of a well-known drug dealer's girlfriend. With the help of a private detective, she made secret tape recordings of prostitutes who said they had witnessed her daughter being gang raped and then beaten to death with an iron bar.

Ms Fotiadou says her daughter was abducted off the street and that some of the drug addicts she spoke to say police officers had close links to those guilty of the alleged killing.

Police sources, quoted in the Greek press, paint a different picture, saying the girl had a previous conviction for drug use and theft.

But the allegations are another blow to the image of a force already reeling from investigations into whether some officers obtained false residence permits for eastern European prostitutes.

Ms Fotiadou says she has been vindicated, with the public prosecutor who issued the arrest warrants supporting her contention that her daughter was not a heroin addict.

But her six months of undercover work on the streets has left disturbing memories. "What goes on there, the mind of a normal person cannot comprehend," she said. "That's where I started. Because they need their fix, they push some of their women into prostitution, so I went there. The scene there is indescribable."



Eleni Fotiadou: Revealing how she investigated the death of her daughter

against a police cover-up, or at least official indifference and incompetence.

Mrs Fotiadou's nightmare began last June when her daughter, Paraskevi, walked away from a park bench that she was sharing with her sister to get a drink - and never came back. Two days later, the body of the pretty 20-year-old marketing student was found in a derelict building, a syringe by her side.

At the mortuary her mother was told not to uncover the body because several days had passed. But, her suspicions aroused, she carefully examined her daughter and was shocked to see bruises and cuts from head to toe and what appeared to be a broken nose and jaw.

Mrs Fotiadou refused to accept the explanation that her daughter was just another statistic in the dozens of deaths among addicts in Thessaloniki and challenged the coroner's

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FERGAL KEANE



Too many dictators have
gone to their graves
without sanction

IN THE WEEKEND REVIEW PAGE 3

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E-mail: IndyBusiness@Independent.co.uk

BUSINESS

THE INDEPENDENT
Saturday 5 December 1998

BRIEFING

Lovell and Mansell call off merger

LOVELL HOLDINGS and Mansell, the social housing construction companies, yesterday announced that their planned merger had been scrapped due to the collapse of stock market confidence in small-cap companies. David Heppell, chief executive of Lovell, said he was "very disappointed that the market conditions have intervened to such an extent that the transaction is no longer viable." Lovell's shares, which had been relisted, fell 20 per cent to 10p.

Sears denies reports of £460m bid



SEARS, the struggling retail group which includes the Miss Selfridge and Wallis chains of stores as well as the Freemans mail order business, yesterday denied reports that it had received a £460m bid for the company. It described the suggestions as "entirely without foundation," adding that Sears "is not in any discussions with any party about a bid".

Sears, chaired by Sir Bob Reid (pictured), was forced to issue a statement after its shares rose sharply following reports that a venture capital group had made an approach for the company pitched at around 300p per share.

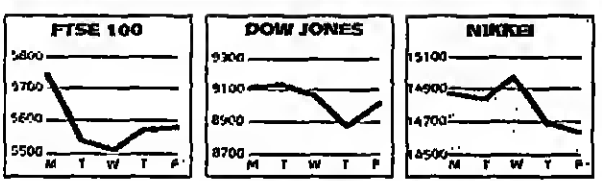
Analysts said a bid was possible for Sears, which spun off its Selfridges department store business in the summer. However, they said that, given the current fragility of high street trading, any potential bidders were likely to hold back until Sears provided an update on current trading. Sears shares closed 15 per cent higher yesterday at 233p.

BT buys into Scottish start-up

BRITISH TELECOM has taken a shareholding in a small Scottish technology company in a move that heralds a new approach by the telephone giant towards investing in start-up enterprises. BT is taking a 14 per cent stake in Kymata, a company which was only set up in February, in return for some of its patents.

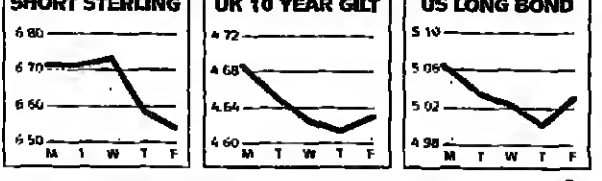
Kymata, which in August received £1m in start-up capital from the venture capital group 3i, is in the process of developing telecoms technology that can expand the amount of information that can be carried across fibre-optic cables.

STOCK MARKETS



Index	Close	Change	Change (%)	52 wk high	52 wk low	Yield (%)
FTSE 100	5581.90	-15.20	-0.28	6183.70	4599.20	3.17
FTSE 250	4750.70	-5.90	-0.12	5270.00	4247.00	4.86
FTSE 350	2643.70	5.70	0.22	2969.10	2210.40	3.59
FTSE All Share	2552.43	5.08	0.20	2886.00	2143.00	3.64
FTSE SmallCap	2018.40	-3.00	-0.15	2794.00	1834.00	4.16
FTSE FlexiDiv	1122.10	-0.40	-0.04	1517.00	1046.00	0.00
FTSE AIM	801.00	-2.30	-0.29	1147.00	761.00	0.00
FTSE ETRAC 100	930.48	-3.24	-0.37	1000.00	740.00	1.66
Dow Jones	9008.16	-126.16	-1.42	9380.20	7400.30	1.66
Nikkei	14639.92	-37.11	-0.25	17352.95	12187.50	1.00
Hong Kong	9363.14	-83.01	-0.88	11926.16	6544.79	3.14
Dax	4775.23	-11.85	-0.25	6217.00	3833.00	1.86

INTEREST RATES



There's a thing; Soros turns socialist

OVER THE last year George Soros, the international speculator, has become a modern day prophet of doom. With the self-flagellation of the zealot, moreover, he thinks it is people like him who pose the greatest threat to stability. Global capital markets are to blame for the meltdown in emerging markets, he now says, if they are not reigned in they'll end up destroying democracy.

Alarmist stuff, but is it worthy of attention? When I last came across Mr Soros, at a conference in Switzerland a little less than a year ago, he was still of the view that the crisis in the Far East was a largely localised affair. The countries it had engulfed only had themselves to blame for what had occurred.

They had ridiculously clung to pegged dollar exchange rates, when the economic fundamentals didn't support such a policy, and they had squandered the Western capital that had been pouring into the region on semi corrupt, cronyistic projects and speculations. In other words, there had been a huge misallocation of capital, which needed correcting.

With publication this week of his book, *The Crisis of Global Capital-*



JEREMY WARNER

In his book Soros seems to be saying: 'Control me, and people like me, or we will do it again'

ism, Mr Soros seems finally to have completed a 180-degree about turn. This is an important book, if only because Mr Soros seems to be saying "control me, and people like me, or we will do it again". He's also good on the causes of the crisis and the weaknesses it has exposed in what is often clumsily termed "the global financial architecture".

Particularly intriguing is the jus-

tification he uses for what he does. This basically comes down to the argument that if he didn't do it, someone else would, so that to the extent that his market speculations have adverse social consequences, they would happen anyway. If he worried about the social consequences, he would only handicap himself against those who don't.

Mr Soros is self-aware enough to know that as a moral justification, this is a bit of a cop out, and he uses the idea of this lack of accountability powerfully to illustrate the disinterested nature of markets as they rage around the world, sometimes acting as what he calls a "wrecking ball". Markets are not so much immoral, he writes, as amoral.

Unfortunately, this is where the book's value ends. Mr Soros's prescriptions for dealing with the turmoil look to be a combination of old hat, wrong thinking and fantasy. Essentially they distil down to two things - a global regulator for capital markets and the provision of guaranteed credit to countries that are applying appropriate free market policies but still become subject to speculative attack.

Mr Soros is not the only one to claim copyright on these ideas; both have already been embraced with varying degrees of enthusiasm by Western governments. Hans Tietmeyer, Bundesbank president, has been charged with drawing up proposals for coordinated global regulation while the International Monetary Fund is already well into sub-committee stage of attempting to establish pre-emptive mechanisms for dealing with financial crises. The little matter of who is going to provide the money for this new credit guarantee system has yet to be decided, but that surely is only a minor issue.

Nobody could sensibly take issue with the idea of greater co-ordination between national regulators, or indeed the establishment of best practice standards to which regulators would sign up. But Mr Soros goes further and this is where he begins to part company with reality. He thinks the United Nations might provide a model for the sort of world regulator that could properly protect against amoral capital markets.

A reformed and accountable UN, Mr Soros argues, could be used to promote and impose the standards and principles of open government and society. Indeed? Since when was the UN a forum for anything other than paralysis and argument? It is difficult enough to regulate financial markets on a national scale; just think of the bureaucracy and red tape that would become necessary to do it internationally.

But it is the idea of credit guarantees I find hardest to grasp. In my view, a large part of the mischief in global capital markets over the past two years has been caused by the very existence of the IMF, which stands ready and willing to bail out western creditors whenever things go wrong. This is anathema to the efficient operation of free markets, since the existence of such a compensation fund strips the risk out of investment.

If international capital knows it is going to be bailed out every time it makes a dud investment, it will never learn the lesson of these crises. If Western lenders and investors had been made to suffer the full consequences of their misjudgement, they'd be that much more cautious next time round.

Rather than helping the countries involved, the IMF aid has largely gone into repaying Western creditors. It is hard to see how the existence of pre-emptive loan guarantees helps. Much more likely is that they would compound the misallocation of capital which underlies the emerging markets crisis. The problem, surely, is not that capital markets are inherently unstable, which is what Mr Soros suggests, but that they are prone to become so if their self correcting mechanisms are distorted by the knowledge that whatever they do, they cannot lose.

I find it slightly curious that an old fashioned liberal like me should be arguing this hard-line free-market case, while Mr Soros, a billionaire speculator, is meanwhile discovering the joys of brotherly love and being nice to the natives. All this no doubt makes Mr Soros feel better about himself, but I doubt very much that this retreat into neo-socialist thinking is the way forward either for the capital markets or the world.

The only qualification I would add to this general observation is that we in the West, perhaps don't live as

much by the free market standards we would foist on the developing world as we might like to pretend. When things begin to go wrong economically, we don't deflate, we reflate. Governments borrow more to spend more and central bankers stand ready to inject liquidity into the system, by cutting interest rates and printing more money.

When our banks go bust, we bail them out and depositors generally get their money back. This is as true of the US, land of the free, as it is in Western Europe. We too have our examples of semi-corrupt, crony capitalism - the Savings & Loan and Long-Term Capital Management crises being only the most obvious.

The difference is, however, that we have adequate rules of transparency and accountability, backed by robust national regulation, so that the crises, when they do come, tend to be much more limited in nature.

The developing world is a good deal more likely to get the economic investment it needs via this route than the one suggested by Mr Soros, which seems to me to amount to little more than privately administered state aid.

Bids - real or imaginary - fail to lift Footsie lethargy

BIDS - REAL, imagined and denied - did their best to spur Footsie into action yesterday. But the index had that tired end-of-week look and would not be roused from its Friday sluggishness.

Not even a bright start on Wall Street managed to wake it up. After a brief bounce following the benign set of US unemployment data, Footsie settled down to close 15.8 points up at 5,581.9. The apathy trickled down to the minnows, and both small and mid caps ended lower: the FTSE 250 fell 5.9 to

FIELD SYSTEMS Design, an electrical contractor, became the latest addition to the junior Oxf market. The Dorchester-based company, a management buyout from engineer FKI, ended unchanged at 78p. Field provides electrical services to utilities such as Severn Trent and Thames Water. It plans to use the float as a springboard for bolt-on acquisitions. Last year it made £400,000 profit.

£750.7, while the small cap finished 3.0 down at 2018.4.

The GEC soap opera was one of the main providers of takeover excitement. The market is fascinated by the defence group's marriage prospects, following its decision to give up its single life. French, American and UK suitors abound, but who is the beautiful and cash-rich



FRANCESCO GUERRERA

GEC going to settle for? All will soon be revealed, and in the meantime the price goes up and up. Yesterday, GEC ended at the top of the Footsie with a 5.8 per cent rise to 534p.

Fellow engineer Rolls-Royce flew 5.25p higher to 232.25p after winning an engine supply deal for 10 new Boeing 777s. British Aerospace, down 4.25p to 495.75p, was grounded after Merrill Lynch turned bearish. The bank fears for the defence giant's contracts in cash-strapped Saudi Arabia. Among the rest of the Footsie, Shell lost 4.5p to 328.5p in heavy volume. Rumours of a forthcoming profit warning and of hedge-fund selling unnerved the market. BT rang up a 11p gain to 628.5p ahead of a presentation in New York. And British Airways rose 4.25p to 381.25p despite talk of hefty earnings downgrades ahead.

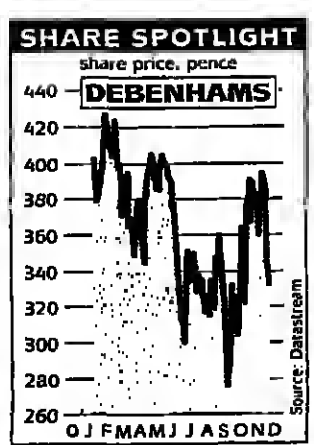
The day's other bid was fictional. Sears, the owner of the Miss Selfridge clothes shops and Freemans catalogue, an-

grily denied reports that it had received a £460m offer from a venture capital group. This did not stop Sears' shares soaring over 15 per cent to 233p - the biggest rise in the mid-cap. In the stock market's view there is no smoke without fire, and rumours of interest from Alchemy did the rounds.

At last a real bid. Halifax bought NatWest's stake in its car leasing joint venture with Lex, the car hire company, for £162.5m. The market was in no doubt over the deal's winner and losers: Lex soared 3.5p to 84p, and NatWest lost 28p to 1068p.

Widney provided the small caps with some bid talk. The underperforming engineer, rocked by a boardroom battle last year, said it had received an approach. The prospect of an end to the misery pushed the shares 6p higher to 42.5p.

A failed bid from privately-owned Mansell demolished



Lovell, the builder. The shares came back to the list and crumbled 20 per cent to 10p. City Site, a Scottish property group, was also down because a 35p-a-share offer from contractor Miller looked doomed. The shares fell 5p to 27.5p after City's managing director, who is plotting a management buy-out, refused to sell his stake.

Retailers and leisure groups did not have an enjoyable day. Ladbroke, the betting and hotels group, was Footsie's biggest loser despite winning a casino licence in South Africa. A flurry of options-related selling caused the 11p slump to 235p. The brewer Scottish & Newcastle, results on Tuesday, fell 21p to 746p after Merrill Lynch advised to switch into Diageo, up 13p to 627.5p. Bass, down 12p to 818p, also retreated as dealers cashed in profits for their weekend drinks.

Arcadia once again led the retailers down. The market just cannot forget this week's shock profit warning and sent the Burton and Top Shop group down a further 4.9 per cent to 182p.

Debenhams, Arcadia's offshoot, felt sympathetic and plunged 14p to 383.5p. Morrison Supermarkets, down 11p to 302p and Kingfisher, down 10p to 516.5p, deepened the stores gloom.

No day of trading in these troubled times would be complete without a few profits warnings. Yesterday's biggie came from McBride, down 34p to 121p. The maker of deter-

gents for supermarkets blamed tough markets and competition. Analysts slashed forecast to £29m from £37m.

McBride's woes put a dampener on chemical manufacturers. BTP shed 18.5p to 336.5p. Laporte slid 12.5p to 467.5 and Croda International fell 6p to 236p.

Stoves Group was badly scarred after saying that a lukewarm cooker market will cause a profits slump. The shares burnt off 25.1 per cent of their value to close at 56.5p. It was a case of game over

A FRESH buy for S Daniels, the owner of the New Covent Garden Soup brand. The food producer, flat at 33.5p yesterday, paid £2.4m for Get Fresh, a purveyor of salads, sandwich fillings and dips to delicatessen shops and caterers. Get Fresh had sales of £390,000 and profits of £152,000 last year. The acquisition will strengthen S Daniels' presence in the chilled food market.

for SCI, the computer-game maker. The provider of blockbuster games such as Caramageddon and Caropolypse Now posted a loss of £3.2m and saw the shares go down 18.5 per cent to 44p.

SEAQ VOLUME: 790.0m
SEAQ TRADES: 54,544
GILT INDEX: n/a

Halifax moves into car leases

BY ANDREW GARFIELD
Financial Editor

THE HALIFAX, Britain's largest mortgage bank, has made a bold move into car leasing through a £17.5m joint venture with Lex Service, the largest car leasing operator in the UK with 8 per cent of the market.

The venture aims to offer car leasing contracts to individuals, an area which accounts for 50 per cent of the new car sales market in America but is in its infancy in the UK. Here, such personal contract plans are offered by the car makers directly. These account for just 5 per cent of the market.

Yesterday's move is the first by James Crosby since he took over from Mike Blackburn as Halifax chief. It underlines his determination to develop new lines of business through bolt-on acquisitions in related financial services rather than pursue a merger with another large institution.

Halifax had looked at an outright purchase of the leasing business of Arriva, the transport operator. Lex had been looking for a partner since deciding earlier in the year to break off its joint venture relationship

with Lombard, the leasing division of NatWest bank, after Lombard set up its own car leasing business. Lex is paying £128.5m to buy Lombard out.

Tony Jukes, director of Halifax's asset finance business, said: "Lex is considered to be the market leader in the car leasing business. If you consider the position of the Halifax in the retail financial services sector, the chemistry can add up to something quite powerful."

Andy Harrison, the Lex chief executive, said: "We think that being together with the Halifax, and given the strength of our brands, will on its own create new opportunities. The personal contract market has been very big in America and we want to think through the product and marketing carefully."

Meanwhile, rival Woolwich said yesterday that the sharp fall in its mortgage market share earlier in the year had been reversed in the third quarter, in part because of the success of its Open Plan Mortgage.

The bank is still being hit on savings owing to competition from new entrants such as Prudential's Egg, which are prepared to cross-subsidise product launches.

IN BRIEF

Court setback for BCCI creditors

LIQUIDATORS representing over 6,000 creditors of BCCI, which was closed in 1991, yesterday lost the latest round in their legal battle to claim £600m in compensation from the Bank of England.

The liquidators from Deloitte & Touche said they would seek leave to take the case to the House of Lords after the Court of Appeal voted two to one against the claim. Yesterday the Court confirmed an October 1997 ruling by Mr (now Lord) Justice Clarke that the claim could not be proved and should be struck out.

Cut at Cortecs

CORTECS, the biotechnology group, announced it is to sell its corporate helicopter for £1m in a bid to cut costs. The move comes days after the company lost its second chief executive in six months and warned of product delays.

McBride plunges

SHARES IN McBride, the household products manufacturer, yesterday fell by 21 per cent to 122p as it announced the loss of 200 jobs in the north of England and Europe. The company said full-year profits would be below last year's level.

COMPANY RESULTS

Name	Turnover (£)	Pre-tax (£)	EPS	Dividend	Pay day	X-div
Carlisle (I)	10,855m (2,935m)	2,701m (7,765m)	-1.9p (-4.1p)	-	-	-
Cable International (I)	8,36m (7,022m)	-0.445m (-0,847m)	0.29p (-0.95p)	-	-	-
Cleveland Trust (I)	4,953m (4,313m)	1,310m (0,967m)	4.4p (4.2p)	2.75p (2.6p)	06/04/99	14/12/98
Deltron Electronics (F)	35,982m (26,460m)	3,175m (2,661m)	11.6p (9.9p)	3.54p (-)	26/02/99	18/01/99
ITE Group (F)	28,370m (6,623m)	9,243m (-8,956m)	9.24p (-8.95p)	0.875p (-)	29/01/99	14/12/98
Moran (F)	131,036m (103,914m)	6,350m (14,589m)	12.0p (34.8p)	14.00p (13.18p)	29/01/99	21/12/98
Marlin Shipping Group (F)	2,155m (2,105m)	-0.180m (-0.087m)	-2.36p (-1.27p)	1.2p (1.25p)	20/01/99	14/12/98

(F) - Final (I) - Interim (Q) - Quarterly (SP) - Split Period (N) - Nine Months

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SPORT

My mission was to make a phone call to the US

REGRETS? I've had a few. And not too few to mention.

Interviewing Sharron Davies - that was one. Obviously it wasn't the Sharron Davies bit that was a problem, because she was exactly as her public image had led me to expect. Confident. Articulate. Attractive in a sort of Yes Obviously, But That's Not Really The Point Is It? way.

And also, as I recall, touchingly committed to her Great Dane, Ben. Shortly before we met, she had given this 12st character the run of her hotel room while she swam at a competition in Coventry. "He's a bit of a Mummy's boy," she said. "The hotel didn't mind. I have an arrangement with their group." No, the problem occurred with my choice of



MIKE ROWBOTTOM

venue for our in-depth interview. Or, to be more accurate, her choice of venue for our little chat.

A Pizza Hut in Leeds city centre, where we were surrounded by 10 awestruck young swimmers with whom

she had been practising earlier in the morning.

If there is an art to interviewing people over lunch, I have yet to master it. As I attempted to co-ordinate sensible questions with garlic bread with eye contact with sage nodding with pizza margherita, it occurred to me that my sketchy notes were unlikely to be of much use. Davies's rapid-fire verbal delivery compounded my difficulty.

But all was not lost! I had my tape recorder! And how well that super precision, anti-resonance tape picked up the sound of scraping cutlery and chattering Wigan Wasps.

Not so long after that little setback, I travelled to Brussels to cover a grand prix athletics meeting at the Heysel

Stadium, where Britain's recently established Commonwealth 1500 metres champion, Peter Elliott, was due to run.

Arriving on the day of the event, I made my way to the organisers' HQ at the Sheraton Hotel and chanced upon a man widely regarded as the doyen of athletics writers. As we travelled up the escalator towards the meeting office, he asked me if I had come to watch anyone in particular. "Peter Elliott," I replied, Boy Scout style. "Oh dear," he replied, doyen style. "He's not coming." All right. I was younger then. Greener. And I like to think I have learned from such experiences. I like to think it - but maybe I haven't.

This week I tried to tele-

phone a man in the United States. Not, on the face of it, an impossible mission. Especially as I had the complete number and a clear grasp of the man's name and position. Which, as it happens, was Mark Asanovic of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers football team.

"You have reached the Tampa Bay Buccaneers," the voice said. Way to go! "Our office hours are Monday to Friday, 8am to 6pm. If you know your party's extension, please dial it now. If you are interested in purchasing club seats - the absolute best seats in the Raymond James stadium - please call back during office hours."

A woman's voice cuts in. "To lookup a party's extension by using their last name, please dial 1." OK. One. "Enter the first three letters of the person's last name you are trying to reach. For the letters Q and Z, press one. To enter an extension, press the star key."

OK. No problem. A-S-A. "Those letters represent more than one person. For Pat Brazil - hang on, surely that's B-R-A not A-S-A? - press 1. For Mark Asanovic, press 2..." OK. Two.

"Transferring to Mark Asanovic. Box number 294. Please hold." There is a shard of American football commentary - "a 32-yard rush, first down in the" - and then this from Mark: "You have reached the Tampa Bay Buccaneers weight room. Mark and Aaron are unavailable at

this time. Please leave your name, number and a short message and we will get back to you as soon as we can."

Now the female voice interjects again. "Please leave your message after the tone. When you have finished, press 8. If the message is acceptable, press 1. To review the message, press 2. To re-record, press 5, to pause for 30 seconds, press 7, if you would like to speak with someone, press 0. To end this call, press 9." I record a message. I think.

"To continue recording, press 3; to back up four seconds, press 4; to re-record, press 5; to move forward four seconds, press 6; to pause for 30 seconds, press 7; to cancel the message, press 8. If

you would like to speak with someone, press 0. To end this call and send the message, press 9." Er. Right. So. Um. Press 0.

"This is Paula McCarthy. I'm currently unavailable. But if you'd like to leave a message, please do so after the tone. If you feel that you need further assistance, please dial the operator at 00. Thank you." Er. Right. So. Press 00.

"I'm sorry. There is no operator at this time. Please enter the extension of the person you are trying to reach. To look up the name in the phone book, press the star key."

In the phone book? How could I do that? Who would help me? And what if... "Thank you. Goodbye." As I say. Regrettable.

Rugby Union: South Africa's captain is ready to capture historic record at Twickenham and silence detractors at home

The quiet war of Gary Teichmann

WHEN GARY TEICHMANN leads out his apparently unbeatable Springboks for this afternoon's historic encounter with England at Twickenham, he will do so in the disconcerting knowledge that a small but influential band of South African malcontents consider him unworthy of his place in his country's back row. There must be something wonderfully Pythonesque going on here.

"What has Teichmann ever done for the Boks?" you imagine them asking. "Apart from dragging them out of the mire, clean-sweeping the Tri-Nations, winning 17 Tests on the bounce, rewriting the record books and establishing them as the best team in the world, he's done absolutely nothing."

Nick Mallett, who launched his still unblemished Springbok coaching career 15 months ago by persuading Teichmann against depositing his green jersey in the nearest dustbin, can scarcely credit the wilspiring campaign against his main man in the South African press. "Let me tell you something about Gary," he says, his dark eyes smouldering with righteous indignation. "What we've achieved over the last year or so has more to do with him than anyone else in the whole set-up. He is not the sort of guy who stands up and sounds off at the top of his voice, but in a team full of particularly strong characters, he is the one everyone respects. First name on the team sheet? Definitely."

One of Mallett's senior professionals makes the point more graphically: "He's won 17 from 17, for heaven's sake. What do these bloody people want? Twenty from 17? Considering the captain's unconventional background - as a Zimbabwean who barely laid a hand on a rugby ball until the ripe old age of 14, Teichmann is to all intents and purposes an outsider - the support of his colleagues, Afrikaner and English-speaker alike, is more than touching. It is overwhelming.

If his No 8 play, usually so cultured and creative, has not quite hit the heights on this tour, there are extenuating circumstances. Dozens of them, in fact.

BY CHRIS HEWETT

Teichmann has not only played 37 successive Tests for his country but has not missed a Currie Cup or Super 12 match with Natal since God knows when. "I could probably have done with a rest at some point over the last 18 months or so, but with Natal playing so well in the big tournaments there just hasn't been an opportunity," he said this week. "Still, there's nothing wrong with me that a couple of weeks in the Transkei won't put right."

Teichmann is acutely aware of, and has been wounded by, the criticism aimed at him in recent weeks, some of which concerns his personal form and some of which is rooted in the

Cup," he says, simply. "It's a perfectly attainable target and besides, I'm enjoying myself."

Which is a very different mindset to the one he found himself inhabiting during the summer of last year, following a series defeat by the Lions and a painful 55-point humiliation at the hands, or rather the studs, of the All Blacks. The Springboks were in pieces, riven by internal division and paralysed by uncertainty. "We were terribly low," admits Teichmann, "and I was not alone in wondering whether it was worthwhile carrying on."

"It was not a happy side by any stretch of the imagination and, as captain, I felt all that negativity very deeply. We'd had so much chopping and

so quickly to pull everything back together, a number of us would not be here now."

No one, least of all the captain, underestimates the scale of Mallett's influence: Teichmann describes him as "an up-front guy, a superb coach and an intelligent communicator". But a rugby intellectual in a tracksuit can only do so much. When a side finds itself crumbling under the Wallaby hammer in Perth or being driven towards the edge of the abyss by a rampant collection of inspired All Blacks, it takes a special individual to lead his charges to salvation. Like Francois Pienaar before him, Teichmann delivers at the big moments.

"Captaincy wasn't something I'd even thought about, let alone strived for," he says. "I kind of fell into it with Natal and when Francois picked up his head injury against the All Blacks back in '96, the management turned to me as someone with leadership experience at provincial level. There was never any question of my attempting to emulate Francois; even had I wanted to copy his style, I couldn't have done so. I just wasn't made of the same stuff and anyway, I didn't think I could carry it off alone."

"What I did - what I still do - was consult the senior Boks at every opportunity. Mark, Joost van der Westhuizen, Henry Honihall. I've had constant support and reassurance from those guys, especially when we've been up against it. When the All Blacks went 23-5 up against us in Durban during the Tri-Nations, I wondered whether it was even possible to score 19 unanswered points in the space of 40 minutes. But as we ran back onto the pitch I heard one of the players repeat the same words over and over again: 'We don't panic. We don't panic. We don't panic.' He was right, we didn't panic. And we won the game by a point. I knew then that we had something special going for us."

Certainly, there was no sign of Bokke panic at Wembley last month, even though Wales had the tourists try their Rainbow Nation jockstraps for 70 of the



Gary Teichmann: 'The pressure on us has grown as we've closed in on this damned record' David Ashdown

80 minutes. "That was all down to confidence, to pure belief," Teichmann explains. "Wales were bloody good that day, right on top of their game, but we scored tries at important times and our discipline to-

wards the end was of a very high standard. But, hey, this trip has been so much harder than last year's. On the one hand, our opponents have improved. On the other, the pressure on us has grown as we've closed in on

the Grand Slam and this damned record.

"I'm just pleased we won in Dublin to make it 17 in succession; it would have been very hard on morale to have slipped up one short of the All Blacks' figure. Now we have that one in the bag, we can go out at Twickenham and throw everything at England. It will be a tough game, definitely, but I can't think of a better way to finish a long, long season."

Wish list includes Tierra del Fuego and Exuma Island

IT IS closed season for fly fishing at the moment and I am feeling desk-bound. Yesterday I spoke to one of my favourite ghillies, Allan Donaldson, who lives on the upper reaches of one of my favourite rivers, the Carron in the highlands of Scotland. It always makes me a little melancholy to talk to "my" ghillies because their "every day" is my idyll. We have a little talk of the fishing, the weather and I can hear... nothing in their background. Perfect stillness.

In an attempt to cheer myself up - I haven't seen a river other than the Thames for weeks - I phoned some fishing buddies to ask them what they'd like for Christmas.

ANNALISA BARBIERI
ON FISHING



First was Ally Gowans, inventor of the Ally's Shrimp, and with whom, joyously, I tied my first salmon fly. His letter to Santa would ask for a "total ban on commercial exploitation of our wild game fish and tough measures to ensure that their environment is healthy". Mr G would also like

to give something, "a rubber spring salmon to all anglers who love killing fish so that they could beat the hell out of that instead of killing real fish." Touchingly, this was a common theme with most of the fishermen I spoke to. Allan Donaldson wanted to see a ban on high seas' netting but, more

achievably "one of those new spey salmon fishing lines by Scientific Anglers". My fishing buddy Pete, however, wants the impossible (well impossible for several years), "to be able to Spey cast like Allan Donaldson". Which, let me tell you, is impressive.

Anne Voss Bark, owner of my favourite fishing hotel, The Arundell Arms in Devon, and author of *West Country Fly Fishing*, asked for a Hardy Smuggler. These are glorious, glorious travel rods and are high on my own present list. (If you know someone who fishes and are stumped for what to buy but obviously like them a lot - a Smuggler costs from

£300 - this gift would make them very happy indeed.)

My mate Mick Rouse, who is chief photographer for the *Angling Times* and with whom I've enjoyed a few vodka and tonics, would like "an unforgettable fishing holiday, maybe Nile perch fishing on Lake Nasser or for the elusive mahseer on the Ganges or the Cauvery. That would be much better than a pair of slippers or a bottle of Scotch." I think he's being a bit greedy as he's already fished for marlin in Kenya, carp and catfish in South Africa, Canada and France amongst many others. Brian Easterbrook, my man on Dartmoor also wants to trav-

el, but is more specific: "I'd like a ticket to Tierra del Fuego to fish for sea trout in February."

Buying presents for people with a hobby makes the job so much easier. Last Christmas I got one of my favourite presents of all time, a Richard Wheatley salmon fly box engraved with my fishing name (Grise Lettec de Winter, the 15th Duchess of Glendevine Water, I'll explain another time). My own-tied Ally's Shrimp naturally has pride of place therein.

Chris Dawn, editor of *Trout Fisherman's* list is wistful: "a set of waterproofs that really are just that. Monofilament that never breaks when you

knot it. A set of scales that don't act as though they are suffering from a bad case of St Vitus Dance. A sinking fly line that doesn't lie itself into a knot when you cast it. Waders that never leak. A rainbow trout that actually tastes nice. A season ticket to the bonefish flats of Exuma Island." I have a bit of a desire for going bonefish fishing too but not as much as I want...

A house with fishing rights on the upper beats of the Carron; a house with fishing rights near Dartmoor so I could fish any of the West Country rivers and eat chips and trifle at the Arundell Arms and learn to fish for sea trout with sea trout king

Roy Buckingham; a Sage 9 foot, 5 weight SP rod, a Sage SPL 8 foot, zero weight rod; a Hardy Smuggler; an Arii Hart ARH reel; a pair of really cool fishing glasses with prescription lenses and protective sides; regular trips to Lainston House (staying in the walnut suite) fishing for grayling; and to spend most of January at Farleyer in Perthshire for the opening of the Tay and Burr's night, fishing, eating, smoking cigars and dancing at ceilidhs. Have a lovely December and see you in the new year when I'll be reporting on fishing books. email address: a.barbieri@independent.co.uk

Bouncy Lloyd seeks perfect pitches

WHETHER IT was the *cri de coeur* coming from the national side in Australia after their two and a half day whipping in Perth, or just the overwhelming need for change, English cricket has decided to take the first steps towards modernity. Where it actually ends up remains to be seen, however, and two divisions like that other panacea, four-day cricket, will not suddenly make English players the best in the world. Mind you, being passed by 15 votes to one with three abstentions indicates that, like Viagra, the majority clearly believe it will work.

The England coach, David Lloyd, is one of them. Speaking in Melbourne after hearing the

CRICKET
BY DEREK PRINGLE
in Melbourne

results of the First Class Forum's meeting, Lloyd felt it would better prepare English players for the rigours of Test cricket.

A long-time advocate of a split Championship, Lloyd also stressed that the key to the new format, due to begin in 2000, would be the pitches, not only those in the middle, but the ones in the nets as well.

"If the system is to maintain a competitive edge, the playing surfaces must be spot on," he said. "There must be no more

parochial bias in pitch preparation and no more one-and-a-half to two-day finishes."

With England under the cosh in Australia, it was inevitable that Lloyd would point out the differences between the conditions England have experienced here in Australia and those generally found at home.

"The practice facilities here are top notch," said Lloyd, ironically just after England's nets had been cancelled after rain had soaked the wickets at the MCG. "The practice pitches mirror the ones in the middle, which are generally hard, reasonably fast and with an even covering of grass. In other words, pitches that are good to

bat on but reward hard work from the bowlers."

As an ideal, it is a nice one, though it falls to consider the climatic differences that allow such conditions. Australian pitches tend to be clay-based, baked hard by a hot sun.

Clay is not used in England where water tables are much higher. Instead, loam-based pitches are the norm, a type that tend to be caught between the extremes of being either too sporty, when grass is left on, or too slow and flat, when it is taken off. This makes some pitches being prepared to order a tricky problem to tackle, though tackle it the England Cricket Board must.

Now that there will be a three up three down system of promotion and relegation, the temptation to tweak pitches to suit the situation will be strong. To prevent this, a rigorous monitoring process must be set up, along with stringent pitch reports from umpires.

If decent pitches are a topic close to Lloyd's heart, so is preparation time and rest, especially for the Test players.

"Practice, preparation, rest and play. That's what they do at home," Lloyd said. "What's Mark Taylor doing now? What's Glenn McGrath doing now? They're at home with their feet up. With another Test match coming up, they are not having

to worry about the next four-day match in the Championship."

To emulate that and control a player's activity levels, England's Test players will have to be centrally contracted by the ECB rather than by their counties. It is a move agreed, in principle by the FCE, and due to be ratified in March.

A potential can of worms, centralised contracts can also be waste of resources. For that reason a squad of 17 or 18 players signed up for no more than six months is the most likely option, a period that would allow the Board to make adjustments for, say, winter tours, when different personnel may be needed.

Counties have long been set

in their ways, so any changes, particularly those as radical as those taken last week, ought to be applauded. And yet for many, myself included, they have not gone far enough and serious flaws of logic still exist.

The new system does not offer a significant reduction in the amount of cricket played, especially to Test players, who if anything have potentially more on their plates now that Test and one-day internationals are to be increased. But if centralised contracts are to overcome that problem, by ensuring that players rest between Tests, there seems little point in having a domestic competition without them. Like most sports, crick-

eters do not tend to improve unless pushed by better players, which is why domestic cricket was stronger, and England sides more competitive, when counties were allowed to field two overseas players.

And while a new point system of 12 for a win and four for a draw will perhaps help strengthen resolve, it will not transform standards drastically enough to guarantee an improvement at Test level.

That will only happen when we have a domestic competition as tough, concentrated and full of talent as the Shield in Australia. As coaches have a habit of saying over here: "Any dilution is really pollution."

Westwood's charge brings Price in sight

LEE WESTWOOD fired a seven-under-par second round of 65 to move within two shots of the half-way leader, Nick Price, in the Million Dollar Challenge at Sun City yesterday.

Westwood celebrated succeeding Colin Montgomerie as the European Tour's golfer of the year with the day's best round of the elite 12 players competing in the South African event. Montgomerie could only manage a 74 to lie 10 strokes adrift of Zimbabwe's Price, with only the American Jim Furyk behind him.

Price, chasing his third million dollar (£610,000) prize at the Sun City venue, added a 68 to his opening 67 for a 135 total, which leaves him one clear of the Open and US Masters champion Mark O'Meara (67).

Westwood and Justin Leonard (68) are a stroke further back on 137, with Bernhard Langer (70) and Ernie Els (69) sharing fifth spot on 139. Tiger Woods (68) is on 140, with Montgomerie back on 145.

At the Australian Open in Adelaide, Greg Norman slumped to a second-round 22

GOLF

to survive the weekend with nothing to spare and Justin Rose missed his ninth successive cut since turning professional. Nick Faldo reversed his fortunes with the day's best round, moving to within five strokes of the leader, Paul Gouw, with an impressive three-under-par 69.

Norman and Fred Couples finished with two-round totals of 152 - right on the eight-over cut - while Rose shot an 81 - including a double-bogey six on the 18th - to finish at 153, one away from qualifying.

"I didn't have control of the elements today," Norman said. "I lost it and didn't get it back."

Ronan Rafferty will host the first world ice golf championships, to be staged 500 km (300 miles) north of the Arctic Circle in Greenland next year.

The tournament, played with brightly coloured balls and greens sprayed with red dye, is to be held on 27 and 28 March on the sea ice off Umannaq in northern Greenland.

Scores Digest, page 25



South Africa's Ernie Els splashes out of a bunker on the seventh hole at Sun City yesterday

Cannock's fear for frozen assets

SECOND-PLACED Cannock may suffer unduly for England's 2-0 defeat by the Netherlands in frozen conditions near Utrecht on Wednesday evening. Having contributed five players to the party and with Craig Farnham out with a broken hand, they may find this afternoon's league game at Hounslow tough going.

For their fourth round cup game tomorrow at home to Harrogate, however, they may be strengthened by the return of their 19-year-old England international Michael Johnson, who has been out with a hamstring injury. He trained on Thursday evening and could be in the squad.

League leaders Canterbury, who surprisingly had no one in the England party, travel to Birmingham to play newcomers Bourneville in the league and tomorrow they entertain Pelicans, from East Anglia, at Polo Farm. The Canterbury manager, Sean Kerly, confirmed: "No injury problems but the danger after two recent wins against Reading and Southgate could be complacency."

Three Surrey clubs could be making cup news tomorrow. Old Cranleighans entertain Bourneville while Old Georgians, who have recruited a number of

HOCKEY
BY BILL COLWILL

experienced players in the past couple of seasons alongside a crop of promising youngsters in their attempts to reach the National League, visit Robinsons - the Bristol side who are looking to their third successive play-offs this season.

Surbiton, who led the way in the First Division for several weeks, entertain Premier Division Teddington in what might provide the match of the round.

TODAY'S NUMBER

700
The number of trucks, vans, cars and buses running on alternative fuels as part of the Asian Games organisers' "Clean Air Team" to help curb pollution in Bangkok, where the Games begin tomorrow.

WIN AN EVENING WITH SOME OF YOUR SPORTING HEROES AND A TRIP TO THE SYDNEY 2000 OLYMPIC GAMES

The Independent and the Australian Tourist Commission have teamed up to offer one lucky reader and a friend or partner the chance not only to dine with some of Britain's most famous sporting heroes at the Sports Writers Association Annual Dinner at the London Hilton on Monday 14th December, but also the opportunity to fly to Sydney and visit the 2000 Olympic Games.

The 2000 Olympic Games in Sydney are set to generate unprecedented levels of interest. More than anything, Australians are famous for their obsession with sport. The continent has established its reputation as a leading sporting nation and is host to some of the world's most prestigious sporting events. So there's never been a better time to head Down Under and discover what Australia has to offer. Sportsworld, the British Olympic Associations appointed tour operator, has provided the winner with six nights' accommodation in a twin room and two event tickets. Sportsworld has a comprehensive range of programmes from fully inclusive packages to flight and ticket options. Call Sportsworld for full package details.

Qantas Airways is providing two return tickets to Sydney. For nearly 80 years, Qantas has been taking its passengers safely and comfortably to their destinations - with a relaxed confidence and friendliness that are unique to Australia. By the year 2000 the entire Qantas international fleet will have been upgraded - providing new levels of comfort never before experienced inflight.

The Independent have selected 6 sporting personalities from those previously honoured over the past 50 years - all you have to do is to vote for one of the athletes who in your opinion has contributed the most to their sport. Phone the number opposite the name listed below and tell us on the line the reason for your selection and leave your name, full address and a daytime telephone number. You could be the lucky winner who receives a pair of tickets to the Sports Writers Association Dinner and your trip to the Sydney 2000 Olympic Games.

To cast your vote phone the number opposite The Independent's selections below:

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------|
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| 2) LINFORD CHRISTIE: | 0901 477 7332 |
| 3) SEBASTIAN COE: | 0901 477 7333 |
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28/FOOTBALL



THE SWEEPER

BY CLIVE WHITE AND NICK HARRIS



Shrinks leaving Saints to sink

SOUTHAMPTON'S RELAPSE this season would appear to be all in the mind. Last season, when they were riding high in the Premiership (well, mid-table anyway) and handing out beatings to the likes of Manchester United, Liverpool and Chelsea they were being aided by the senior sports psychologists of the Southampton Institute. This season, however, Dave Jones, the Saints' manager, has, to a large extent, shunned their support.

While a graduate from the Institute is based at The Dell, the club are no longer receiving the hands-on assistance they did last season from Craig Mahoney, the head of sports studies at Southampton.

"It's unfair and inappropriate to say that Southampton is involved with the club at the moment," Mahoney said, distancing the Institute from the struggling club. "Last year was a very good season, lots of things came together very well. The players were quite cohesive but there have been a few changes - players sold and lots of others purchased - dynamics change when this occurs."

Asked whether he thought the signing of two more players who were past their best was responsible (Mark Hughes, Stuart Pearce and David Hirst), he replied: "I think when you question individuals you find they still have some level of aspiration/inspiration but, of course, they're not young bucks any more, they're not out to impress in the way that someone starting out in a career does, who sees himself going higher, further and further."

"The request for my support didn't come from David [Jones] initially. But, now he's more in control of the club, he probably feels he wants to stamp his opinion more closely on what goes on at the club rather than bringing in outside support. I understand that, but I don't say I agree with it."

MONDAY WILL be the first anniversary of Billy Bremner's death but his memory lives on in the hearts of his many friends and former colleagues. Few, though, can have made quite as poignant a tribute to the former Scotland and Leeds midfielder as Ian Snodin, the ex-Leeds midfielder and now Doncaster Rovers' player-manager, who has named his newly-built house "Bremner Lodge".

"Without him, it wouldn't have been built," said Snodin, who was signed by Bremner at Belle Vue as a 14-year-old and later also played under him when the latter made his ill-fated return to Elland Road.

John Gregory, the Aston Villa manager, has likewise named his house after the boss, though in his case that is Bruce Springsteen rather than his mentor, Terry Venables. It was a toss-up between three of the Boss's major hits, "Thunder Road", "Glory Days" and "Rosalita", and Gregory eventually opted for the latter. Of course, he could have just called it The Villa.

Given his close association with Elton John over the years, one would have thought that Gregory's predecessor at Villa Park, Graham Taylor, would have called his house

the club's coach, Juliano Sonzogni. What Mark McGhee would have given for such a show of loyalty.

"Darren was going to fax me with details of Cosenza's terms," Wolves' new manager, Colin Lee, said, "but since I haven't heard from him, I can only assume he is on his way home."

YOU CAN blame Tony Blair for escalating health costs. During Leicester's game against Chelsea recently, Robbie Savage had to depart from the field suffering from concussion. The doctor asked the player the usual questions to see how bad the blow had been, but when the Welsh international was unable to tell him who the Prime Minister was, he was sent to hospital for observation overnight.

When Savage awoke next morning he was asked the same questions: Who is Chelsea's manager? "Valli!" replied Savage quick as a flash.

"Who's the Prime Minister?" "Er, er, er..." at which point Savage's girlfriend leapt in with the answer. "It was on the tip of my tongue," said Savage, "same as it was last night."

ANY SPURS fans wondering why they cannot get a ticket for the derby against Chelsea at Stamford Bridge on 19 December should know that, when their 2,000 allocation was sold out, they were offered a further 1,600 tickets - but Tottenham turned them down. I don't suppose the fact that they are showing the match on their big screens at White Hart Lane at £10 a time for adults had anything to do with the rejection.

IT WOULD seem that Cyril Regis, the former West Bromwich Albion striker and born-again Christian, has been reincarnated as a French winger-cum-central defender just a few miles down the road from the Hawthorns, at Walsall. The Albion coach was, after all, French-Guyana born.

Included among the squad for today's FA Cup second-round tie against Preston North End at Deepdale are the Saddlers' two recent signings - Cyril Regis and Gary Gardner. Well, they always said he had the strength of two players.

AS YOU WERE



AFTER MANCHESTER UNITED won some little cup in 1968, Sir Matt Busby took a train ride (above) with one of his up and coming players, Brian Kidd. It cannot be confirmed that Sir Matt said: "One day, son, all this will be yours" to the youngster. Nor can it be confirmed that Kidd replied: "I'm not sure the limelight's really for me Sir Matt. I can see myself playing for a good few years and then perhaps being deputy to someone else, but managing on my own? I'm not so sure." Sir Matt, it cannot be confirmed, replied: "You never know, son. You might have to do some time at a two-bit, tin-pot outfit for a while first - before returning to Old Trafford, of course - but you'll get there."

THE PRICE IS RIGHT

BLACKBURN AND Milan, shame on both your crumbling, talent-free houses. Fancy not being able to score against Liverpool's so-called defence and losing 4-0 in a frankly insulting manner to Parma respectively last week. Not that Sweeper's bitter about losing his money. He's not. At all. This afternoon, exciting new-look Leeds and title-chasing nose-bleeders West Ham might draw 2-2, with Jimmy Hasselbaink or Ian Wright scoring first. It'll be

such an action-packed scrum of a bunfight, who can really tell? Duncan Disorderly Ferguson must be fancied to draw first blood for Ruid's boys at the Riverside tomorrow in what should also be a goal-fest - perhaps another 2-2 - while in Italy, Juventus must surely rue themselves to beat Lazio, perhaps 2-0. Filippo Inzaghi might score first. If only Sheffield Wednesday's Paolo Di Canio weren't suspended, he'd be backable to hit something first (maybe even the net) against Forest on Monday, but as he's out,

Andy Booth is preferred to do the honours. The Owls should shade this no-hopers' night out.

SATURDAY LIBERO WAGERS (10 x 50p trebles with Ladbrokes): Aston Villa to draw with Manchester (11-5); Blackburn to draw with Charlton (12-5); Derby to draw with Arsenal (12-5); Everton to draw with Chelsea (9-4); Tottenham to draw with Liverpool (11-5).

Leeds v West Ham
First goalscorer/correct score double: Jimmy Hasselbaink/2-2 draw (50p at 60-1, Stanley). Ian Wright/2-2 draw (50p at 66-1, Stanley).

SUNDAY SKY MATCH
Middlesbrough v Newcastle
Score: 2-2 (E at 14-1, generally).
First goal: Ferguson (E at 6-1, Ladbrokes).
SUNDAY CA ITALIAN JOE
Juventus v Lazio
Score: 2-0 (E at 15-2, Tot).
First goal: Inzaghi (E at 5-1, generally).
MONDAY SKY MATCH
Sheff Wed v Wottn Forest
Score: 2-1 (E at 7-1, generally).
First goal: Andy Booth (E at 5-1, generally).
ORIGINAL BAWB: £100
CURRENT KITT: £54.84
TODAY'S BETS: £12.08 (incl £1.08 tax)

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

ENGLISH FOOTBALL, the most exciting in Europe? Not if goals count as excitement, it's not. If it's scoring you're after, head for Nicosia, Oslo, Athens or even Budapest, but steer clear of Italy, France and, below all, Scotland.

GOALS PER GAME IN EUROPEAN LEAGUES SO FAR THIS SEASON

1 Cyprus	3.99
2 Norway	3.69
3 Denmark	3.40
4 Israel	3.27
5 Belgium	3.22
6 Netherlands	3.05
7 Romania	3.03
8 Greece	3.01
9 Hungary	3.01
10 Germany	2.99
11 Yugoslavia	2.93
12 Turkey	2.88
13 Poland	2.85
14 Switzerland	2.85
15 Slovenia	2.82
Selected others...	
27 Italy	2.51
28 England	2.47
29 France	2.43
30 Scotland	2.40

MY TEAM

TIMMY MALLET
OXFORD UNITED

TV presenter

"There are staff at Oxford who haven't been paid for six weeks. We tried to sell Joey Beauchamp so we could pay 'em, but you know what? He failed his fitness test! Can you believe it? The thing about Oxford is that we've got this massive slope, and when we're kicking downhill, we'll beat anyone. We've beaten every single club when we've played down the hill in the second half. The joke is always that Joey can't play anywhere else! When we won the Milk Cup which was the greatest day ever! That was the year we would have been in Europe! Can you imagine? Oxford v Barcelona going down that hill? We'd have whooped 'em!"

IN T'NET

Found on the Web: The definitive guide to the world of women's football. Updated daily, the site will keep you well-informed of the build-up to the Women's World Cup next year and news from football federations around the world. If you spend enough time looking, you can find archive material of past FA Cup and League results from the English game, as well as evidence that the England team are way ahead in Europe (at least at under-18 level, where they are through to the quarter-finals of a UEFA mini-tournament). <http://www.womensoccer.com/index.html>

SEEN BUT NOT BOUGHT

Wimbledon FC miniature figurine bears are attractive not only because of their appearance - they're made of plaster, one is painted in a Dons' shirt, the other in just a hat and scarf - but because of their price. At £2.99 each, who could resist splashing out? Who, that is, apart from the members of the Wimbledon squad themselves, who are probably more likely to be down the bookie's having a few quid on themselves to win the Worthington Cup - available at a very reasonable 66-1 at the start of the season - than in the club shop buying bears.

THEY'RE NOT ALL DENNIS BERGKAMP

Unsung foreign **legionnaires No 16**
GLISBERT BOS: The 25-year-old, 6ft 4in Dutch striker was originally bought in 1995 by Lincoln from Dutch side JSSelmeervogels. He found his true level when loaned to non-League Gateshead, scoring eight times in 10 games, but went back to Sincil Bank. After six goals in 36 games - including the winner in a Coca-Cola Cup tie at Manchester City, easily his career highlight - he joined Rotherham for £20,000 last season, not an altogether smooth move. Following a substitution, he threw his shirt at his manager, Ronnie Moore, who banished him to the dressing-room and later to Walsall on loan. Only injury prevented his downward career spiral to the non-League. Still transfer-listed. Played once this season. He failed to score.
By Dominic Wood



The night when the BBC played ITV off the park

EDWARD WOODWARD must have been a bit miffed. There he was, sitting pretty in Tuesday's post-News At Ten slot, investigating old crimes on *In Suspicious Circumstances*. In the event, the only suspicious circumstance was his last-minute extraction from the schedules in favour of the old crime of getting one up on the opposition. The BBC's Argentina v England film was on the Wednesday; you see, so ITV's version was hurriedly brought forward as a spoiler. When England Played Argentina might have had the desired effect, as if anyone had known about it (I happened on it entirely by chance) and by it was any good. To be fair it wasn't all bad, and it certainly didn't have the feel of something thrown together in spiteful haste. There were even a few nice

CHRIS MAUME

SPORT ON TV



edits, like the one immediately before the first commercial break, talking about Paul Scholes' miss late in the first half. A fan says, "he can't be blamed for the whole World Cup. Not like Beckham." Cut to ads. The whole thing was bright and breezy, and whereas the BBC concentrated on the match - their fan interviews were with people in St Etienne - ITV gave an account of

what it was like watching it on telly in the living room (which, after all, is how most people these days experience most of their football, not just World Cup).

So, for example, there was Theresa Bruschette, whose waters broke as Michael Owen scored his wonder goal and who pushed out baby Kane as the baby-faced Owen's shoot-out penalty went in ("my husband kept telling me the score. I couldn't concentrate, but the midwife kept asking"). There was the Alwooley Bridge Circle, Alan Bennett-types who had the TV on with the sound down, whose rubber fell by the wayside as tension mounted in St Etienne. There was the shed that burned down in Falkland Road during the second half ("we thought it was a wind-up," said the fireman, while the owner "didn't

know what to watch - the telly or the fire"). There was Trevor MacDonald shaking uncontrollably seconds before he was on air straight after the game. But amusing though some of these tales were, they conveyed little of the excruciating build-up of anxiety and exhilaration.

The BBC's awkwardly named effort, *Where Were You? Pride, Passion and Penalties* (BBC1, Wednesday) was, as you'd expect and demand, an altogether classier affair, despite having had its thunder nicked by the other side - through the heart sank when it became evident that the narration would be yet another exercise in grim pomposity by Sean Bean, who should be referred to the Monopoles and Mergers Commission for his unwarranted stranglehold on football-doc voice-overs.

The Beeb left all the back-home human interest to the lowbrows and concentrated on the match itself, its stomach-churning twists and turns. There was the obligatory couple of celebs - most notably that England sports groupie, Mick Jagger, who cheerfully admitted to knowing nothing of football, plus broadsheet journalist Patrick Barclay to add a few bon mots (football is art at its best, he said, and this was the Citizen Kane of football matches). For the sake of balance, there was also Brian Woolnough to represent the tabloid tendency - "I can't believe that at some stage we didn't practise penalties," he castigated.

Where Were You? told the story stylishly, with as usual on the BBC, brilliant music (lots of Verve, Prodigy, Mahler and Elgar) and clever

editing - so, for example, as Barclay talked about Glenn Hoddle's expert tactical readjustments following David Beckham's dismissal, telling Shearer and Owen to alternate as lone strikers, you could see and hear the England coach doing just that.

The programme's finest moment was a single camera movement, a giddy zoom in on David Batty's face as he took his fateful penalty and leapt in the air in anticipation then seemed to float slowly to the ground like a deflating balloon. The camera rushed in till his face filled the screen with its remarkable stoic nobility (or is that noble stoicism?). Belying his Rotweiler image, Batty came over in both programmes as a man of dignity and composure - "I said yes straight away," he said, over film of him and

Hoddle deep in discussion before the shoot-out - "I only had positive thoughts." OK, he'd never scored a competitive penalty before, but he'd put away loads in training - "I can even score them with my left foot." My Left Foot proved to be entirely appropriate, given the way his kick turned out. "My heart was going bum-bum-bum," said young fan Richard Clements (this observer's heart-rate was 160bpm). "You send positive thoughts to your player," said Hoddle (poor Batty - no wonder he missed). Then the save and the rubbish zoom, the BBC camera staying remorselessly on Batty as he rejoined the players. "I phoned him two minutes after," he said on ITV. "and he really gave me a boost by saying, 'I knew you'd miss.' Deep down, I think we all did

30/FOOTBALL

THE INDEPENDENT
Saturday 5 December 1998

The new Tottenham: Scotsman's arrival puts team in cup semi-final as Ginola discovers the delights of direct football

Graham manages to work his magic

BY GLENN MOORE

AS GEORGE GRAHAM discussed David Ginola after Tottenham's Worthington Cup win over Manchester United on Wednesday, the mind went back to February 1995 and a press conference in Milan's San Siro. Arsenal had just been well beaten in the European Super Cup and Graham, swallowing his disappointment at his own team's performance, purred: "Good players, working hard, that's their secret."

When we met up at Tottenham's Chigwell training ground on Thursday afternoon he remembered the night as if it was yesterday. "I was a big fan of Milan," he said, "and I really wanted us to play well that night but we got hammered. I really got into the players after it. It was only 2-0 but it was a bad defeat."

Within a fortnight he had been sacked by Arsenal over the bungs affair but the philosophy stayed with him and after a year's suspension in exile, and two years' resuscitation at Elland Road, he is beginning to impose it on the cosseted world of White Hart Lane. As ever, his reputation has gone before him and there has been much surprise at his apparent rapprochement with Ginola.

"Why are people surprised?" said Graham. "Manchester United work hard, Arsenal work hard, other successful teams work hard. Why should Ginola be different from

'If a player is treated better, that's shown in the contract. As soon as they walk in for training, everybody is equal'

Giggs or Beckham. I'm supposed to say I don't like these talented players. I want Ginola to be an effective entertainer, like Bergkamp and Overmars, Giggs and Beckham. Fowler and Owen: they integrate themselves into the team effort. Ginola is blessed with a very good physical condition. I've been surprised by how fit he is."

I put it to Graham, whose team play Liverpool today, that players have been indulged in the past. He replied: "Maybe that's why they have always been a cup team, you only need to win six games, one every two to three weeks. People said 'George Graham's coming - they're going to have a hard-working team'. I hope I do, but I also hope there's good talent."

Graham concedes that his reputation has been helpful, with not a peep of complaint, for example, over his occasional afternoon sessions. The Arsenal players nicknamed him "Gaddafi" and Les Ferdinand admitted: "Christian Gross came here with a reputation but his reputation had not been proven in English football. George's reputation has. He's probably a harder fella than Gross but he's had success doing that, so everyone respects that."

Whether Graham is such a fearsome bastard as he is painted is open



George Graham, Tottenham's new manager, has settled quickly into the task of rebuilding confidence among players and teaching them his way

Billy Bonds

to question. David O'Leary said after succeeding his mentor at Leeds: "George liked his Gaddafi reputation. I didn't think he was a big Gaddafi, he never threw cups. I think I'm as hard as George."

Graham certainly does enjoy it. Earlier, in the general press conference, he had played to the gallery when he said of Ginola: "He's a good trainer and I like people who train every day." He also added: "As soon as he has a bad time he'll be out, he's got to keep producing."

Fair enough, and fairness is one of Graham's tenets. O'Leary, who was full of praise, added: "He treated people fairly. If someone had to get a bollocking, whether a star or not, they got it."

Such equality is crucial in a team environment. Ferdinand spoke of Graham quickly establishing a team spirit which, in a struggling team, is

easier said than done. "It is achieved," said Graham, pointing at the manicured training pitches beyond his clean and tidy office, "by what happens out there, the way you do things, the way you treat people. This red carpet treatment for individual stars is total nonsense. For me, if a player is treated better than any other player, that's shown in the contract. As soon as they walk through the gates for training, everybody is equal. The one thing I am is I'm honest, if the players want to be bullied I'm not the man."

"It's not a problem having millionaire footballers. The majority want to be told, they need direction and guidance. 95 per cent of society want to be led, the other five per cent do the leading. But the more powerful players become, the more powerful a manager has to become."

Like John Gregory, Graham said

he preferred to build a team of predominantly domestic players. This was partly because they tended to be less argumentative, but more because it made for a better team spirit. "The Continentals get in the habit of moving every two years. The sad thing is most of them offered to you are 30 years old. Their best years are behind them."

Even so, Graham had walked into the office caressing the latest edition of the *European Football Yearbook*, now as invaluable to a Premiership manager as *Robbman*. One could as easily imagine him sitting down with it in front of Eurogoals on Eurosport as fulfilling the more popular image of him dressing sharply for dinner in a Hampstead restaurant.

It was the pull of London, his fiancée, family and garden (which had a starring role in his autobiography

and of which he still speaks with evident enthusiasm) which drew Graham back from Leeds. There appear to be no regrets, though he describes his time at Leeds as "two very happy years" and admits managing in the capital has professional disadvantages. Apart from the greater media attention and 10 derby matches a season, there is the difficulty of keeping an eye on players. "In Leeds I knew the restaurants, I knew the clubs - not that I'd been in them - and I knew where my players were. You can't keep track of them in London."

He does "regret" the circumstances surrounding his departure from Highbury, though he is not inclined to go into detail: "It is water under the bridge now, I'm pleased the way I've resurrected my career."

Of his time out of the game, he missed the training more than the

matches. "I love the day-to-day involvement of working with players, even this morning we just had a warm-down and a chat about last night. It's a little thing but part of that bonding process."

At Leeds, Graham left much of the coaching to O'Leary but he is more involved now, partly because Chris Hughton, the No 2 he inherited, does not know his methods. Hughton, like all the staff and players, is on trial to the end of the season, when Graham expects a lot of changes in personnel. Meanwhile, the chair is being sorted, with Nicola Berti the first to be told he can go as soon as he finds a club.

At present the work, said Ferdinand, is primarily on defending though that does not mean the forwards are getting off lightly. "He's been working with front players on closing people down," said the strik-

er. "I think he would prefer not to give any goals away and score a few ourselves."

As well as working on collective problems, individual faults are being ironed out. Ginola's predilection for overplaying is being addressed, with the French winger being instructed to either cut inside his man and shoot or pass, or go outside and cross first time. That way, said Graham, the likes of Chris Armstrong knows that if he loses his marker and makes a run to the near post the ball will be coming over; he will not be left stationary and out of position as Ginola cuts back and then crosses.

One would think professional players of Ginola's age (32 next month) would know this already but results like Wednesday's, when the second goal came from just such a move, should drum it in. The victory put Tottenham in the last four and Graham said: "Now we can get on with the League. The fans know there are a couple of semi-final ties to look forward to."

More than a Worthington Cup is expected though, for this is a club whose aspirations far outstrip their achievement. Graham's predecessors, Gerry Francis and Goss, both became frustrated with the belief that Spurs should always be jostling for the title, given that they have only won it twice, in 1951 and 1961, and have not finished in the top two since 1963.

'Maybe expectations are too high but how can you tell fans not to have high expectations? It's their dream'

"They've won two championships so maybe expectations are too high," said Graham "but I'm not going to tell them that. I'm going to try to bring them to fruition. How can you tell fans not to have high expectations? It's their dream. I don't mind the pressure, I put pressure on myself because my expectations of myself are high."

Though Arsenal has cropped up several times in conversation it is as much my fault as his. It is still hard to divorce the two and, teasing, I compare Highbury with its marble halls and Art Deco stands, to the spivvy atmosphere of Spurs' car park, where Beemers and Rollers lurk under the west Stand's smoked-glass frontage.

Graham, though loyal to the memory of the Gunners, is quick to defend the Lilywhites: "What's the point you're trying to make? Arsenal has always had this aura about it, everyone in football knows that, but it's partly because the stands have a preservation order. Tottenham is much nicer inside than Highbury and, if I get it right, it may have to go up another tier. Then you're talking 50,000, that would be exciting. They can't do that at Arsenal. It's swings and roundabouts."

As Arsenal's progress stalls, that of Spurs and Graham appears on an upward swing.

Villa prepare for test of title credentials

THE ONE proviso about Aston Villa's vibrant start to the season has been the opponents who have been blasting them off the pitch. "They haven't played anyone yet," has been said more often than a child's wish list for Christmas, but no one will be able to level that charge by next Sunday evening.

Manchester United, Chelsea and Arsenal in eight days would test any team and if Villa are still top of the Premiership after that there will be no doubts about their currency as genuine championship contenders. Alternatively, they could be exposed as a vastly improved side who need to travel further.

Stopping the current one-point gap being eroded is their priority, which is apt, as their manager, John Gregory, thought he might be a stop gap himself when he was appointed last February with Villa just above the relegation places. The strain then, he insists, weighed more heavily than the burdens of this week.

"The pressure last season when I took over was far greater than it is now," he said, "because I knew I had to get it right or face the sack. Football's a business and Villa needed a quick fix so they went for me because they knew me well. I wasn't the first choice with the fans, I was here to fill the gap. So this isn't a make or break period for our season."

United, in second place, are regarded as Villa's most potent challengers but Gregory insists, win or lose, the result will not be decisive, as Leeds and Blackburn got the worse of the encounters with Alex

BY GUY HODGSON

Ferguson's team in 1991-2 and 1994-5 and United still finished champions.

"It's not about who you beat but how many teams you beat during the season," he said. "Look at Sheffield Wednesday. They've beaten United and Arsenal and drawn with Chelsea but lost to Southampton and Blackburn. Arsenal only look one point off us last year but won the title."

"What these games will do is give us a guideline as to how good we are. Being chased by United is a new thing for a lot of our lads but the outcome is not as vital as the return fixture in May. That's the one I want to win."

Today's match will have several undertones, not least the meeting of strikers playing against their old clubs. Dion Dublin, who has scored seven goals at the rate of one every 50 minutes since joining Villa, spent two years at Old Trafford while United's Dwight Yorke - going through a relative barren spell with "only" 12 goals from 18 appearances - spent nine years at Villa.

The attention will rightly be on the attacks as both have been prolific, but the defences will probably decide the outcome as both teams have been shipping goals recklessly recently. United have let in 11 in their last five matches, while Villa had conceded 16 in five and half games by half-time last Saturday after five in their first 13 outings.

Gregory estimates the result could be 9-9, which is far more than can be expected at Ewood

Park today where Brian Kidd, Ferguson's assistant at Old Trafford until Thursday, will have his first match as Blackburn manager. Rovers, bottom, meet the sliding Charlton Athletic after 196 minutes without a Premiership goal, just one will do as long as it guarantees three much-needed points.

Add a golden Lancashire scenario of defeats for Southampton at Leicester; Coventry at Wimbledon and Nottingham Forest at Sheffield Wednesday on Monday and a rare sight could be seen: smiles on the faces of Blackburn's supporters.

Tony Parkes, the caretaker manager, will be in charge of the team for the last time in his fourth spell in charge but Kidd will be given an inkling to the club's worst problem when he reads the team-sheet. Chris Sutton, Darren Peacock, Jason Wilcox and Billy McKinlay might be fit, but even if they are, the treatment room will still be bursting at the seams.

Had Peter Johnson not stepped down as Everton chairman on Monday, Goodison Park would have been bursting with screams of abuse in the wake of his selling Duncan Ferguson to Newcastle. Instead Sir Philip Carter and Bill Kenwright, the two men spearheading a takeover of the club, will be warmly greeted.

Everton meet Chelsea who, paradoxically, crumbled before Ferguson's aerial power in the corresponding fixture last season, losing 3-1. Now the home team will have to trade finesse against a team who are possibly the most pleasing to the eye in the Premiership and if



Gregory: 'Not make or break'

the "under new management" signs do not have a galvanising effect you fear the worst. As Kenwright said earlier this week: "There have been many painful moments at Goodison in recent years."

Arsenal and Liverpool, two teams with recent results they would prefer to forget, have difficult trips to Derby and Tottenham respectively, which means that West Ham could be oppressively close to the top of the Premiership if they prevail at Leeds and the two leaders draw at Villa Park.

That is a big if, however, as Leeds have not, disintegrated, as George Graham's departure - and they could even be better under David O'Leary. They were not disgraced against at Old Trafford last Sunday and qualification for the Uefa Cup for the second season running appears to be within their compass.

Which prompts a question. Why do Leeds want to spend in excess of £4m on 30-year-old David Batty when David Hopkin and Alf Inge Haaland have been doing the mid-field holding job well? Today's match, sixth against third, might provide an answer.

Kidd gloves required to handle Rovers' return

THERE ARE at least two consolations for Blackburn Rovers fans among the serial calamities that have made up the 1998/9 season to date. One is that, when Roy Hodgson departed, he did not quite close the door behind him. We were able to peer through and see something of the mess that he left, and get some understanding of what went wrong. The other consolation is that the capture of Brian Kidd has upset Manchester United.

The beginning of the decline in our fortunes is easy to date: the summer of 1998, straight after we had won the championship for the first time in 81 years. Blackburn is a town that teaches most of its children to keep their expectations low. But when Jack Walker brought in Kenny Dalglish, who brought in Alan Shearer, Ewood Park became a theatre of dreams in a more profound sense than Old Trafford ever was. The impossible really did happen there, in 1995.

Then, just as the people of Blackburn started to raise their expectations, and regard the Arsenal, the Manchester Uniteds, the Liverpools, as rivals and equals, Kenny Dalglish did a still unexplained disappearing act, and the European campaign into which he had seemed so well suited to lead them, petered out unglamorously.

Since then, Blackburn fans have tried to keep looking at the stars, but the down-to-earth town has kept tugging at their scarves, forcing them to look at their feet, planted on very plain ground indeed. The refusal of Dion Dublin to move to

Ewood showed the "unfashionable" tag that Dalglish was supposed to have eradicated had returned with a cruel vengeance.

The appalling string of results under Hodgson - seven wins, five draws and 19 defeats in 1998 - suggested, at first, not the incompetence of the manager but simply that Blackburn was about to return to the place we all knew, in our secret heart of hearts, it really belonged.

Thankfully, we now know there is nothing inevitable about this process. We know because we found out that Hodgson, and not the

FAN'S EYE VIEW

BLACKBURN ROVERS

BY JAMES ROBERTS

town, is to blame. We know this because we can read between the lines of what players have said, and what has been leaked to local reporters. The *Lancashire Evening Telegraph's* Bramwell wrote last week: "On the training ground Hodgson, a former schoolteacher, could be something of a bully. He would pick on the most vulnerable while seeming to treat the senior and more influential players with kid gloves. Kevin Davies was one particular target of his hectoring

and ruthless approach." If this is true, it is hardly surprising that the record £7m signing has been playing without confidence.

Add to this that the supreme local hero Colin Hendry - who had seemed as closely wedded to Blackburn as any player could be to any club - suddenly departed for Rangers, and that the supremely committed Tim Sherwood wanted away, and light starts to fall on what was always a very dark dressing-room. The dropping of Sherwood for the game at Tottenham - with the implication that Sherwood could not be relied on to give 100 per cent against a club wishing to sign him - was an unforgivable slight on the captain's professionalism.

Hodgson, it seems, did not know how to get the most out of his squad. He did not extract every last ounce of effort from every individual and he could not keep morale high. So performance suffered, and matches that could have brought one or three points brought none. He talked a good game, but he was not a good manager.

Which brings us to Brian Kidd. The squad he inherits retains some terrific talent and harbours some exciting young players who have yet to realise their potential. He also has licence in spend. Whether he can blend this together into a winning team again, no one yet knows. But the fact that he has chosen to come to Blackburn from Manchester United, and that they are dismayed at Old Trafford, will do no end of good to the confidence of both the team and the town.

ENT 1994
Football
sic

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Weekend guide to the Premiership

MATCH OF THE DAY

Aston Villa v Manchester Utd

Last season: 0-2



THE MEETING of the top two teams in the country hardly needs any extra ingredients to spice it up but the return of Dwight Yorke (right) to Villa Park following his transfer to United is sure to add to the atmosphere of the occasion while for Alex Ferguson, following the midweek departure of his trusty lieutenant, it represents the start of life without Brian.

The United manager expects Yorke to come under fire from fans who felt snubbed by the Tobagan's decision to turn his back on them, but Ferguson is confident the jeers will have no effect on Yorke. "He spent nine years there and it's always a bit strange going back to your former club because you don't know what sort of reaction you're going to get," Ferguson said. "In the cynical world that we live in we can

BY ADAM SZRETER

expect him to get a bit of abuse. But that's got to be expected and Dwight's got such a lovely temperament that it won't bother him."

Yorke, who has scored 12 goals in 18 United appearances since his £12.6m transfer in August, said: "I'm not looking for any favours from the fans. I've got mixed emotions about going back as Villa is something which was very much a part of me and it will be strange coming out of the visitors' dressing room."

"I've spoken to Ugo [Ehiogu] on the phone and he says they are all looking forward to it. They have spent well since I left, they are a big club and if this is their year, then good luck to them."

Yorke will not be the game's only striker who is enjoying a hot streak. Villa's Dion Dublin (left) was yesterday named Carling Player of the Month after scoring seven goals in his four games since his £5.75m move from Coventry and even Ferguson admitted he is happy about the former United player's progress.

"I'm really pleased for him because he's one of the best professionals I've had," he said. "He was a great player, a terrific lad, and we're all pleased for him."

United will replace Villa at the top of the table for the first time if they win. David Beckham, Jesper Blomqvist and Denis Irwin all return to the United squad after being rested for the win over Leeds last Sunday. Ryan Giggs is also fit again after making his come-

back in Wednesday's cup tie at Tottenham and is likely to start his first Premiership game since 24 October. Jordi Cruyff has recovered from his hamstring injury to leave Ferguson with a full squad to choose from.

For Villa, Alan Thompson is set to replace Paul Merson, who is struggling to shake off a back injury that has troubled him for the last month. Villa are definitely without their suspended striker Stan Collymore. In his continued absence, Julian Joachim will once again line-up in attack alongside Dublin.

ASTON VILLA (from): Oakes, Watson, Elliott, Southgate, Barry, Wright, Taylor, Hendrie, Thompson, Dublin, Joachim, Grayson, Smith, Cole, Wright, Nwani, Charles, Riech.

MANCHESTER UNITED (from): Schuster, Brown, Stam, G. Neville, M. Neville, Beckham, Keane, Butt, Giggs, Cole, Yorke, Scholes, Blomqvist, Shearer, Berg, S. Johnson, Irwin, Johnsen, Greening, Van der Sar.

Suspensions: Villa: Collymore. Manchester: M. Riley.

Blackburn v Charlton

Last season: No fixture

TONY PARKES could have Scottish international Billy McKinnlay back for his last match in charge of Blackburn before handing over selection to Brian Kidd. McKinnlay has not featured since limping off at Wimbledon in October with a groin problem but he trained yesterday, while striker Nathan Blake is back in contention after being cup-tied for the Worthington Cup defeat at Leicester. Chris Sutton, Darren Peacock and Jason Wilcox remain absent through injury along with long-term casualties Tim Flowers and Gary Fitteroff. Tim Sherwood is also suspended, while Frenchman Sebastian Perez has a virus.

Alan Curbishley has a near full-strength Charlton squad to choose from with Welsh international John Robinson back after suspension. Shaun Newton is also in contention after coming on as a substitute against Everton, his first appearance after missing seven games with a knee ligament injury. Curbishley could revert to a 4-4-2 formation instead of the 5-3-2 he has favoured. Mark Bright is doubtful having picked up a calf injury while Matt Holmes is also struggling.

BLACKBURN (from): Folan, Kenna, Hendrie, Dally, Davidson, Johnson, Dunn, Marshall, Duff, Gallacher, Davies, Croft, Broome, Thomas, Fieft, McKinlay, Blake.

CHARLTON (from): McMillan, Bennett, (from) B. Robinson, Mills, Powell, Tiller, Bennett, Youds, R. Kinsella, Robinson, Newton, Hunt, Mendonca, Mortimer, Brown, S. Jones, K. Jones, S. Bright, Holmes, Barnes, Royce.

Suspensions: Blackburn: Sherwood. Charlton: None.

And statistics Keeping up appearances

CLUBS OWE a great deal to players they can count on to perform week after week, match after match in the Premiership, players that avoid injury, loss of form and suspension; players that remain loyal to their clubs. The squad system is a more recent factor players must contend with to keep their place in the team.

So far this season, 444 players have been called on to represent their clubs on the Premiership's pitches. Just 56 have appeared for their clubs in every League game. Some clubs have had a much more settled side than others. Today Leicester - who along with Charlton have kept half their team in place all season - play hosts to Southampton, who have not got a single player who has appeared in all their games this season.

Promoted Charlton, with their 'settled' side, take on bottom of the table Blackburn, for whom only Swiss international Stéphane Henchoz has a perfect attendance record.

When substitutes and sendings off are taken into account, only 20 players have played every moment of Premiership football so far this season and there's still 60 per cent of it to go.



Ever-presents in the Premiership 1998-9
Club records of those who have appeared in every game so far.

Six players
Charlton: Mills, Powell, Youds, Kinsella, Hunt, Mendonca.
Leicester: Keller, Savage, Guppy, Elliott, Izzet, Lennon.

Four players
Aston Villa: Winterburn, Anelka, Overmars, Keown, Wright, Southgate, Barry, Hendrie, De Gea, Desailly, Royce, Zola.
Everton: Myhr, Ball, Collins, Cadamarteri, Beasant, Chettle, Stone, Armstrong.
Sheff Wed: Atherton, Jonk, Walker, Thorne, Sullivan, Cunningham, Perry, Earle.

Three players
Derby: Laursen, Powell, Wanchopp, Given, Speed, Charvet.

Two players
Liverpool: Carragher, Berger, Hyslop, Lampard.

One player
Blackburn: Henchoz.
Coventry: Medwin.
Leeds: Keane.
Man Utd: Gordon.
Middlesbrough: Carr.
Tottenham: Carr.
No players
Southampton.

*Players who have played every minute of this season's Premiership

Derby v Arsenal

Last season: 3-0

DERBY COUNTY will again be without their captain, the Croatian international Igor Stimac, for the game at Pride Park. The influential defender is recovering from an ankle problem while Italian striker Francesco Baiano is also out with a groin injury.

Baiano's fellow Italian, midfielder Stefano Eranio, looks certain to return to the starting line-up for the first time since October and Jim Smith could make other changes as Derby aim for their first home win since September.

The selection problems of Arsenal's manager, Arsene Wenger, have increased yet again as two players are doubtful with flu to add to the six first-team regulars ruled out by injury. Dennis Bergkamp, Tony Adams, Nick Winterburn, Patrick Vieira, Emmanuel Petit and Stephen Hughes are all casualties. Now Freddie Ljungberg and Rivaldo have been struck down with flu and although they will both travel to Derby, Wenger will have to wait until this morning to find out if they are well enough to play.

DERBY COUNTY (from): Poom, Pric, Carbone, Laursen, Dolan, Carley, Bohinen, Eranio, Smith, Durrant, Sturridge, Wanchopp, Harper, Schuster, Elliott, Hunt, Bridge, Wilkin.

ARSENAL (from): Seaman, Dixon, Viera, Kew, Boyd, Parlova, Gard, Ljungberg, Overmars, Wirth, Anelka, Boa Morte, Grmami, Mannings, Caballero, Upson, Mendez.

Suspensions: None.

Long-term reliability

Just three of this season's ever-present players have full attendance records that stretch back throughout last season as well.

Mark Kinsella (Charlton) has 76 consecutive games to his credit stretching back to 22 February 1997. Of those, 61 were in the First Division helping Charlton achieve promotion to the Premiership.

Des Walker (Sheff Wed) has 65 consecutive appearances in the Premiership, a run of 65 consecutive appearances in the league with the Owls stretching back to 1 March 1997. It's a remarkable run considering the only part of any match when he's been off the field was the second half of August 1997's 7-2 defeat at Blackburn. He has managed it, too, without a single booking. He missed the

inaugural Premiership season - he was playing for Sampdoria in Italy - but since joining Sheff Wed Wednesday for the start of the 1993-94 season he has only missed eight of their 213 league games - a record no other player can match.

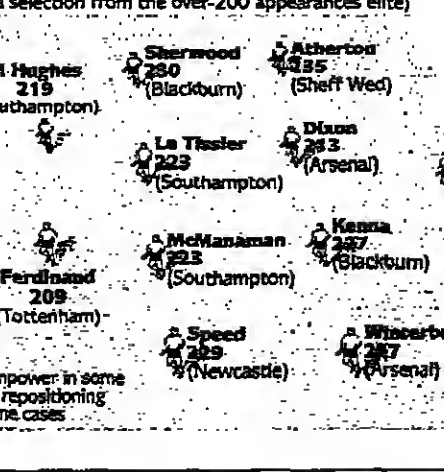
Neil Sullivan (Wimbleton) has 63 consecutive appearances to his credit between the posts for the Dons. This run stretches back to 16 April 1997. Sullivan has some way to go to compete with David James' Premiership record of 159 consecutive league games. He took over from Bruce Grobbelaar on 19 February 1994 and did not miss a game until Brad Friedel took over exactly four years later. Even then James was ever-present on the Liverpool bench for the next 18 games before regaining his place in October.

The double-century Premiership men

The top flight's most durable performers: appearances since 1992

Peter Atherton (Sheff Wed)	235	Blackburn, at the foot of the Premiership, do not lack for Premiership experience with three of the top six on their books.
Peter Schmeichel (Man Utd)	231	Peter Atherton is currently keeping the goalies at bay, just but even he has missed 20 Premiership games (11 of them through injuries last season). That puts into context the wonderful consistency of team-mate Walker in missing just eight out of 213 since coming into the Premiership.
Tim Sherwood (Blackburn)	230	
Gary Speed (Newcastle)	229	
Jeff Kenna (Blackburn)	227	
Nigel Winterburn (Arsenal)	227	
Steve McManaman (Liverpool)	223	
Matt Le Tissier (Southampton)	223	
Mark Hughes (Southampton)	219	
Denis Irwin (Man Utd)	217	
Darren Peacock (Newcastle)	215	
Derek Seaman (Arsenal)	214	
Lee Dixon (Arsenal)	213	
Carlton Palmer (Southampton)	213	
Ruel Fox (Tottenham)	212	
Garry Pallister (Middlesbrough)	212	
Gary McAllister (Coventry)	210	
Les Ferdinand (Tottenham)	209	

A match made for stayers



Everton v Chelsea

Last season: 3-1

EVERTON will be looking for their third successive Premiership win following their week of boardroom turmoil. Defender David Unsworth is suspended for the visit of fifth-placed Chelsea, while striker Danny Cadamarteri plays his last game before a one-match ban. The youngster got both goals in last week's 2-1 win at Charlton in the wake of Duncan Ferguson's departure. Olivier Dacourt is back in training after an ankle problem, while experienced internationals Nicky Barruk and Slaven Bilic came through a midweek reserve match unscathed.

Gianluca Viali has a virtually full-strength squad to choose from as Chelsea aim to bounce back from only their second defeat of the season against Wimbledon in the Worthington Cup quarter-final. Only Eddie Newton, close to a return after injury, and long-term absentee Pierluigi Casiraghi are out of the running so the only change from the line-up which drew 1-1 at home to Sheffield Wednesday last weekend could be the return of Dennis Wise from a four-match suspension, although Michael Duberry and Dan Petrescu will again be pushing for places.

EVERTON (from): Myhr, Ball, Watson, Short, Dunne, Matarazzi, Cleland, Collins, Hutchison, Grant, Balajayko, Cadamarteri, O'Shea, Simonsen, Jeffers, Milligan, Barry, Bilic.

CHELSEA (from): De Gea, Imer, Hitchcock, Leeson, Balaev, Desailly, Le Saout, Fenn, Cuddehe, Lamouchi, De Mazy, Poyet, Wice, Goldbeck, Nicholas, Morris, Zola, P. Vail.

Suspensions: Everton: Unsworth. Chelsea: None.

Charlton's Mark Kinsella, whose 76 consecutive League games to date constitute the longest unbroken run of any Premiership player.

Leeds v West Ham

Last season: 3-1

LUCAS RADEBE, the Leeds captain, could make his first appearance for five weeks. The South African international, out with knee ligament damage sustained in a draw with Derby, has a 50-50 chance of returning to the side. Goalkeeper Nigel Martyn will undergo a late fitness check on a back injury incurred during Sunday's defeat at Manchester United, but Austrian defender Martin Hiden is out for two months with a knee injury picked up in the same game. Manager David O'Leary, though, will have midfielder Lee Bowyer and Dutch defender Robert Molenaar back in the side following one-match suspensions.

Rio Ferdinand misses out for West Ham after picking up an ankle injury in training. Chilean defender Javier Marzaga replaces the England defender while Ian Wright, who served a one-match ban last Saturday, replaces Paul Kitson who has a broken toe. Fit-again Marc Kellner should replace Eyal Berkovic, who is ruled out with a calf injury. The only good news for Hammers manager Harry Redknapp is that Craig Forrest is fit again and will replace Les Sealey on the bench.

LEEDS UNITED (from): Martyn, Hazzard, Radebe, Wetherall, Wiphard, Hosselbank, Ribeiro, Bowyer, Hopkin, Granville, Halls, Newell, Harris, Woodgate, Molenaar, McNeil, Smith, Robinson.

WEST HAM UNITED (from): Hison, Ruddock, Marzaga, Pearce, Lomas, Berkovic, Lampard, Sinclair, Lazaridis, Harrison, Wright, Forrest, Kellner, Breckler, Potts, Coyne, Boykin, Omyimiri.

Suspensions: None.

TOMORROW'S GAME (4.0)

Middlesbrough v Newcastle

Last season: No fixture

BRIAN DEANE, the Middlesbrough striker, faces a fitness test before the North-east derby at the Riverside Stadium tomorrow. Manager Bryan Robson gives the former Benfica forward a 50-50 chance of recovering from an ankle injury. Midfield player Phil Stamp has made a quick recovery from a shoulder injury and is included in the squad.

Paul Gascoigne could be a doubt for the game against his first club after aggravating an ankle injury in the 1-1 draw with

Arsenal last Sunday. Gascoigne, just back from a one-match suspension, will soon face a further suspension after picking up his fourth booking in as many games in the same match.

Newcastle United striker Alan Shearer, hoping to team up with Duncan Ferguson for the first time, and goalkeeper Shay Given are being given time to prove their fitness. Shearer has been out with a hamstring injury for almost three weeks, while Given injured his shoulder in a clash with

Leicester v Southampton

Last season: 3-3

MARTIN O'NEILL, the Leicester manager, has major injury problems for the visit of Premiership strugglers Southampton to Filbert Street. He is sweating on the fitness of both Tony Cottee (thigh) and Emile Heskey, who injured an ankle in the midweek win over Blackburn. Midfielder Muzzy Izzet (ankle) faces a late fitness test but Andy Impey will make his home debut after sitting out the Worthington Cup tie.

Matthew Le Tissier is available to strengthen Southampton's side after missing last weekend's 1-0 home defeat by Derby with a one-match ban. Norwegians Claus Lundekvam and Egil Ostenslad are in contention for recalls following hamstring problems, while long-serving defender Francis Benali has recovered from a dead leg. Former England midfielder Carlton Palmer will play despite suffering from the effects of a flu virus but centre-half Ken Monkou is very doubtful with a thigh injury. Michael Stensgaard has not yet completed his free transfer from FC Copenhagen - the Saints have yet to receive international clearance.

LEICESTER CITY (from): Keller, Arphoad, Elliott, Walsh, Sinclair, Guppy, Savage, Lennon, Izzet, Impey, Zagorakis, Heskey, Parker, Ullathorne, Fenton, Wilson, Taggart, Campbell, O'Connell.

SOUTHAMPTON (from): Jones, Hiley, Benali, Dodd, Lundekvam, Palmer, Oakley, M. Hughes, Ripley, Ostenslad, Le Tissier, Beattie, Monk, Bridge, Kuchuk, Gibbins, Moss.

Suspensions: None.

Tottenham v Liverpool

Last season: 3-3

JOHN SCALES, the Tottenham central defender, is in line for a return against his former club after recovering from a calf injury. Teenager Luke Young impressed when he deputised for Scales against West Ham in the Worthington Cup victory over Manchester United on Wednesday but may have to settle for a place on the bench. Ian Walker is likely to keep his place in goal ahead of Espen Baardson while Les Ferdinand, who came on for the last five minutes on Wednesday, is set to be a substitute as he continues his recovery from a foot injury.

Liverpool midfielder Jamie Redknapp is suspended for one game and the Merseysiders could turn to either Danny Murphy or David Thompson to partner Paul Ince. With Frenchman Jean-Michel Ferri still awaiting international clearance and short of match fitness, manager Gerard Houllier has few options after the encouraging 2-0 home win over Blackburn last Sunday. His only real alternative would be to push Jamie Carragher into midfield and play with a back four: Jason McAteer, Steve Harkness and Karlheinz Riedle are all out injured.

TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR (from): Walker, Baardson, Carr, Scales, Young, Campbell, Shotton, Wicks, Caldwell, Nelson, Clemence, Glinola, Anderson, Berch, Armstrong, Ferdinand, Dominguez.

LIVERPOOL (from): James, Haggan, Carragher, Bello, Staunton, Blomqvist, Berger, Ince, Thompson, Murphy, Owen, Fowler, Friedel, Leonardsen, Kuwame, Gerrard.

Suspensions: Liverpool: Redknapp.

Wimbledon v Coventry

Last season: 1-2

WIMBLEDON manager Joe Kinnear yesterday confirmed that Michael Hughes can wait until the end of the season before undergoing the hernia operation he needs. Wimbledon have booked a place in the Worthington Cup semi-finals after defeating Chelsea at Selhurst Park last Tuesday and Hughes will not have the operation while there is the prospect of a Wembley appearance. Carl Cort is on standby for the game against Coventry, as the former Charlton striker Karl Leaburn is a doubtful starter.

Coventry pair Noel Whelan and Paul Telfer will have late fitness checks. Whelan's back injury kept him out of last weekend's match against Leicester while Telfer played through that game with a groin strain. Both trained yesterday but manager Gordon Strachan was delaying selection to check for any reactions to their injuries. Belgian international Philippe Clement is out for two weeks with a hamstring strain and his place will go to George Boateng.

WIMBLEDON (from): Sullivan, Cunningham, Kimble, Blackwell, Thatches, M. Hughes, Earle, Ekeke, Roberts, Gayle, Arfield, Heald, Goodman, Leaburn, C. Hughes, Cort, Almonorth, Coadine, Ewell, Kennedy, Perry.

COVENTRY CITY (from): Hedman, Nelson, Williams, Shaw, Edworthy, Telfer, McAllister, Roggatt, Huckerby, Whelan, Solivado, Boateng, Breen, P. Hall, Jackson, Walsby, Ogilvie.

Suspensions: None.

MONDAY NIGHT'S GAME (8.0)

Sheff Wed v Nottingham Forest

Last season: No fixture

SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY have the ability to raise themselves for the big games. They hinted as much when they beat Manchester United a fortnight ago and proved it on Saturday with their 1-1 draw against Chelsea at Stamford Bridge. They were further boosted by the return to training of Paolo Di Canio this week; the Italian is still Wednesday's top scorer this season with three goals. His 11-match ban for pushing over referee Paul Alcock expires on Boxing Day and Wednesday fans are counting the days.

Manager Danny Wilson believes the team are improving and the recent run of results reflects that. "We've felt confident that we are progressing and as a result we have become more disciplined," he said. "We have deserved our last three results and we may have deserved a bit more."

Nottingham Forest, without a win in their last 12 Premiership matches, held League leaders Aston Villa to a 2-2 draw last weekend with an encouraging performance. Manager Dave Bassett was counting on the return of Ian Woan but the midfielder - who has not played this season following an operation on his knee in the summer - broke down in training and is unlikely to return to first-team action until early in the new year.

SPORT

WESTWOOD'S DRIVE IN THE SUN P24 • GRAHAM PUTS THE STEEL IN SPURS P30

Rugby Union: South Africa's history men are primed to eradicate England's hopes of a fillip to World Cup campaign

Springboks in no mood for charity

THE SPRINGBOKS cannot quite claim to have conquered every corner of the rugby landscape during their regal romp towards a new world record of consecutive Test victories, but with all due respect to a dozen second-class citadels from Buenos Aires to Nuku'alofa, they have prevailed in the places that really matter. They may not be the most thrilling Grand Slam contenders ever to visit these islands - the 1951 Boks and the 1984 Wallabies can continue to squabble over that accolade - but any side able to point to victories in Perth, Wellington, Paris and London during a 17-win sequence sardined into a single 15-month period must be a class act.

This afternoon we will discover precisely how classy these South Africans are and exactly how far up the steep slopes of rugby's Mount Olympus their unstinting efforts have taken them. A repeat of last year's Twickenham performance, when nine of today's starting line-up inflicted a heavy 29-11 defeat on the English, would undoubtedly elevate them towards the summit. That, though, is surely too much to ask, even of a team boasting such formidable physical and psychological strengths. Sheer fatigue is likely to cramp their style.

Indeed, it may well go down to the same length of wire that separated England and Australia seven days ago. Hard though it is to imagine Lawrence Dallaglio's outfit pursuing an 18th straight win - three on the trot would be a God-send right now - they are every

BY CHRIS HEWETT

hit as motivated as the tourists for this bout of rough and tumble. It is the last time they will welcome serious southern hemisphere opposition to Twickenham before next October's World Cup confrontation with New Zealand and another defeat, no matter how narrow, would send spirits plummeting towards the earth's core.

"It's definitely a must-win game for us," agreed Clive Woodward yesterday.

The England coach's record against the big three from south of the equator is not exactly inspiring - two draws, three fairly honourable defeats and four absolute pannings in nine outings - and he simply cannot afford to go into next year's showpiece tournament with a Tri-Nations blank against his name. "I don't feel under

pressure," he insisted before heading off to make his final preparations. Maybe not, but he probably should.

England are well capable of dominating the tight exchanges against a Springbok front five of no great moment; indeed, Martin Johnson and Tim Rodber will never have a better opportunity of making hay against a Springbok pack, given Krynauw Otto's anonymity and Mark Andrews' declining powers. The home side might even catch fire out wide if the exasperating Mike Catt, who tends to do for English nerves what Watergate did for Nixon, gets through the first quarter without a major crisis of confidence.

However, the real game-breakers will be clad in Springbok green. If Joost van der Westhuizen has been a key figure on this tour, helping his side out of the smelly stuff against

both Wales and Scotland, Bobby Skinstad has been something else again; there is no loose forward in the world quite like the 22-year-old Capetian and, assuming he is on his game today, he has the pace to make life hell for Catt in both attack and defence. Skinstad admits to feeling "slightly weary" but, unfortunately for England, he could be sound asleep and still catch their quickest three-quarter in a 100-metre dash.

The golden boy was making no predictions yesterday but there was an unmistakable vein of grim determination running through his words. "There is always pressure on a South African side because our people expect us to win," he said, "and while I'm not feeling it too badly myself, the prospect of not breaking the record after all we've been through together just doesn't hear thinking about." It did not sound like a form of pressure with which England are at all familiar.

A Springbok victory, confidently predicted by everyone from Francois Pienaar to Graham Henry, would give South Africa a fifth Grand Slam of Britain and Ireland in seven attempts; a remarkable record of sustained achievement when compared to the solitary successes registered by both New Zealand and Australia. But it is the other record that really interests them and when a Bokkie side is interested, as was Pienaar's vintage during the last World Cup, it takes a superhuman effort to deny them.

Gary Teichmann's quiet war, page 23

ENGLAND v SOUTH AFRICA

at Twickenham	
N Beal.....Northampton	15 P Montgomery.....W Province
T Underwood.....Newcastle	14 S Terblanche.....Boland
P de Glanville.....Bath	13 A Snyman.....Blue Bulls
J Guscott.....Bath	12 C Stewart.....W Province
D Luger.....Harlequins	11 P Rossouw.....W Province
M Catt.....Bath	10 H Houtball.....Natal
M Dawson.....Northampton	9 J van der Westhuizen.....Blue Bulls
J Leonard.....Harlequins	1 R Kamejo.....Natal
R Cockerill.....Leicester	2 J Dalton.....Golden Lions
D Garforth.....Leicester	3 A Garvey.....Natal
M Johnson.....Leicester	4 K Otto.....Blue Bulls
T Rodber.....Northampton	5 M Andrews.....Natal
L Dallaglio.....Wasps, Capt	6 J Erasmus.....Free State
N Back.....Leicester	7 R Shreeves.....W Province
R Hill.....Saracens	8 G Teichmann.....Natal, capt

Replacements: 16 D Bass (Capt), 17 A King (Wasps), 18 A Healey (Leicester), 19 M Curry (Leicester), 20 A Greenwood (Cardiff), 21 G Ross (Leicester), 22 P Garsdale (Sale).

Referee: P O'Brien (NZ). Kick-off: 2.30pm (Sky Sports 2, 1.30pm).

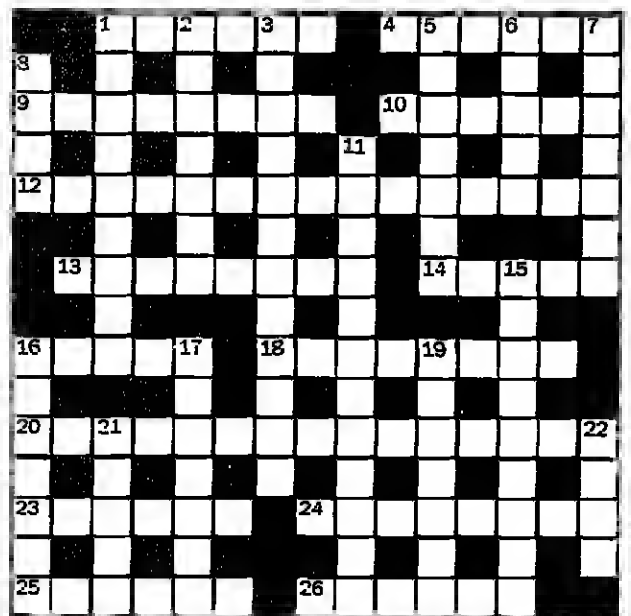
THE SATURDAY CROSSWORD

No.3786 Saturday 5 December

By Mass

ACROSS

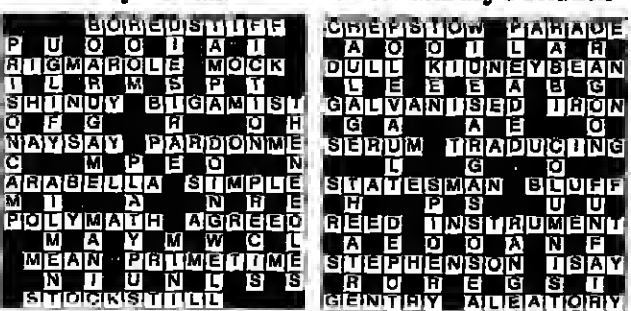
DOWN



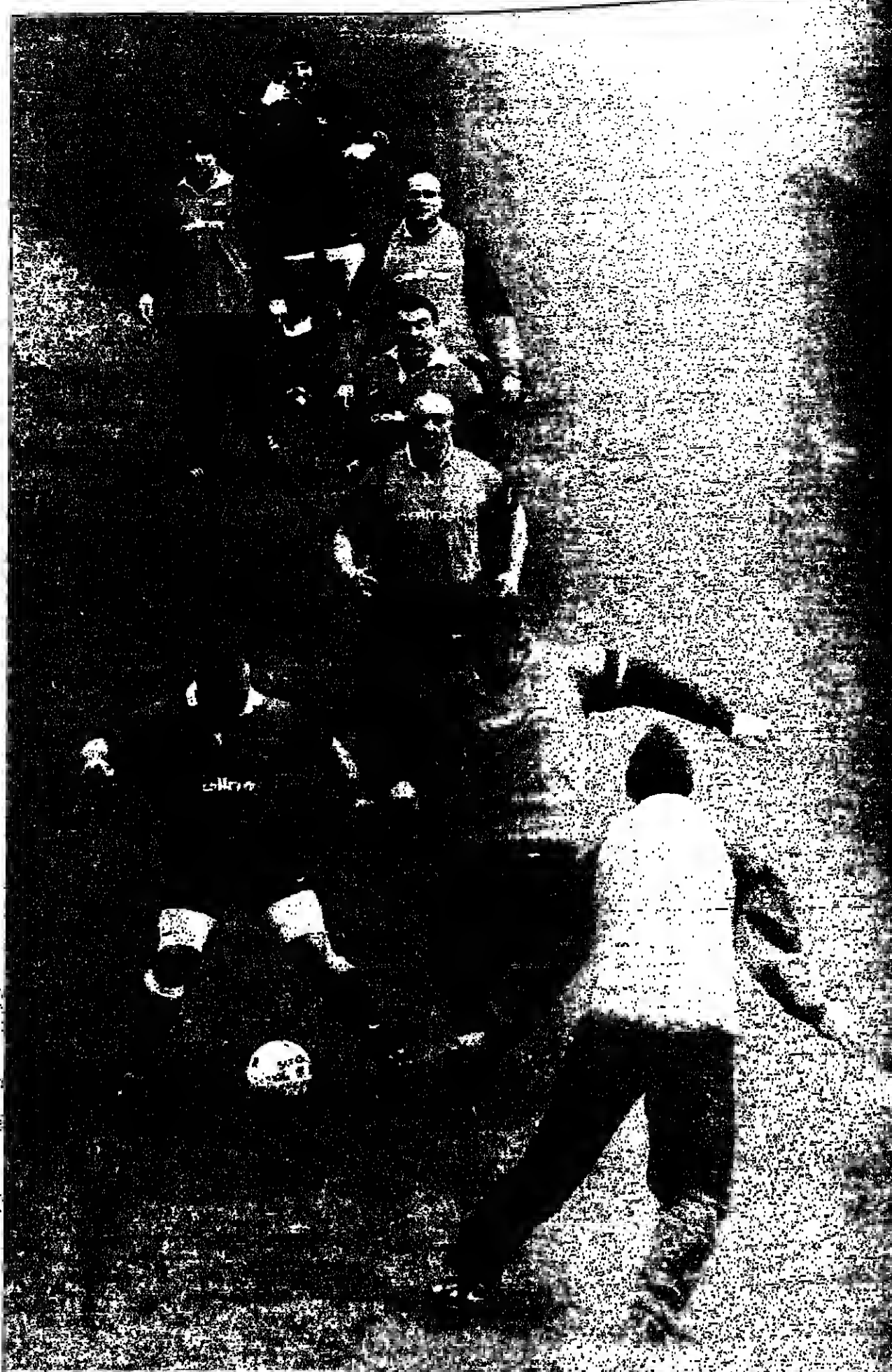
- 1 Intelligence shown by counsel (6)
- 4 Hard aboard junk to make way against the wind (6)
- 9 Persistent bridge opponents, throughout (8)
- 10 Note advanced, contributing to least amounts (6)
- 12 They're at variance with demands involving study (15)
- 13 Suit lined with thin new fibre (8)
- 14 Hang on, making a run in Test (5)
- 16 Horror film, gripping one (5)
- 18 River on television, such as contains chemicals (4-4)
- 20 Farewell to Arms, perhaps (15)
- 23 Balustrade's defaced, in poor condition (6)
- 24 Need to grab first tricks (8)
- 25 Entitled book in Wind-entitled English Byway (6)
- 26 Dish, almost last, with cherry, possibly? (6)
- 1 Extra cocaine injected might satisfy this (9)
- 2 Eastern scripture spouted in gallery (7)
- 3 Certain the Italian's keeping a secret? (12)
- 5 Lock container corroding in earth (7)
- 6 Protective cover? (5)
- 7 Report from grass, absorbing listeners (7)
- 8 Aperitif's laced with spirit (4)
- 11 A matter-of-fact type, one would figure? (12)
- 15 Mark with red stroke, I see, in carpark (9)
- 16 What'll cause explosive reaction? Ridiculous price-tag, mostly (7)
- 17 Officer, one in educational establishment, briefly (7)
- 19 Set of clips for towed vehicle (7)
- 21 Dwelling's seedy, in a state (5)
- 22 Bouquet for feature to follow (4)

Friday's solution

Last Saturday's solution



The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday receive hardbacked copies of the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 3DL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winners: E Wright, Fleetwood; G Handley, Chesham; J Kinsman, Denton; J Thornton, Doncaster; C Don, Oakham.



England's Richard Cockerill shows his skills with a football during training at Twickenham David Ashdown

Kidd targets McClair as No 2

BRIAN KIDD wants his old Manchester United colleague Brian McClair to be his assistant at Blackburn Rovers. Kidd spoke to McClair yesterday about the post and will ask Motherwell for permission to take their club captain as his No 2.

While McClair has told friends that he is not ready for a senior first-team coaching job at Old Trafford, he could fit in perfectly at Ewood Park. McClair was so popular at United that he used to negotiate contracts for the young players with the manager, Alex Ferguson.

As Kidd looks to strengthen

FOOTBALL

BY ALAN NIXON

his new playing staff, Manchester United's England defender Phil Neville appeared to occupy the top of his wish list. Kidd is planning to return to Old Trafford for the young defender who has lost his place for club and country recently. Rovers' owner, Jack Walker, is willing to pay out around £7m to sign Neville.

Kidd and Blackburn will be watching developments at United next week before making an official offer, and should

United go out of the Champions' League on Wednesday the time will be right to pounce.

Kidd will also use his overseas contacts to find talent and is interested in the Italian market, where he is well connected. Internazionale's right-winger Francesco Moriero, linked with Middlesbrough, is one player he would like to buy.

McClair's principal rival for the Rovers post appears to be a close friend of Kidd, Willie Donachie. However, the Manchester City manager, Joe Royle, is determined that Donachie will remain at Maine Road. Royle said: "Willie is

Manchester City through and through. He is one of the main reasons I came to the club and I sincerely hope he won't leave."

Kidd wants new staff at Blackburn but two of the current team are known to him. The coach, Terry Darracott, is an old friend while the goalkeeping trainer, Roy Tunks, was at Preston when he was manager.

The Manchester United reserve team coach, Jim Ryan, has temporarily stepped into the void left by Kidd's departure. Ryan will be alongside Ferguson for today's Premiership game at Aston Villa.

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Saturday 5 December 1998

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It's only

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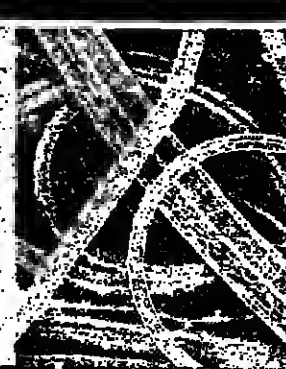
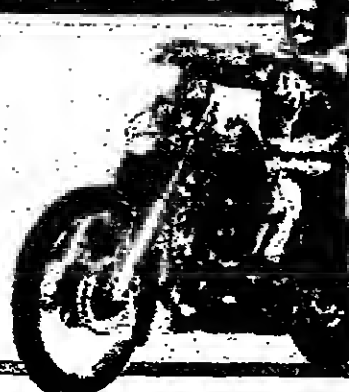
سكرا من الامن

YOUR MONEY

HOW TO MAKE IT • HOW TO SPEND IT

What your child really really wants for Christmas

SHOPPING, PAGE 6



The true cost of Christmas

Easy credit, children with ever-higher expectations – all this and the general desire to splurge over the festive season can mean financial misery. Paul Slade sounds a warning

With Christmas less than three weeks away, many UK families are already running up debts that will haunt them through most of 1999.

An understandable wish to have a "good time", the determination to give children a Christmas they will remember, combined with easy access to credit, leaves many families in deep financial trouble.

Sue Holman, of Wandsworth Money Advice Centre, says: "Often, people haven't budgeted before they start their Christmas spending and find that they get into debt for that reason. When they have overspent, they tend to pay off their credit debts and leave out the most important debts, which are mortgages and rent. With credit debts, the worst that can happen is that they get a County Court Judgement, but with mortgage or rent they could lose their home."

The situation is made even worse by the fact that the highest heating and fuel bills of the year also come in just after Christmas, pushing an already shaky situation into crisis.

Trevor Newham, of IFA Network, a group of over 600 independent financial advisers, believes part of the problem is the unsolicited offers of credit which seem to come with every post. Mr Newham says: "Credit cards are the real issue, because they are so easy to take advantage of. It is all too easy to take up some of the offers that exist at the moment for credit of £2,000 here or £3,000 there. That is a genuine problem."

Midland Bank says four out of 10 people use their credit cards to fuel their Christmas spending, often paying interest of well over 20 per cent as a result. Over one million Midland cardholders alone fail to clear



Once the festivities are over, many people could find themselves left with little more than a hangover and an empty bank account. Daily Record

their bills each month, and so must pay interest on the debt.

Mr Newham says: "The interest rates are clarified in the sales material, but I'm not sure what the impact might be. At this time of year, people do tend to sleepwalk into debt." To see just how expensive the modern Christmas is, you have only to look at the host of festive surveys produced by UK banks, insurers and credit card companies. These make it clear that by far the most expensive item to have in your house at this time of year is a child.

A survey by Goldfish, the

credit card company, this week found that children under 12 get presents worth an average of £128 from their parents alone. The Prudential discovered that what seven to 16-year-olds most want for Christmas is a £599 computer, closely followed by a Playstation games console priced at £119.95.

In 1996, the most popular Christmas toy was a Buzz Lightyear doll (price £24.99), in 1997 it was a talking Teletubby (price £41.99), and this year it looks like being a Furby (price £34.99, if you can find one).

Ms Holman agrees it is hard

to economise when faced with avaricious children. But she says: "We would advise people to avoid being pressurised by their children. Sit down with them and explain the situation."

Some areas of the country are more profligate than others, and the Goldfish survey concludes that Britain's meanest people live in the Midlands. There, each person spends an average of £244.10 on presents, against £310 in the north east of England and £284.40 on the south coast. Men, it seems, are more generous than women, spending an average of £28

against women's £20 on each present they buy.

But overspending is not the only danger the festive season presents. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents says that 80,000 people will spend part of their holiday in hospital, over 30,000 of these accidents come through falls, generally while navigating unfamiliar or toy-strewn stairs. Yorkshire Bank warns that the kitchen, too, is a death trap, as tipsy cooks fall victim to slippery floors or pans full of hot fat. If insurers Guardian Direct are to be believed, you will most

likely get back from the hospital to find your house has been burgled. Leave a big pile of presents under the tree in an empty house, they suggest, and you might as well jam the front door open. There are nearly three times as many burglaries in December as there are the following month. Have a happy Christmas!

BARGAIN HUNTER



HOME OF THE WEEK

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THE OLD Reading Rooms in Wivelscombe, 11 miles from Taunton in Somerset, were built in 1887 for the people of the town by the Hancock family, the local brewers. Not only could the residents read there, they could also enjoy a convivial game of billiards with friends. Now converted into a one- to two-bedroom home, the Grade II listed building still has enormous charm. The property is available for £95,000 through Webbers. Ring 01984 624055 for details.

ROSALIND RUSSELL

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Touring at a terrific price
BMW DOES not make estate cars. They are euphemistically called Tourings. That's because these five-door vehicles offer only average accommodation and space. What they do have, though, is style. You have to be well up the corporate ladder to afford a top-of-the-range 328i Touring – so it was a surprise to find one for £1,000 less than the price guides say. For £18,995 you could own this 1996, N-registered, one-owner, pristine 328i Touring – a seasonal offer by performance-car specialists, Richards, of Sutton in Ashfield. Call 01623 553028.

JAMES RUPPERT

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NIC CICUTTI

'Tis the season to send cash afar

Forget the post, money heading overseas should go by electronic transfer. By Teresa Hunter

FORGET YOUR leisurely breakfast. The time has come to leap out of bed, sprint to the shops, grab a few festive gifts and catch the noon post in case you miss the last mail before Christmas to America, Australia and other far flung reaches of the globe.

Alternatively you could struggle back down under the duvet and send money to your nearest and dearest abroad using one of the international electronic transmission networks.

The expense of posting even light parcels has made cash a popular seasonal alternative. When stamps outweigh the value of the gift, as often happens when posting abroad, then sending the money instead makes sense.

But sending hard cash is not advisable, as £1.5m goes missing from mail each year, and the Christmas post is more vulnerable than most given the army of casual staff sifting and sorting.

Posting cheques is often not much better. Charges levied for cashing or accepting a foreign cheque, which can involve a tortuous process, can

often exceed the value of the money sent.

However an electronic transfer can be quick, efficient and cheap, if you pick the most competitive network for the country you wish to send cash. Not all banks have links with all countries and they charge different tariffs for different destinations.

Some banks charge a flat fee others a fixed percentage of the amount sent. Always check that the recipient will not face further charges at the other end, although you can never guarantee that a rogue branch may not unilaterally levy a fee. Changing the gift into local currency before you send it can mitigate the chances of a double charge.

Also check whether the gift, which can normally be transferred straight into a bank account, will reach its destination within a set time. Some services guarantee delivery at no extra charge.

A survey by the Consumers' Association published this week discovered that the Co-op Bank Tipnet was the cheapest service among those guaranteeing delivery within a certain time, for Belgium,



Sending money in the post is a risky option

Canada, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Spain and the US. It typically charges £7 per transfer with a five-day guarantee of delivery.

Lloyds Economy International Moneytransfer is even cheaper at £5.50 per transfer, but restricts the service to Europe and the US. It also has a slightly longer guaranteed delivery date of seven days.

Transcheq was a best buy for destinations further afield such

as Hong Kong, Mexico and most of South America. It has tiered rates with a minimum £6 charge, and offers pretty much instant transfer of funds.

Bank of Scotland Priority and Co-op Bank Swift were also recommended among the best of the rest although their delivery times are not guaranteed. But don't hold your breath. At £15 to send £50 to France the Scottish bank still looks like a deal to pass and

Co-op Swift at £12, isn't that much cheaper either.

An alternative to an electronic cash injection is to send a banker's draft, which is slightly safer than cash or a cheque, but still vulnerable to theft. Furthermore, some banks advise against the use of drafts in certain countries and it is always advisable to denominate them in the currency of destination.

Bank of Scotland and Midland are cheapest for drafts of around £50 both charging £7. But their rates rise with the size of the draft. Barclays charges a flat fee of £8.

Whichever method you choose, you must pay for the transfer with cleared funds. This means a bank will only send cash paid for by cash, a debit card or credit card, or put away the cheque book.

But if you think cash is out of keeping with the spirit of Christmas, it is still not too late to choose those last minute presents for family and friends in Europe. Last posting for the continent is next Saturday. And after that there are 10 more days to post at home.

Thought for the day

Life losing its PEP
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INSIDE

Internet Investor
Brian Tora

Games people play
The estate agent's day

SHOPPING

PERSONAL FINANCE

Milking the millions

FINANCIAL MAKEOVER

NAMES DEREK AND ELAINE THOMSON
AGES 40 AND 42 OCCUPATIONS HOLIDAY PROPERTY OWNERSNIC
CICUTTI

Fund managers claim
that the cost of
looking after money
cannot be met by a
1 per cent charge

A FEW weeks ago, the Treasury released details of its CATmark scheme, aimed at ensuring savers are offered good-value financial products without the usual gobbledegook that leaves so many people totally baffled.

One key aspect of CATmarks was a 1 per cent annual management fee, and no hidden charges, for the equity-based element of the new Individual Savings Accounts (ISAs), due to be introduced in April.

It is fair to say that the equity-linked CATmark proposals were controversial. The Association of Unit Trusts and Investment Funds (AUTIF), the trade body for fund managers, called this limit "a breathtakingly irresponsible act".

Perhaps not surprisingly, given AUTIF's strident impersonation of Scargillite trade unionism, few of its fund management members have broken ranks to say they will offer actively managed CATmarked ISAs to their clients. All of them claim that the costs involved in property looking after our money cannot realistically be met from a 1 per cent annual management charge.

Is that right? Step forward Family Assurance, the Brighton-based friendly society. Family Assurance will be offering its Family Balanced fund as a CATmarked ISA to prospective investors in April.

Barry Chambers, the society's marketing director, sees no reason why its Family Asset Trust should not also be made available as a CATmarked ISA. Friendly societies have often been criticised because the products they offer are highly expensive. This is because, in many cases, the customers they sell to tend to invest small sums of money, which means that they are not as cost-effective as other providers whose funds vacuum up thousands of pounds at a stroke. In this instance, however, Family Assurance leaves its bigger brethren standing.

Ah, you might ask, but what about performance? Surely that should be taken into account?

A good question. And

here's the reply: in the 12 months to 30 November, the Family Asset Trust has delivered returns of 15.03 per cent, placing it 40th among 150 funds in the UK growth sector. Over three years, the trust has delivered returns of 59.91 per cent, making it 43rd in the sector. Over five years, returns were 77.97 per cent, ranking the fund 43rd.

The Family Balanced fund has achieved 16.6 per cent over 12 months and 44.12 per cent over three years, placing it 13th and 17th respectively, out of 38 and 33 funds in the managed sector.

Hardly exciting – but decent and consistent nonetheless. Just to match Family Assurance, many of its rivals would have to deliver at least 0.5 per cent better performance every year, and overcome a hit of up to 5 per cent in initial charges on every contribution. That is statistically very difficult.

Family's decision to launch a CATmarked managed fund is the first crack in the obdurate refusal of fund managers to go along with the Treasury's proposals on cheap investment funds. It makes take some time, but I don't think it will be the last example we see.

When a fund manager next tries to justify his company's charges by pointing to its performance, ask him why it is that a small friendly society can deliver perfectly respectable returns and still charge a damn sight less.

Being a millionaire means that life becomes a bed of roses, or so one usually assumes. But for Derek and Elaine Thomson – who won £2.7m on the National Lottery some two years ago – it can sometimes mean exchanging one set of problems for another.

Sure, the problems are of the nice variety, but they can be ones the typical lottery winner has little experience of – for example, how to invest a large capital sum, how to protect it and how to pass it on to future generations.

Derek and Elaine have two children – a daughter aged 13 and a son of 8. Derek, a qualified accountant who operated at general management level, continued to work at Motorola for two years following the lottery win but has now retired.

Following his "retirement" he and his wife decided to set up their own business. They have invested £500,000 into four holiday properties which will generate an anticipated income of £50,000 per annum.

They also gifted £400,000 to family members, including £250,000 into an "accumulation and maintenance trust" for their two children. This is where the trust deeds specify that the main beneficiaries are under 25 but will be entitled to an "interest in possession" no later than then.

The trustees have discretion to pay or accumulate income as long as the beneficiaries are minors. No "periodic charges" (of 6 per cent every 10 years) over the nil rate band are payable. Nor is inheritance tax (also known as the "exit charge") payable if Derek and Elaine should die.

An inheritance tax protection policy was effected on a last-survivor basis to provide £500,000 to meet the IHT liabilities. Approximately £800,000 is invested in stocks and shares managed by a leading fund management group and £100,000 is split between cash, PEPs and Tesas. The initial investments were geared towards capital growth but they now require £30,000 per annum (gross) from the portfolio.

The adviser, Brian Aitchison, managing director of The Aitchison & Colegrave Group, independent financial advisers, with offices in Glasgow, London, Edinburgh and Aberdeen (0900 839920).

The advice: Having retired early, Derek and Elaine Thomson have



Derek and Elaine Thomson: 'What are we going to do, we've won the Lottery...' Marc Hill/Asper

taken the sensible step of putting their money to work effectively. They have to be congratulated on both their win and also the prudent manner in which they have diversified their assets in a reasonably tax-efficient manner. Having set up a new business, made family gifts and established a trust for their children, substantial funds remained available for investment.

However, to put this into context, it represents no more than Mr Thomson's earning capacity had he continued working until age 60. If we assume that somebody with his qualifications and experience could command a net income of £40,000, increasing at 3 per cent a year, the total earnings potential would be

£1,092,236. Moreover, there could be pension rights worth in excess of £1m (assuming a final salary scheme).

The Thomsons' enterprise in the leisure industry may well be rewarding. However, this sector is usually the first to feel the cold wind of any recession. It is unlikely that the income will be "pensionable", as it arises from rental income and is regarded as investment income. However, if a genuine trade can be established then pension planning opportunities exist and either a personal pension or an executive pension plan could be established with the consequent tax-planning benefits.

Certainly £30,000 of gross income could be generated from the portfolio managed by Flemings (however, it is

difficult to comment on the construction as this information was unavailable). Greater emphasis on Gilts, fixed-interest stocks and corporate bonds could provide more income.

Another, more tax-efficient idea would be to take out a series of zero dividend preference stocks with varying maturity dates, to generate income with relatively low risk. Clearly, each decision should be considered on investment merits first and thereafter tax efficiency. As £30,000 represents only 3.75 per cent of the portfolio amount, it should be easily achieved.

The portfolio should be spread between various classes of asset, such as equities, bonds and also by geographical region to reduce the risk through diversification. The spread be-

tween assets and individual funds or shares should then be monitored and managed in response to changing market and economic circumstances.

Currently, our preference is for western markets and we would tend to avoid some of the more speculative areas.

Generally, few investors have the time, inclination or expertise to manage funds and the Thomsons have taken the sensible step of appointing a fund manager to carry out discretionary management. But it can make sense to appoint an independent financial adviser to take a more holistic approach to financial planning and also take an objective third-party view on performance.

By perhaps incorporating various tax-efficient investment vehicles, including offshore single premium bonds, offshore roll-up funds and selected unit trusts and investment trusts (to gain international exposure) this could reduce the amount of income tax paid.

In a portfolio of this scale, capital gains tax (CGT) is almost inevitable. Venture capital trusts can play a useful role in sheltering gains. These provide 40 per cent capital gains tax reinvestment relief, with 20 per cent income tax relief and the prospect of tax-free dividends and capital gains, although the risk/reward should be carefully considered.

Although the accumulation and maintenance trust is appropriate for their two children, one significant disadvantage of such trusts is the rate of 34 per cent tax charged on both income and gains. Holding the assets in more tax-efficient offshore investment bonds and low-yielding unit trusts should at least be considered.

While the Thomsons have taken the sensible step of effecting a funding policy to cover inheritance tax, this does not actually reduce the amount of tax paid.

Lastly, "will strategy" is important and the Thomsons have wisely revised their wills to utilise fully the "nil rate band" allowance to which each is entitled, saving £89,000 in inheritance tax. Obviously, Derek and Elaine are too young to part with further capital, thereby losing both control and the arising income.

But there are ways of reducing the liability whilst simultaneously retaining (or even increasing) income – and control of capital. In short, having your cake and eating it too! Schemes such as "retained interest trusts", "gift and loan" and "discounted gift" schemes should be explored.

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Charge cards that store up your debts

Stores claim that their charge cards offer shoppers numerous benefits – but at what cost? By Iain Morse

HARD-UP CHRISTMAS shoppers can sometimes find it tempting to apply for last-minute store cards at the date you hope to buy some of their gifts from. Indeed, research shows that impulse is among the most important reasons when applying for a store's charge card.

The number of cards is on the increase. According to the British Retail Consortium, there are over 12 million in issue, with an average balance of £170. But whether most of these cards give value, by comparison to mainstream credit cards, is open to question. With just a couple of exceptions, store cards charge the highest interest of any card type.

More traditional "option" store cards mostly offer an interest-free period of 56 days, then charge interest from the date that purchases are charged to an account, if it is not cleared in full each month. It is that interest charge which, with few exceptions, can bring tears to the eyes.

The very cheapest cards are from Fortnum & Mason (16.8 per cent APR) and John Lewis (18 per cent APR). But most store cards charge APRs at least 5 per cent higher even than the average 22 per cent APR on bank-supplied credit cards.

The most expensive include Style Card (up to 39.2 per cent APR) usable at over 25,000 retailers, and Country Casuals (29.8 per cent APR). These rates are charged when you pay off your card by direct debit. Payment by any other means will push up interest charges by an average of 2 per cent.

A growing number of stores

also offer so-called "budget" cards. These have no interest-free period: you pay interest on your balance from the date you incur it. Most of these budget cards charge exactly the same APRs as the "option" cards on issue from the same stores.

Some electrical retailers, such as Dixons, Currys and Powerhouse, only offer budget cards. In all cases, your credit limit on these cards is set as multiples of 24 to 25 times an agreed monthly payment to the card account.

Budget cards are designed for those people who are unable to clear their monthly balance. The extra cost of these cards over bank cards with no interest-free period can be as high as 15 per cent.

Retailers claim to offer cardholders extra benefits. Harrods, Fortnum and Mason, and others, arrange earholder-only, pre-Christmas shopping evenings. Viyella offers free alterations to clothes bought with its card.

Many stores also give cardholders early access to their annual sales, and some offer extra discounts for card purchases whenever they hold sales. Marks & Spencer offers cardholders preferential personal loan rates.

At best, the "option" store cards offer convenience, but only if you pay them off within the interest-free period. Otherwise, like the "budget" cards, they are more expensive than equivalent cards directly available from banks.

Unless you have a mania to incur vast debts and pay through the nose to service them, these are usually cards to avoid.

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JOHN CHARCOL, the mortgage broker, is offering a five-year rate capped at 6.29 per cent involving no compulsory insurance, a 25 per cent penalty-free partial redemption facility and an arrangement fee of £395. Call 0800 718191.

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Printing perfection won't fade away

A new long-lasting ink formula for use in inkjet printers is giving computer-generated art an entrée to serious exhibitions and prices. By John Windsor

Richard Hamilton, the father of British pop art, now aged 76, has become the leading exponent of the biggest breakthrough in print technology since screenprinting in the Sixties.

For the past 27 years, he has been manipulating painted and photographic images by computer, developing a sophisticated and highly individual style. But the images have languished in his computer because, hitherto, the ink for inkjet-on-paper printing faded after only six months.

For this reason, other professional artists have tended to shun the inkjet, except for producing proofs for publishers. Hamilton, however, has kept on painting with his computer, while periodically telephoning ink and computer-printer manufacturers in Europe and America to ask whether they had yet discovered long-life ink.

His reward has been the development in the past couple of years of ink that will last for up to 36 years without fading and, in the last two months, ink with a 75-year non-fade lifetime. The breakthrough has suddenly given inkjet prints a commercial value, thrusting them to the forefront of printmaking – and coaxed from Hamilton's computer a couple of dozen of his finest images that are in a selling exhibition at the Alan Cristea gallery in London.

The colours of the new ink – called Equipoise and introduced by the Iris Graphics company of Massachusetts – though water-based (pigment would clog the microscopic holes in the stylus), are more light-resistant than water-colour, lithographs, or screen prints (serigraphs), familiar media whose light-resistance is seldom questioned.

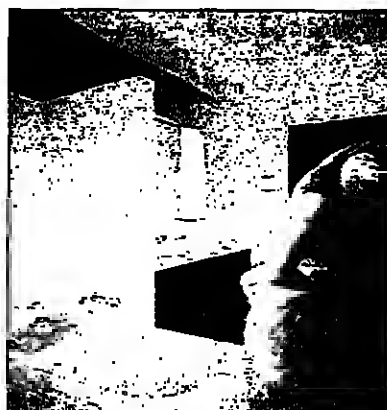
Hamilton says: "Their quality would blow the watercolours that Turner used out of the water". Prints with the new ink have acquired a generic name of their own – giclée prints – derived from the French word for "to squirt".

Hamilton's work in the exhibition is, at first sight, a mile away from his notorious seminal image of 1966, the tiny 10in by 9in collage, *Just What Was It That Made Yesterday's Homes So Different, So Appealing?*, which, for the first time, put the word "pop" in the frame, amid a proliferation of images from advertising and industrial design.

The dogma and aggressive imagery has dissolved into a softer, more reflective mode. In his pastel-coloured *A Mirrorical Return* (1998) he used Quantel Printbox software to extract the image of a female nude photographed in the corridor of his home in the Chilterns, then ghosted it into the reflecting glass of a big picture frame, together with a scanned-in transparency of *Bachelor Apparatus*, a work by his one-time mentor, Marcel Duchamp. The space where the reflected nude should be standing is empty. The result is a dream-like *trompe l'oeil*.

The muted colour quality of the earliest long-life ink is apparent in the first digital print he produced with it, *Bathroom – fig 2*, also of 1998, shown here. Having snapped his wife, Rita, wrapping herself in a bath towel, he popped her into the computer and manipulated the background into a Mondrian-like intersection of different coloured spaces.

Self-portrait With Yellow is Hamilton's attempt to "get paint into the computer". The original Polaroid photograph shows him looking through glass



Richard Hamilton now works using long-life ink to create quality art with an inkjet printer. Clockwise from top: 'Bathroom – fig 2'; 'Self-portrait With Yellow'; 'Just What Was It That Made Yesterday's Homes So Different, So Appealing' (his seminal image of 1966); the artist at work

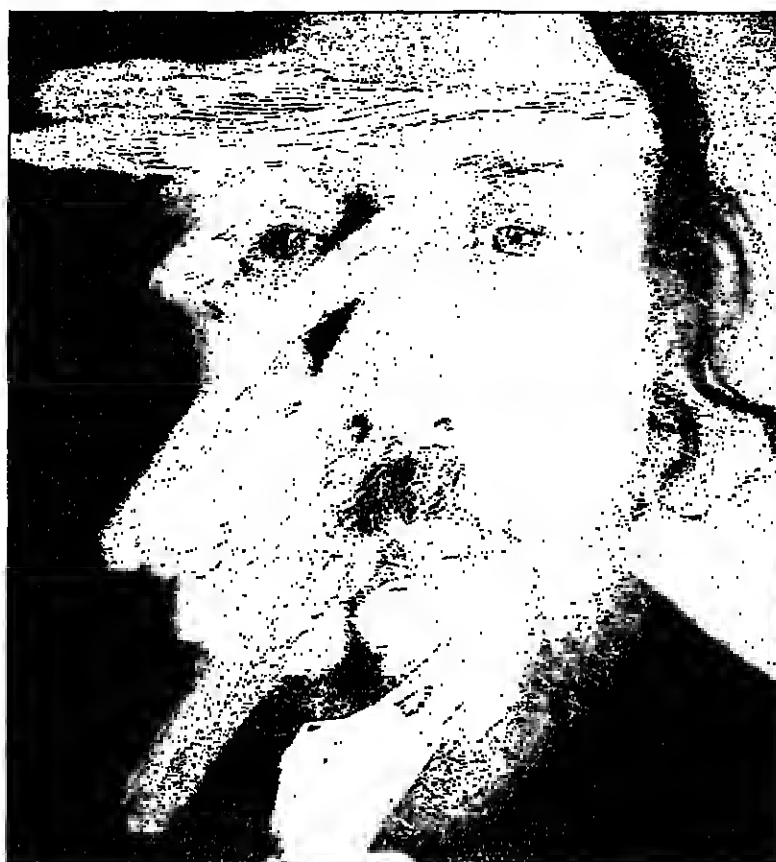
with yellow paint on it. More paint has been added electronically.

If Hamilton were producing *Just What Was It...* today, he would, of course, use digital imaging instead of cut-and-paste collage. He has restored the famous image by computer and printed an A3-sized edition of 25 for the exhibition, which have sold out at £750 each. An A4-sized edition of 5,000 that he printed for a BBC Q&A programme, issued free, attracted 75,000 applicants. That was before Equipoise ink: the prints are fading already.

The new ink was developed for Iris by the Lyson company of Stockport, at a time when Iris was the butt of an embarrassing media campaign by the big American art publisher, Colville, which complained that their ink faded too quickly. Colville have now announced limited editions of prints using Iris ink.

The foremost tester of the permanence of inks is Henry Wilhelm, founder of Wilhelm Imaging Research, of Grinnell, Iowa, who subjects ink-on-paper prints to accelerated fluorescent light at a temperature of 75°F. His latest bulletin emphasises the importance of matching ink with the right paper for maximum longevity, and estimates the life of Iris's Equipoise ink at a maximum 32-36 years if used on Arches Cold Press paper, which has a subtle yellowish tone. On Liege Fine Art paper, it fades after only two-three years. No other ink lasts more than six years.

Meanwhile, Lyson has developed an even more light-resistant ink – Lysonic, which it launched themselves two months ago. One of Wilhelm's tests on it, using four different kinds of paper, has



come up with 65-75 years on Somerset Velvet paper.

Lysonic can be used in printers considerably less expensive than the top-quality Iris that sells for about £20,000. It is compatible with the Epson, which costs (ex-VAT) from £190 for the Epson Stylus Photo 700, to £1,195 for the Epson Stylus Professional 5000. Breaking of the price barrier is bound to lead to an expansion of digital print-making.

In Carlisle, Massachusetts, this month, Peter Alpers, formerly on Iris's staff and now a consultant to the digital print-making industry, will launch Moonglow, the first art gallery specialising in giclée prints.

The earliest giclée prints are likely to become sought-after as pieces of art history. Hamilton's *Marconi and Son*, showing two figures in a sombre, Hopper-like interior, in an unusually

small edition of 20, at £1,750 each, is a 1998 version of the first image that he printed using an Iris inkjet printer – spotted at a 1994 trade exhibition. The printer itself delivered 300 dots per square inch, but the dots of ink exploded in such a way that they gave a continuous tone looking more like 2,000 dpi.

So far at the exhibition, it is museum curators, print connoisseurs and art historians who have been buying. Few are being bought for the office or mantle-piece. Traditionalists have muttered that the prints look like reproductions – perish the thought! – or commercial art. They will soon know better.

Exhibition prices: £750-£7,500. 'Richard Hamilton: New Technology and Print-making', until 23 December, Alan Cristea Gallery, 31 Cork Street, London W1 10171-439 1866

IT WOULD be rather dramatic to describe the UK stockbroking services presently available on the worldwide web as *Hamlet* without the prince but it is not a completely outrageous analogy. The UK's largest private client operation is Barclays Stockbrokers, which has no functional website.

In June of this year, one of the largest private client broking businesses in the US, E-trade, took control of established UK online broking business Electronic Share Information (ESI), promising a real-time online trading system for private investors. We are still waiting. The company now says it will announce a launch date in early 1999.

Barclays Stockbrokers, E-trade and Charles Schwab Europe, which used to be known as Sharelink, have all been beaten to the real-time punch by Edinburgh-based stockbroker, Brewin Dolphin Securities, which this week launched a new dealing service which allows you to trade immediately for next-day settlement.

As an execution-only broker, Stocktrade does not offer advice but deals and settles transactions for investors who make their own investment decisions. It was originally set up as a telephone-based service in



INTERNET INVESTOR ROBIN AMLÖT

1993 and launched its website in 1996.

But while trading may be immediate, it will still take around two weeks to set up your account. Once you are registered, you will be able to receive live dealing prices online, and also to deal at those prices online. The real-time information comes from market-maker Dresdner Kleinwort Benson. Stocktrade also ensures that, once delivery has taken place, payments are automatically taken from, or made to, a deposit account, operated by Stocktrade, paying interest at 1 per cent below the Bank of Scotland's base rate, now 6.75 per cent.

Trades are settled on a T+1 basis, which means you take delivery of the shares or the cash is put into your

account the day after you deal. There are safeguards in place to make sure that you do not try to sell more shares than you own, or purchase more than the funds being held can buy. However, it is up to you to make sure you actually buy or sell the right shares.

It will cost you £25 per trade up to a value of £12,500. Commission is charged at 0.2 per cent on bargains over £12,500. In addition you have to pay an annual service charge of £25. There are postal services which charge around half this amount.

The Stocktrade website is still under development. You may check on your shares and review both stock and cash account balances. You may only trade when the market is open and you cannot buy or sell orders which specify a price and trigger either a purchase or sale if the stock reaches the level you have set.

The site offers a small number of links to other potentially useful websites. In future, Stocktrade aims to offer training tips for novice investors and research material.

Stocktrade:
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Robin can be reached at:
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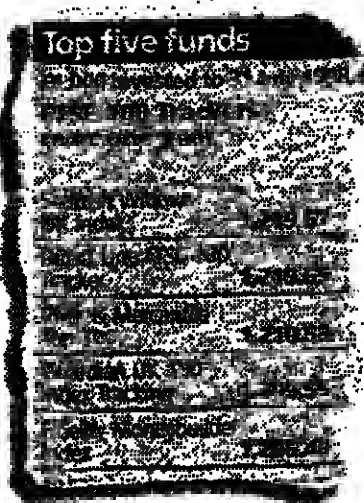
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The Observer 09.08.98



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THE INDEPENDENT
Saturday 5 December 1999

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Top five performing funds of each sector are highlighted in bold. All funds are ranked on the basis of their performance over the past 12 months. Funds shown in bold are the top five performing funds of each sector. Funds shown in bold are the top five performing funds of each sector. Funds shown in bold are the top five performing funds of each sector.

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STANDARD & POOR'S

Bloomberg

SHOPPING

The top-selling toy this Christmas is a Gremlin-style creature. But yo-yos are in demand too. By Karen Falconer

Happy hunting for Furby and friends

Everyone who has the remotest interest in children's toys will have heard of Furby. It is this year's Teletubbies - a little gremlin-style creature that talks Furbish (but can be taught English) and has a rather annoying way of telling you that it's bored. "Have you got a Furby in stock?" I asked Hamleys. "You must be joking," came the reply. "They're out as fast as they come in."

It was still the last week of November, weeks before the real Christmas rush kicks off, but the answer was entirely predictable. After all, what would the modern Christmas be without the annual search for the elusive toy that every child wants but only the lucky few can have?

After considerable hunting I found one. Not at £29.99 from Daisy & Tom (they were out of stock) or even £35 from Hamleys, but at Harrods for £39.95. And, even at this not inconsiderable price, the five-inch wonder, created by a Nasa scientist and complete with "microchip" brain, was jumping off the shelves.

While Teletubbies are now piled high (an impossibility last year), Furby is a virtually extinct species: there were only 350,000 available in the UK, and any retailer with a hope of stocking them had already placed orders last January.

Can it really be an accident? "There's no great conspiracy," insists Gerry Masters of the British Association of Toy Retailers. "The prototype Furby was only launched in New York at the toy fair earlier this year and it couldn't go into production until August because they needed to sort out the chips and train staff at several factories. We have a very fashion-conscious market and they just couldn't produce enough."

David Fogel, retail director at Hamleys, couldn't agree more. "We sell 40,000 different lines in Hamleys, but only one will be the mega seller. We were on to Furby straight away

THIS YEAR'S TOP TEN TOYS

1. Furby
2. Yomega X-Brain
3. Pro Yo II and III
4. Beanie's
5. C-Watch
6. Talking Teletubbies
7. Scooter Robot
8. Action Man Polar Expedition
9. Baby Born
10. Cool Colours Barbie

and ordered lots. But it is customers that create best-sellers."

But is it? In these days of highly sophisticated marketing, can children's playgrounds fuel annual toy sales of £1.66bn? Yes, there is very definitely some logic to children's fads, believes Judy Harman, planning director at advertising agency J Walter Thompson which works

with focus groups of children. She calls it "social glue in the playground". "There are a few core themes motivating children's sales," she says. "Belonging, independence, mastery, simple moral order and bravery and adventure. Enduring brands tap into enduring things, for example Action Man into bravery and adventure."

But computers top most children's wish lists nowadays, which goes a long way towards explaining this year's whole gamut of other hot-selling robotic types. Take C-Watch, the watch with attitude. It may look ordinary but its animated face and sound effects ("you talking to me?") would do the Home Alone hero, Macaulay Culkin, credit. Then there's Ziggles, a furry creature with a fat tummy and hysterical giggle (£14.99), or Scooter, the two-foot high radio-controlled robot who can walk, turn and even take peanuts round to guests at grown-up parties. There are even musical lollipop holders, Sound Bites (£7.99), which twirl while you suck.

Build-it-yourself kits have gone techno too. New from K-nex (makers of construction sets such as fairground wheels and dinosaurs) are solar-powered systems, so environmentally aware children can put their batteries to one side and see the wonders of nature. Lego has introduced an "intelligent" brick which you programme and then download by infra-red with its MindStorm Robotics Invention Systems (£160).

Even yo-yos, the essential stocking filler, have clutches, auto returns and ballbearings. Tony Leeming, manager of Harrods' toy department, is used to guiding uninitiated parents through the technological wizardry of the world's one-time simplest toy. "Brains - that's Brain and X-Brain - are best for beginners because their centrifugal clutch allows free-spinning and auto returns. It's easy to make them sleep, so there's more time for tricks. The X-Brain with 4 clutches is the most popular. Pro Yo II (£6.95) and III are the standard, no gimmick yo-yos which will sleep but are difficult



Two of this year's top ten toys: above, Yomega X Brain and, left, Scooter Robot

to master. Then there's the more professional Ballbearings (£99.95). Whatever else there is on offer, children will always also like toys which allow their imagination to run free. Playmobil, a great favourite of my own children, has launched System X for the over-fives with a snap grid to hold buildings in place (from

£12.99 for a police helicopter); Thomas the Tank has gone remote control (£26); the Wombles are back in town (around £25); and the makers of the Trivia games have come up with the perfect Christmas Day board game, "Who Kidnapped Father Christmas?" Great for stocking fillers are

Roomarangs (£3.99), soft and effective boomerangs which can safely be used inside; Blopens (£4.99), a hybrid of felt-tip and airbrush; and for little girls, Snuunchies, soft animals that live in your hair.

And, of course, there are always the perennial favourites like Action Man (this year it is Polar Expedi-

tion) and Barbie (this year it is Cool Colours) which are as inevitable as fairy lights on the Christmas tree.

For more information contact: Harrods (0171-730 1234), Hamleys (0171-734 3161) and Daisy & Tom (0171-352 5000)

NINE OF THE BEST

GARDENERS' GOODIES



From left: Garden Collection chutneys, £2.95 each. The Fine Cheese Company (01225 448748); Planter, £29.95, Shaker (0171 935 9461); Rose napkins, £3.50, gerbera oven mits, £15, and rose tea towels, £6.50. Kitchin Sync (0171 652 0774)



From left: Christmas Box, £27, The Gluttonous Gardener (0171 627 0800); an acre of threatened forest in Ecuador, £25, Rainforest Concern (0171 225 2093); Morning Mowing razor, £29.95, Windrush Mill (01983 770456)



Sweetpea bags, from £20, Boden (0181 453 1535); Gardeners' Hand Therapy, £3.95, Crabtree & Evelyn (0171 603 1611); Winnie The Pooh's Garden, £3.95, Save The Children (0870 6066300)

SHOP TALK

HOW CLEVER of the Japanese to turn their love of designer labels inside out, and create a trendy shop - Muji - which sells itself as stocking "no-brand quality goods".

Labels are inescapable in Japan, whether you're buying a pair of socks or a new bento box. But Muji is above such things, with aluminium fountain pens and dark jumpers that bear no hint of their maker's hand. Yet Muji's look is nothing if not distinctive. Everything from the work aprons its staff wear, to the rows of functional packets of food on its shelves, is branded with a simplicity bordering on plainness -

and it is this that appeals to the current British passion for all things minimal.

Muji is doing well over here; so well in fact that this year will see the biggest expansion of its UK retail outlets since it opened its first store in London in 1991. Muji was one of the first retailers to take up a site at the new Trafford Centre near Manchester; and on 28 November, the label of choice from the cities of the East is coming to the Western metropolis of Kingston-upon-Thames, in Surrey.

Customers in the south can expect all the usual Muji merchandise. Its furniture is ideal when home furnishing is a bit of a

squeeze - tall, narrow bookcases and funky, clear plastic storage units are *de rigueur* in the apartment warrens of Japanese urban sprawl - and Muji stationery is the pick of the bunch, offering everything from pencils (from £1.95) to personal organisers (from £2.95). The business-like hole-punch (£2.95) looks like something from the Ministry of Thought.

Control's stock and, if you're thinking of travelling on business, £3.50 will buy you an aluminium case for those all-important cards.

Despite its aggressive minimalism, however, there is a uniquely Eastern aspect to Muji design. The



simplicity and bold horizontal lines are as traditionally Japanese as reed tea. And at a time when Japanese teenagers will wear anything with a British motto scrawled across the front, it's ironic that Muji has cashed in on Western tastes for designer

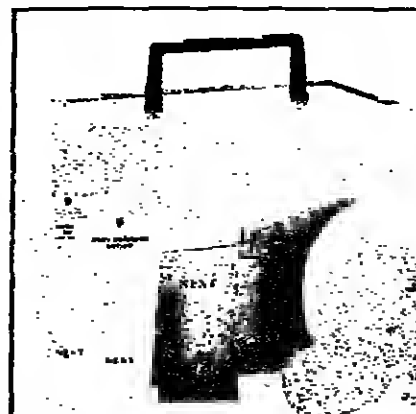
"kanji" - the characters of the Japanese "alphabet" - and all things Eastern.

SAM WALLACE

The new Muji store is at Unit F3, The Bentall Centre, Wood Street, Kingston-upon-Thames (stockists 0171 323 2208)

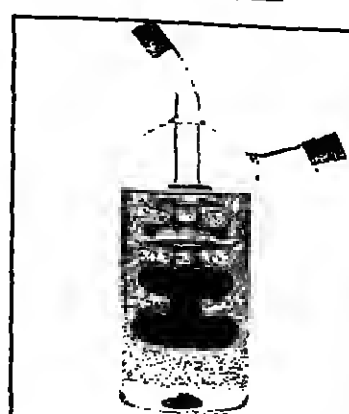
OUT WITH THE OLD

THE CHANCES of you splashing out on someone and giving them a bottle of bubbly - bath that is - are probably pretty high. To make sure your offerings are squeaky clean try getting them this body-care gift box from Next. Available for £16.99 by mail order on 0945 100500, or directly from Next stores, the shiny silver box contains bath essence, shower gel, moisturiser, soap and a squidgy sponge...



IN WITH THE NEW

...or you could get them a bubbly bottle instead with this dual purpose oil and vinegar jar from the General Trading Company (0171-730 0411). The small bottles cost £21.50, the large ones £41.50, and they are the perfect for people who eat at The River Café - or for style junkies who want to make it look like they eat there. To really show off its bubbles, you can fill it with extra virgin olive oil and balsamic vinegar.



I WANT... TO PLAY GAMES

Get a (virtual) life

As a teenager, I nearly flunked university. Neither drink nor drugs dragged me to the edge of the academic abyss. No, my addiction was for a prehistoric, tinnitus-inducing spaceship game on a clapped-out old Commodore home computer. Ever since, I've been of the opinion that electronic games can seriously damage your personality. This week, I was given two sobering reminders that, although I never became a fully-fledged computer game geek, I could have been a contender.

The first was the sight of a suit standing outside a backstreet computer-games shop, mobile phone pressed to his ear, eyes extended farther from his sockets than Jim Carrey's peepers in *The Mask*. The young man was using his hot-spot technology to relay to a third party what Japan's rarest, newest import, the Sega Dreamcast, looked like in the Besh. Had I not stared his field of vision, I would have thought he was describing Jennifer Lopez as he spied through the keyhole of her dressing-room door.

The second was in a near-empty arcade in mid-afternoon. At the back of the room, a vampiric thirty-something was fumbling his way through a World Cup tie. Despite his obvious incompetence, his team, England, were beating Colombia 2-0. Why? Because rather than taking on the computer in a one-player game, he had paid for the two-player option to ensure that he would win. When the occasion demanded, he would switch sides to the opposition, so as to be able to pass the ball back to himself.

Let this be a warning: electronic games are insidious. If you put them on your Christmas list, then you are asking for eternal damnation. Or at the very least a horrible, hollow feeling when you realise that you've just spent two hours trying to work out how to get a cartoon dragon to climb a set of stairs without being bashed by an ugly cavewoman with a big club.

THE BIG-KID PLAYTHING

Name: Nintendo Game Boy Color.

Price: £59.99.

Stockists: 01703 653377.

Bluffer specs: 8-bit processor; 256x256 pixel colour display; 32,000 colour palette (up to 56 at one time); 78x135x27mm. Description: It's nearly 10 years old, there are about 60 million of them in the world, and over half of them have a Tetris game plugged into them right now. So why the furore over the new Technicolor wonderkind? Primarily because this fat Boy is equipped to take the following attachments.

Accessories: Game Boy Camera (£39.99) and Game Boy Printer (£39.99). Japanese kids have gone ape for post-modern photo booths which spew out tiny Technicolour photo stickers. Nintendo have created a mobile equivalent, although currently they only print in black and white. And without the fancy picture frames. Watch this space long enough, however, and I'm sure Nintendo will take the idea to its logical, full-colour conclusion. Suitable for: Robin Williams fans. And their kids.

Style rating: ★★★★★

Games: Of course, there's a colour Tetris, but the one that has rocked the East is

Pokemon (and its Pikachu offspring), a pocket monster game owing its success to the craze for virtual pets. Personally, I'm rather more interested in discovering whether or not the anal probe that aliens used on Cartman will be making another appearance in the forthcoming South Park game.

Any other hardware worth considering? Already being imported from Japan is SNK's Neo Geo Pocket (plus point: 16-bit CPU; control stick; compatibility with Sega's Dreamcast. Minus point: monochrome screen). On the horizon is Bandai's WonderSwan (plus points: 30-hour life from one AA battery; 16-bit CPU; stereo sound; cheapness - it should eventually retail for around £25. Minus point: monochrome screen). Sony are also getting in with the PocketStation - a miniature PDA (Personal Digital Assistant) which plugs into the PlayStation or can be used as a stand-alone micro games machine. It will be released officially in the UK in the middle of next year.

THE COUCH-POTATO FLYBOY

Name: Microprose Falcon 4.0.

Price: £39.99.

Stockists: 01454 893893.

Description: You can't buy Falcon 4.0 in China. Hardly surprising really, considering this is a flight simulation PC game in the hot seat of an American F-16 fighter plane as a virtual war unfurls across Korea. The realism of the dogfights - the game was pilot-tested by real Air Force veterans - is matched by the quality of the graphics and the ingenuity of the rolling-time frame. Your actions directly effect the denouement of the overall campaign, making the possible permutations of the game virtually infinite. And if you want to see what would happen should you decide to go for some R&R in Seoul, just leave the game running on auto-pilot on your PC over the weekend. Be warned, though, you may return from the pub or restaurant to discover that you no longer have a country to defend.

Suitable for: Sweaty-palmed pilots. Style rating: ★★ (war's not that cool!) Accessories: To play this game to the best of its capacity, Microprose recommend the following set-up: a Gateway P2450 PC (around £1,500, stockists 0800 172000), and Voodoo2 3D accelerator card from STB Blackmagic (£199, 01753 212600 for stockists), plus Thrustmaster's F16 FLCS flight control system, and F16 throttle quadrant system (£130 each or £240 for both. Stockists: 0118 978 7087). Any other PC flying games worth considering? Loads: Nova Logic's F16 Multirole Fighter (£49.99, stockists 0171 465 1777), Electronic Arts' Israeli Air Force (£39.99, 01753 549442), and Virgin Interactive's F-18 Aggressor (£39.99, 0171-368 2255).

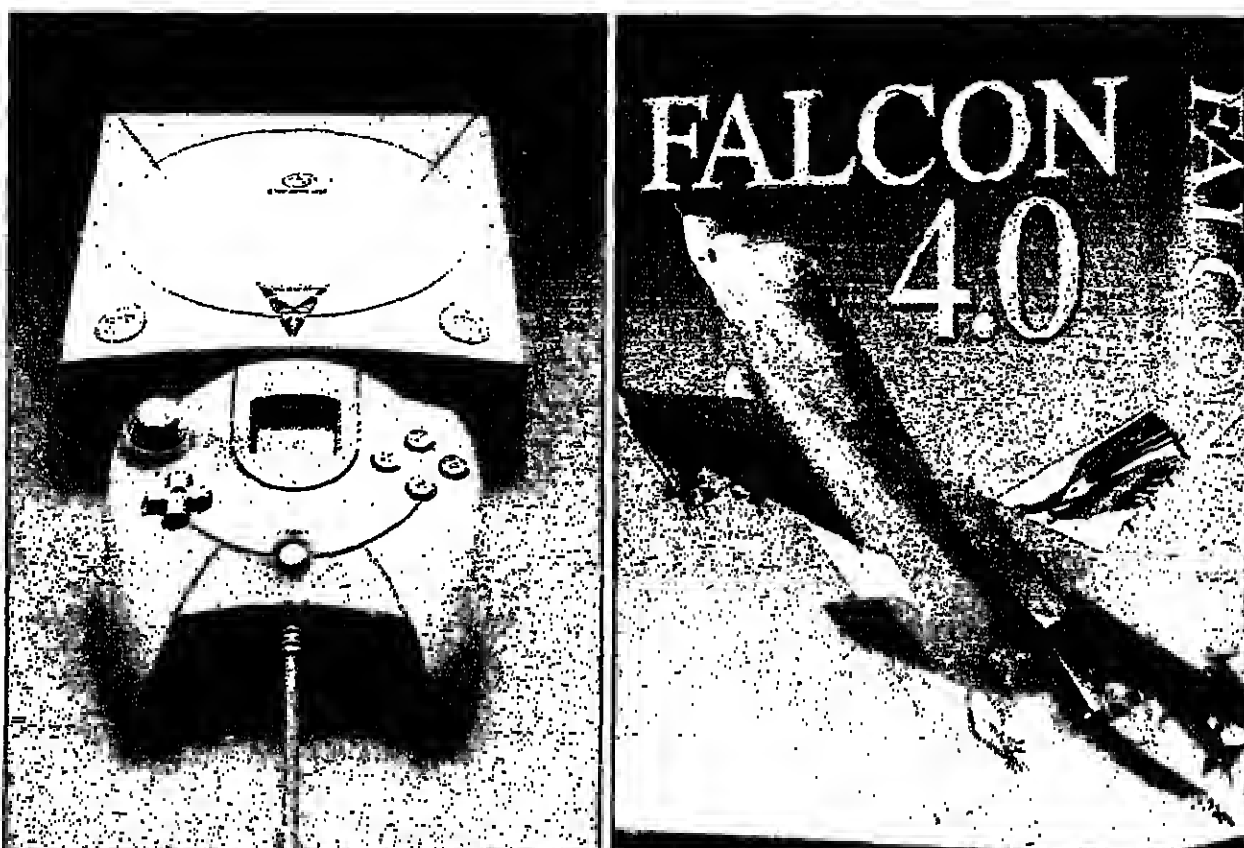
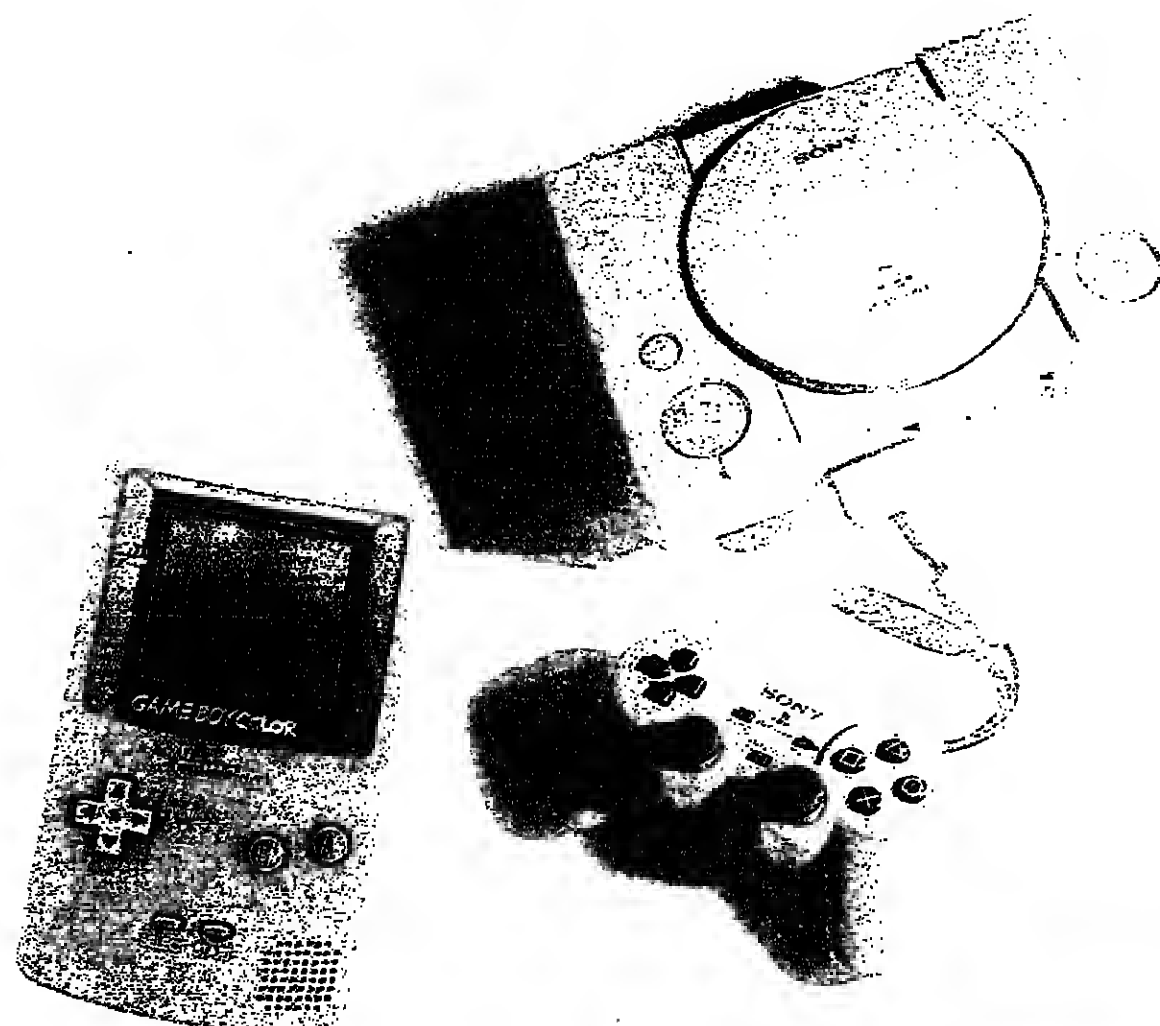
THE HIGH-STREET WARRIORS

Name: Nintendo 64 v Sony PlayStation.

Price: Both cost just under £100 each.

Stockists: Almost everywhere.

Description: Nintendo 64 has been under the cosh in the UK from Sony PlayStation for too long. The latter model is sadder to look at, uses the ubiquitous CD disc, rather than a chunky retro-looking cartridge, and had the exclusive double whammy of Lara Croft, a virtual vixen to turn the head of



Clockwise from top left: Nintendo Game Boy Color, Sony Playstation, Microprose Falcon 4.0, Nintendo 64

even the most stalwart of Nintendo diehards. Yet James Bond's Golden Eye seems to have marked a change of fortune for the company, and in the run-up to Christmas, Nintendo's games have been consistently excellent - the company's software designers seem to be realising the full capabilities of the machine at a time when PlayStation seems to have hit a plateau. The difference seems most acute on the latest snowboarding releases: the PlayStation's CoolBoarders 3 (£34.99) gets whitewashed by Nintendo's 1080° (£39.99).

Suitable for: Anyone who doesn't risk flunking their exams or losing their jobs by becoming addicted. Style rating: ★★★★★ Games: Nintendo's Golden Eye remains an impressive incentive to buy, and F1 World Grand Prix (£39.99) comes as close to sitting in Michael Schumacher's hot seat as you'd wish, but the game that looks most likely to capture the wallets this Christmas is Legend of Zelda: Ocarina of Time, a cinematic fantasy starring the elfin adventurer Link.

Any others worth considering? There are still some new games worth investing in for the PlayStation. The cuddly Spyro The Dragon (£24.99) is infuriatingly irresistible, and old school Asteroids fans may be delighted by its rebirth in colour. The hype will inevitably swing back Sony's way next year, when Metal Gear

Solid is released. Currently available in Japan and the US (for around £80), the double-disc game is the darkest, most ingenious third-person adventure game ever. Or do you know any other shoot-'em-ups where you can fake your own death with ketchup to get past guards rather than mindlessly blast them?

THE NEW-TECH OBSSIVE

Name: Sega Dreamcast.

Price: £375 up on import (it's worth checking around. In one place I checked, prices dropped from £599 to £399 in just 46 hours!).

Stockists: Various games shops (inc. Computer Exchange, London: call 0171-636 2666).

Description: Sega's follow up to the marketing flop that was the Saturn is not due here until late next year but "grey" Japanese imports are already in the shops. What makes the Dreamcast so special that you must have it now? Well, apart from the impressive specs below, Sega have cleverly attempted to capitalise on the success of virtual pets and Game Boys by producing a special memory-card system (VMS) with its own screen and mini controls. This will allow you to play your games (or at least small parts of them) on the move. The Japanese and US models also come with a modem socket for connection to a special Sega sight on the Internet, although this may not be a

feature of the British models when they are officially released here.

Bluffer specs: 128-bit (i.e. twice that of Nintendo 64); 1.5 million shaded polygons per second (more than 30 times those of PlayStation and N64 - this even beats many arcade games); 1Gb CD software (nearly twice that of conventional CDs). Suitable for: Rich geeks. And their dads, of course.

Style rating: ★★★★★

Accessories: Special edition VMS will be available (a Godzilla one came out in Japan before the rest of the system, £25); there is a chunky arcade stick console with lime-green knobs on (£79.99); other accessories will include special steering wheels and a keyboard for Internet access. Games: Japanese games that have already filtered through include Godzilla Generations, Pen Pen Triclon and Virtua Fighter 3TB (prices range up to as much as £99.99).

Any others worth considering? Well, some perverse people still swear by the Sega Saturn (which did rather better in the East than it did the UK), but investing in the archaic machines seems a bit pointless, to say the least. Especially when Sony are already working on a new generation PlayStation, due out at the turn of the millennium.

SHAUN PHILLIPS, DEPUTY EDITOR, 'ZM' MAGAZINE

IF I WIN THE LOTTERY TONIGHT...

GARY STRIVENS, RESTAURATEUR



THE FIRST thing I would ask myself is what sort of win have I enjoyed. To be sharing £5m between, say, six of you is a totally different proposition to winning £5m outright. Let's be positive and say that I've won the Lottery outright - it might even be a rollover.

Being a sensible chap, I would pay off the mortgage, clear my overdraft, reduce my credit card balances to zero and, in the short term at least, put a big smile on my bank manager's face by depositing the whole lot in my local bank account.

Being a philanthropic type of chap, I would put aside a generous amount for a number of charities, for which I have a great deal of respect: Save the Children and The Omerod School at Oxford, which does fantastic work with physically and mentally handicapped kids, to name just two.

I'd then purchase the dream midnight-blue Aston Martin convertible and replenish my wardrobe with beautifully made shirts - a passion of mine.

Something I've never been able to contemplate acquiring but would love to collect is Impressionist art. A Monet would be fantastic - if it could ever be taken out of the bank vault that is.

Realistically I couldn't just give up my job because I need the stimulation and enjoy the challenges that running a group of restaurants brings. I have, though, always yearned to travel; not taking a year out was a big mistake. A few months out and about would be good - preferably involving trekking and backpacking in the Himalayas. It would be relaxing and invigorating, a perfect way to find out something about myself and to recharge my batteries for whatever direction I choose to go in, post-expedition.

First though: a colossal fireworks party - to go with a bang. My eight-year-old son, Henry, would push the button that sets it off - he would love that. Then I'd buy myself a violin, which would perhaps be the biggest benefit of winning the Lottery. It provokes the thought that Lottery win or not, I can still go trekking, (as long as the love of my life will come with me), and fulfil my dream. The violin would still be put to good use, of course, paying for our keep.

Beyond that - who knows, a restaurant or bar somewhere hot, in Europe perhaps. I'd like to be the convivial *maitre d'* of a bustling hostelry. If there is one thing I find really hard to come to terms with here in England, it is the appalling weather we constantly endure. It never ceases to amaze me how regularly we manage to achieve new records, he it for the wettest, coldest or least number of sunshine hours.

Gary Strivens runs the Browns restaurant chain. A new branch opens in Edinburgh on Thursday.

Interview by Diona Gregory

CHECK IT OUT

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

MAYBE YOU'VE scoured Oxford Street, harried the crowds in Covent Garden and fought with the best of them in Knightsbridge to find that elusive Christmas present. But have you been to "The Ends of the Earth"?

The photographic exhibition of this name, which opened on Thursday at London's Atlas Studio Gallery, includes a range of global 19th- and early-20th-century vintage travel and explorative photography, and would seem a good place to start your shopping for something a bit different.

Ben Burdett, the exhibition organiser, is hoping that the displays will appeal to those people for whom the recent interest in vintage photography has become a passion. "This is a unique selling exhibition with a broad range of scenic, cultural and architectural pictures.

"We've recently finished a showcase of Edward S Curtis works, and edited highlights of this will be available."

Some of the rare pictures the exhibition boasts are prints of Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition to the Antarctic, as well as some of the earliest photographs ever taken of Mount Everest, and even a shot of *The Endurance*.

Maori Embrace looks set to be a particular favourite. A 19th-century albumen print by the Foy brothers, this intimate shot of a Maori man and woman shrouded by an exotic blanket is just one of the extensive Australasian pictures.

Should you desire something a little less cuddly this Christmas, then Shepherd and Robertson's print from India, *Snake Charmers*, will certainly grab the recipient's rapt attention.

All the photographs are available for purchase, and prices range from £80 for an evocative 19th-century albumen print of the Egyptian Ruins by Antoine Beato, to £3,200 for a portrait of the explorer Edward Wilson - taken just before he set off for the South Pole, and captured in

silver gelatin print by Herbert G Ponting.

For those plagued by indecision, or who merely want to browse, viewing appointments are available with Ben Burdett and his colleagues.

Take their advice on portraits of Chinese, Japanese, Nepalese and Thai noblemen and women; and their guidance on rare views of Tibet, the Middle East and the Americas.

Fortunately for Christmas shoppers, you don't have to be so intrepid to find the Atlas Studio Gallery. Hop on the London Underground to Old Street station, and stroll out through exit number four.

LOUISA CLARKE

The Ends of the Earth exhibition runs to 15 January, at the Atlas Studio Gallery, Atlas Books, 55-57 Tottenham Court Road, London EC2 (call 0171-490 4540 for a detailed listing of the exhibits). Opening hours are Mon-Fri from 10am-5pm, and Sat from noon to 5pm.



The popular 'Maori Embrace', above, and two less cuddly photographs, right, that will be for sale at the Atlas Gallery



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هكذا من الراحل

A home as safe as houses

The demand for sophisticated, safe and spacious retirement homes is on the increase.

By Penny Jackson

If there is one subject easy to find people to talk to about, you would think it would be retirement. But when researchers recently contacted several hundred people on a list of those considering buying a retirement home, the vast majority of them were either travelling, or busy juggling full schedules.

The conclusion drawn by English Courtyard, the upmarket retirement-home specialist which did the research, was that retirement seems to mean taking on a consultancy, spending several months abroad, or five hours a day on a golf course. Still, a great many people want to be prepared for declining health.

Couples often want to get rid of the large family house, but don't like to think that the next move they make will be the last. They want independence, but with the fall-back of a warden on site in an emergency.

In 1982, there were only 2,500 private sheltered units in existence in the UK. Today, that figure stands at 90,000, and since the over-55s account for two-fifths of the country's wealth, they are proving to be a demanding market.

It is no longer possible, as it was in the Eighties, for developers to produce small, box-like homes for the elderly and expect them to sell. Now, the key is space and the more American notion of "service".

the problems and practicalities of running a home can be passed on to someone else - albeit at a price.

Increasingly, the service offered to people buying in the grounds of a nursing home is becoming more popular and widespread. "Close care" is similar to sheltered housing, but with the bonus of nursing care either at home or in the main house. Its greatest appeal is that the elderly stand a good chance of staying in their own homes for the rest of their lives.

Gwyneth Hodgson, now 84, moved into her flat in the grounds of Hays House, near Shaftesbury, Dorset, when she began to find the upkeep of her house and garden too much. "I didn't want to be a burden on my son, nor did I want to bother friends. When I cut my leg one day, I pressed a button and a nurse arrived at once. I wanted to stay in the area, and this is the perfect answer. I have my dog with me, which is important because I could never live without an animal, and some places don't allow them."

Many people, unused to living so closely with others, regard the prospect with some trepidation, and Mrs Hodgson admits that she likes being alone. "I look out over fields. If it were practical, I would live in a remote country spot, but this is a fair compromise. Most of us are widows and we don't mix a great deal. But there is a residents' restaurant if we do want to have lunch together or entertain."

Mrs Hodgson bought her flat from Park Healthcare on a 125-year lease. The annual service charge is £2,657, but this does not cover nursing care. The company is currently selling its latest



Gwyneth Hodgson: 'I didn't want to be a burden on my son, and I can have my dog with me'

John Lawrence

development, set in the grounds of Elliscombe House, near Wincanton, Somerset. The unusually spacious eight two-bedroom apartments and two three-bedroom gatehouses are for sale from £169,500 to £189,500, with an additional service charge of £2,800.

Service charges are the area most buyers are warned to check out thoroughly. Some offer a minimum of maintenance and warden cover, while others will reflect a ritzy hierarchy of reception staff and services that people may well not use. The cost of running a swimming pool, for instance, may not be justified for an underused facility.

In its research, English Courtyard found that buyers felt some developers did not always disclose the full extent of service charge, and worried about the escalation of such costs.

Calls to Help the Aged on the subject were an important factor in the charity setting up its own Property Services, a commercial arm of the main campaigning body that was created a year ago.

The charity now has 6,000 buyers registered with it, and a nationwide list of retirement homes.

Among any group of buyers in this sector, there will always be a "reluctant" proportion - those who will mentally tough it out, even as they become physically more fragile. Godfrey Winterson, of

There is some comfort to be taken from the resale value of good retirement properties

Hamptons International, had to work hard to persuade his mother to give up the struggle of living alone. "After a fourth fall, she started going downhill rapidly. She would not have lasted six months on her own. Now, she goes out at least three times a week and likes to have friends to stay."

"The other options we considered were nursing care of £750 a week, or an establishment where she was going to be cared for 24 hours a day at a cost of £3,000 a month. How many years can people afford that?" asks Winterson. A flat with a warden outside a main centre, on the other hand, could be bought for £60,000, which might leave money over for supply nurses or other forms of care.

Even the thought of moving is daunting for some. McCarthy & Stone, the largest developer of retirement properties in Britain, finds that a third of its buyers use the part-exchange scheme, often for the convenience of not having potential buyers traipsing around their homes.

The company has also noticed the growing popularity of city-centre locations where everything is on tap. In Bath, it has seen a record number of enquiries for its canalside development. Close care is not easy to find in cities but, for example, the Kensington office of John D Wood has a two-bedroom apartment for sale, for

£250,000, at Chertwell House, which has a nursing home attached and is one of a number owned by the Goldsbrough Estates, part of Bupa. The service charges start at £117.79 a week. In Richmond, Surrey, meanwhile, Bovis Retirement Homes has just completed Fullerton Court, described as "very sheltered living", where service charges are £4,550 a year.

There is some comfort to be taken from the resale values of good retirement properties. English Courtyard says it has beaten the nationwide indices over the past 10 years, and the property has had an annual increase of 5.69 per cent. As the population ages, this is one sector where growth must surely be guaranteed.

English Courtyard: 0171-937 4511; Help the Aged Property Services: 0800 592605; McCarthy & Stone: 0800 919132; Hays House and Elliscombe Park through the Walton Partnership: 01747 852242; Fullerton Court: 0181-977 1021; Chertwell House (John D Wood): 0171-727 0705

STEPPING STONES

ONE WOMAN'S PROPERTY STORY



Mother Cathy and child Phil Meech

CATHY O'FARRELL has bought three properties since 1985. She now lives with her husband and children in a three-bedroom house in St Margarets, west London.

In 1985, Cathy tired of renting in Fulham and was keen to buy, although her parents, who are from the North, thought she should wait. She persuaded them that buying was a good move, and went for a £30,000 studio flat in Acton, west London. The studio had one large room: "It was the only way I could get on the property ladder," admits Cathy, but she liked living close to friends and work.

In 1988 she sold for £51,500 and was pleased with her profit, but she believes a Fulham purchase would have yielded more. This didn't deter her from buying, again in Acton, a ground-floor one-bedroom flat with garage, for £53,500. It needed substantial work: "The owners had kept an Alsatian dog, and the interior was pretty disgusting." With family help, Cathy transformed the dirty property into "a great flat".

Eighteen months later, Cathy met her fiancé and they decided to buy together. In 1990, the flat sold within a week for £62,000 and the couple bought a two-bedroom Victorian cottage nearby for £110,000, again in Acton. They chose the house for its "warm and cosy feel" but on completion were disappointed with its "dated" appearance without furniture.

The house was soon cosy again and Cathy and her husband spent five happy years there before wanting something bigger and further out west. They focused their search on just two roads in St Margarets. In 1995 they sold for £113,000 and found an ideal house but pulled out days before exchanging contracts: "There was movement, and we were advised against it."

Unwilling to lose their sale, the O'Farrells rented a flat in Kew for six months while they looked again, now in just one road. A house came on for £182,000, "the top end of what we could afford", which they bought. Cathy found herself pregnant with their first child weeks after moving in, but the three-bedroom house, in a good school catchment area, is ideal and because of its situation is currently thought to be worth as much as £300,000. The agents, Chase Buchanan, say: "It is a popular area. Nearby Richmond is more 'in your face', while St Margarets is quieter. Cathy's road is in a tight catchment area and several people chasing one house adds to prices."

GINETTA VEDRICKAS

THOSE MOVES IN BRIEF

1985 - bought studio flat for £30,000, sold for £51,500.
1988 - bought one-bedroom flat for £53,500, sold for £62,000.
1990 - bought two-bedroom cottage for £110,000, sold for £113,000 in 1995.
1996 - bought 3-bedroom house for £182,000, now worth £300,000.

If you would like your moves to be featured write to: Nic Cicutt, Stepping Stones, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. £100 will be awarded for the best story

If you prick them, estate agents bleed

It may be hard to believe, but the people who sell houses really are people. Just like you and me. By Ginetta Vedrickas

ESTATE AGENT, negotiator, bespoke property consultant. Call him what you will, but who is the man with the shiny car and sometimes shiny suit? Two London agents let us glimpse the personalities behind the pitch.

Richard

Richard Lee's day starts at around 8.30am, when he drives from his home in Beckenham to Acorn's Peckham branch. Eschewing ostentation, Lee steps modestly from his Ford Escort on to his patch, which he describes as "colourful and holding many challenges". After coffee, completions immediately take priority: "We always make sure the keys are here, you don't want the big day going wrong." What follows is less predictable: "Every day is different and when it's busy you go with it."

Who are Lee's clients? "It's hard to stereotype. You've got people who have lived here all their lives and who love it, people who can't wait to leave and get to the coast, and young people coming here because of the prices."

With three bedroom Victorian terraces costing around £100,000, and the centre of town a bus ride away, Peckham must be London's bargain basement, although Lee says: "Affordability is on the way out - the area can't stay cheap forever."

His hours are long and Lee admits: "You couldn't do this job just for the money, you've got to enjoy it." His rewards may not be financial, but, "There's a certain satisfaction from selling properties which have lain in the drawer for three months."

Clients often form fond attachments with agents, but relationships inevitably sour as frustrations arise. "You're dealing with someone's most valuable asset, so they are bound to get upset. You must like people and not be brash or horrible. They want you to be honest."

Has he missed his vocation as a priest or a psychotherapist? "It sounds sad, but I've always wanted to be an estate agent." He sees no difference in working in more expensive areas, and is as satisfied selling a £50,000 flat as a £1m property which, although rare indeed in

Peckham, doesn't lure him to more salubrious surroundings.

David

On the other side of town, where price tags are closer to £500,000 than £50,000, works David Jackson. He occasionally strays into Richard's territory, but is more familiar with the cutting edge of property development in Soho, Clerkenwell or Kings Cross, sourcing buildings for his company, Pilcher Hershman.

Pilcher Hershman markets itself as a "bespoke property consultancy" rather than estate agency. Jackson, a partner in the firm, is not ashamed of the latter: "I didn't have the ability to be an architect but then I had no aspirations to be an estate agent either." He began as an office junior 10 years ago, and credits the "amazing chemistry" between himself and partner David Rosen for his personal and company success.

Jackson's day is as varied as Richard's. Leaving the sanctity of his lily-white office, he trawls grey streets searching out "untouched



David - not so much an estate agent as a "bespoke property agent"

Nicola Kurtz

pockets where most people don't go. What drives him? "It's all about creativity. You must have ability to spot potential in a tired old building."

The daily grind is a chore for most, but Jackson's love of architecture has him seizing the day: "I jump out of bed every morning with a desire to get going, and I never feel like I'm really working."

Accolades don't stop the partners from being "hands-on", and who wouldn't with a client list like M&C Saatchi, Paul Smith and Diesel on the commercial side, and Clive Sin-

clair and David Bailey on the residential? "They come through word of mouth and expect us to be involved. We don't delegate or use computer printouts of buildings' square footage," adds Jackson.

Life at the top has advantages, but while Jackson drives a Mercedes he hates to brag: "You see programmes about flash estate agents, but that's not me at all; I go about work in a quiet way." But he will admit to long Clerkeowell lunches in the company of the capital's hottest architects.

A passionate man, Jackson has

many "finest career moments", but points out that he prefers "contributing in some cultural way" rather than collecting hefty fees. Finding premises for the Soho Theatre Company was perhaps his highest point, although it was a tortuous and uncertain process.

Jackson found the site, an ex-synagogue in Dean Street, but the building was sold before Lottery funding was agreed. Eighteen months of lengthy negotiation finally saw Pilcher Hershman succeed in buying the synagogue and trans-

forming it, with architects Paxton Locher, into a theatre and residential units, including a £1.2m penthouse: "We didn't give up - I'm really proud it happened."

Evening could find Jackson socialising with clients, and he'll attend any Soho Theatre opening. Afterwards his Mercedes whisks him to his family home in Hertfordshire. Ever the salesman, he comments: "It's not a loft, but that doesn't mean they're unsuitable for children."

Back in Peckham, Richard Lee's Ford Escort heads home.

10/PROPERTY

HOT SPOT
BIRMINGHAM

Breaking out of the Bull Ring



Birmingham will soon be blessed with its own example of the latest trend in modern architecture: buildings that are inspired by bagels.

In Paris, La Défense is a massive rectangular office building minus most of its middle. Birmingham's version will have a more modest hole.

Currently a postal sorting office, the redeveloped building will have a large gap through the centre, leading to a multi-level promenade sporting all of the following: open-air restaurants and shops alongside a canal. Called the Mailbox, it will contain offices, retail outlets, leisure facilities, restaurants, a hotel and 140 flats. Crosby Homes has bought the air rights, so the apartments will be on the upper levels and will consist of roof-garden flats and penthouses.

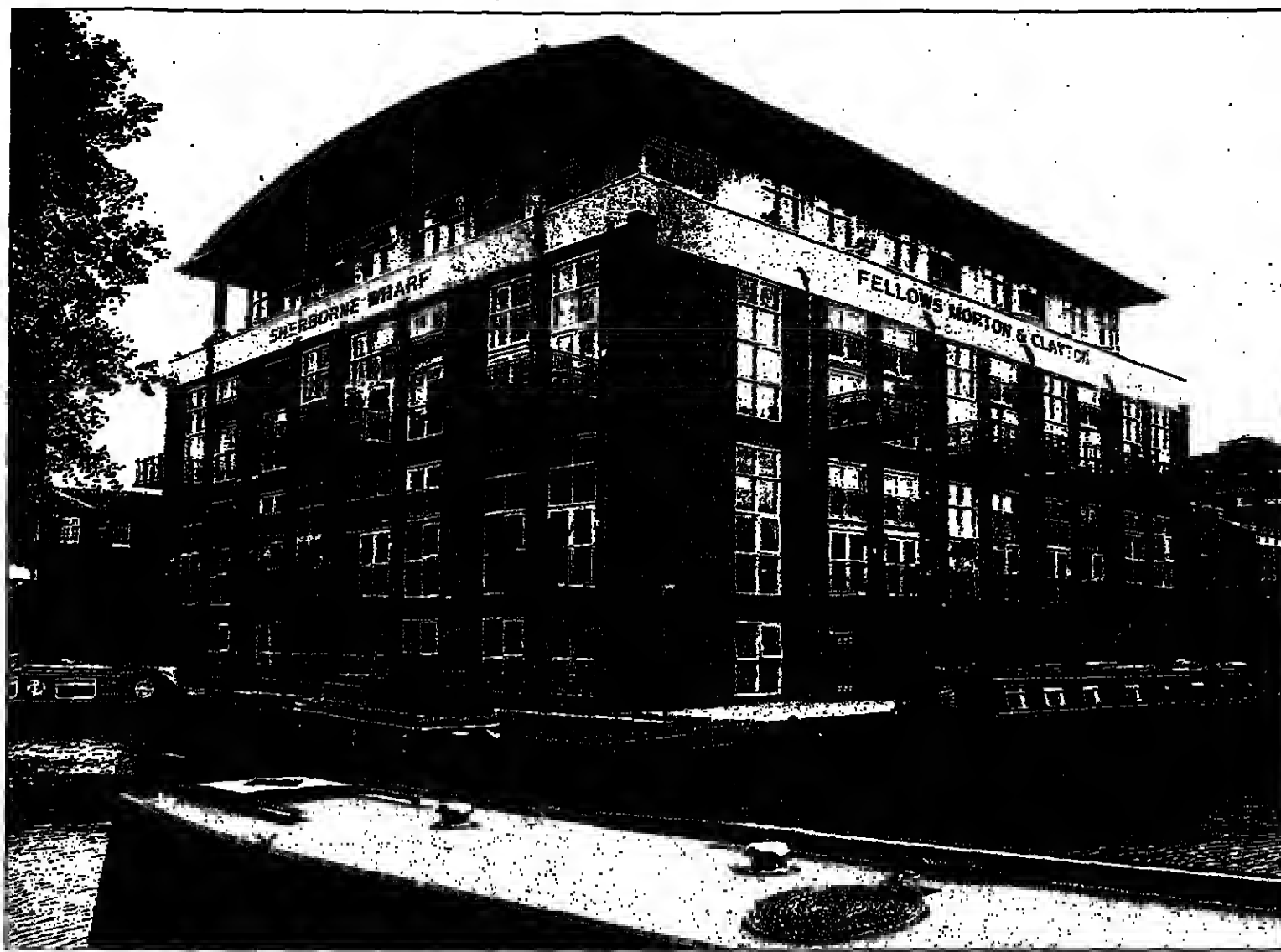
The Mailbox is part of a larger wave of projects in which offices and retail outlets are being constructed alongside residential developments. Former office buildings and warehouses are being put to new, glossy uses. The Britannia, which is soon to open, is a crescent-shaped art deco building containing more than 100 luxury flats, including seven penthouses. Seven fitted apartments and 12 shells remain in the Millennium development. In addition, a 50-storey mixed-used tower is also planned.

Birmingham has warned to city-centre living. Sherborne Wharf, a canal-side warehouse containing large shell apartments and triplex penthouses, has one remaining unit. Symphony Court is a large Dutch-style development of flats and town houses near Symphony Hall.

"The appeal is not just to young first-timers but also to middle-aged and retired buyers, who like being close to the various facilities," says Andrew Spittle, of Robert Powell estate agents. Recent vendors have enjoyed profits of 25 per cent and more over the last year and a half.

"Five to 10 years ago Birmingham was dead," says Mr. Spittle. "Now cinemas, restaurants, interesting bars and shops have arrived, and it is a good and interesting and exciting place to live in."

Birmingham's two convention centres, its indoor arena and major commercial projects such as Brindley place, Britain's largest mixed-use development, provide an infrastructure that is being reinforced by major new developments, including the refurbishment of the Sixties Bull Ring shopping centre. Martineau Galleries will provide modern space for department stores, shops, cinemas, and health and leisure facilities.



Life is suite... Sherborne Wharf, a prime example of the rehabilitation of Birmingham's city centre

More and better shopping is long overdue: "Birmingham is second in population but ranks seventh in retail provision. Milan is Italy's second city, and it is a shopper's paradise," says corporate affairs director Christopher Smith, of the Bull Ring developer, Hammerson.

America's second city, Chicago, is architecturally outstanding. Birmingham may soon emulate the considerable strengths of both Chicago and Milan.

ROBERT LIEBMAN

THE LOW-DOWN

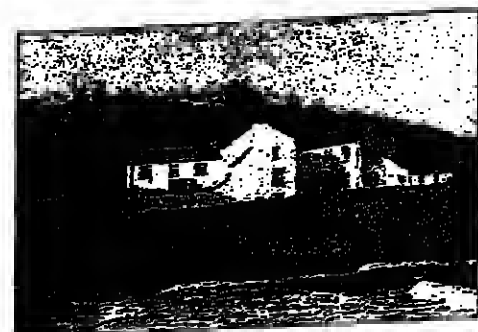
Transport: Birmingham has four motorways, one international airport, and intercity rail services. A tram service between Birmingham, West Bromwich and Wolverhampton is scheduled to begin in January.

Prices: Birmingham prices average less than half those of London. Robert Powell has one-bedroom and two-bedroom flats just below and above £40,000. One-bedroom flats in Symphony Court sell for about £150,000. Serviced flats are handled by Knight Frank, whose partner, David Fenton, says: "Birmingham's property market is not yet mature and has a ceiling. It is difficult to achieve prices in the early £300,000s."

Suburbs: In Edgbaston, Solihull, Sutton Coldfield, Harborne and other surrounding areas, large family homes can sell for as much as £850,000, but five-bedroom detached period homes on large plots are available in the £250,000-£300,000 range.

Council tax: For 1998/99, Band A is £564, Band H is £1,592. Band A comprises 165,000 properties, whereas Band H contains only 772. **Nautical but nice:** The National Sea Life Centre has more than 3,000 funny inmates, some of which, says its bunt, are "in a 360-degree transparent underwater tunnel which allows you to stand suspended while sharks, stingrays and other creatures swim above you, around you and even underneath you."

Chocolate: When George Cadbury started producing chocolate in Birmingham in 1824, it was considered an aphrodisiac and so not appropriate for ladies. **Balti more:** The spicy aromatic Kashmiri dish is a Birmingham speciality in over 100 restaurants. **Attractions:** Markets of all kinds (Rag Market, New Market, Bull Ring indoor market and open markets), music of all kinds (a noted symphony orchestra; many pop and rock venues, museums, top schools and recreation areas. **Estate Agents:** Knight Frank (the Mailbox) 0121-236 0777; Robert Powell & Co 0121-454 6930.

THREE TO VIEW
WITH A DIFFERENCE

IT IS possible to fish from the garden of 1 Fort Cottage at high tide, which is useful if you run out of ideas for dinner. The white-painted semi-detached 17th-century cottage in Gorrans Haven, Cornwall, has a 53ft water frontage and overlooks the beach and harbour. Houses in this position rarely come up for sale, so the agents expect a rush of viewers. The sitting-room of this grade II listed three-bedroom property near St Austell has views over the sea from the bay window, and a listed chimney. There is a cellar area under the house and access across a path which leads to the steps down to the beach. £135,000 through GA (01726 63371).



WITH HARDLY a square foot of London left undeveloped, builders have had to be enterprising with what land they could get. Hence Lissenden Mansions in NW5, a triangular, period three-storey house squeezed into a corner of Lissenden Gardens. The reception room - 13ft 8in by 12ft 11in at its widest points - and the kitchen are on the ground floor. There are two bedrooms on the first floor, one with a cast-iron fireplace, and a bedroom and bathroom on the second floor. Evesco the 14ft rear patio is triangular. £225,000 through Winkworth (0171 485 9210).



TO VIEW Nile Cottage, you'll either need a boat or to be a good swimmer. It is on Pharos Island, in the Thames at Shepperton. The garden of the two-storey house runs down to the water and has mooring of around 40ft. Mooring is also available on the mainland for a small launch, used for ferrying back and forth to the island. The cottage has three bedrooms, all en suite, a 19ft 1in by 13ft 2in sitting room, and a conservatory. £249,950 through Curchods (01932 230633).

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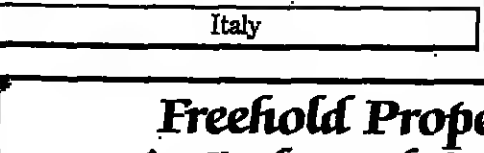
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WEEKEND REVIEW

COMMENT • ARTS & LOOKS • COUNTRY & GARDEN • TRAVEL

WHY WE STILL THINK ROD IS SEXY

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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE YEAR, PART 2

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IT'S THE SEASON TO PICK HOLLY

GARDENING, PAGE 20

THE COMFORT OF STRANGERS VENICE ALONE

TRAVEL, PAGE 21

Stop making scents

At £280 a bottle, Amouage makes Coco look like any old Charlie. Not many people can afford it. Which is exactly what the makers want. Because if it carried a £2.80 price tag, you couldn't pour it away...

BY ANN TRENEMAN

The Consumers Association has some news for us. Perfume, it says, is overpriced. For every £30 bottle, all of £3 has gone into making the scent itself. About £10 goes on advertising, marketing and packaging. The rest, it seems, is profit. This sounds decadent, outrageous even, but then perfume is decadent. That is the entire point of it. Decadence is a great name for perfume. So is Outrageous. But I doubt that a bottle of something called Sensibly Priced, or perhaps even Reasonable, would be half as desirable.

"The name is the most important thing," says a man named Paul Ferrari, who, I figure, should know. He is the manager of the Calvin Klein counter at Selfridges in London's Oxford Street. It takes up one, smallish corner of the wildly over-decorated perfumery department, but you'd be surprised how much cash can fit into this triangular space. Mr Ferrari says it is a £1m corner. In December alone it can take £250,000. I start to feel heady at the thought. But then I realise that his assistant is spraying some Obsession nearby, and that I am having a fragrance flashback. There's nothing like a dose of Obsession to bring the Thatcher decade back with a vengeance. Through a shoulder-pad haze, I notice that the assistant is ringing up another sale.

So, I ask Mr Ferrari, would anyone want to buy this bottle of Obsession for £3.50? He looks at me strangely. "No, of course not," he says. He says that no one ever asks the price of a perfume until the sale is almost finished. I trust him on this, but then I may just have been taken in. Mr Ferrari has been in perfume for 12 years, but he doesn't look like it. By that I mean that he does not look like a transvestite. I mention this. He tells me that I am out of date, but he knows what I mean. Well, I mean those women with muck-spreader-loads of make-up, hair-helmets, and fingernails that are under contract to the Ministry of Defence.

He corrects me. "No, it was mink coats and Rolex watches and Louis Vuitton bags," he remembers. "If you worked in perfumery, you had

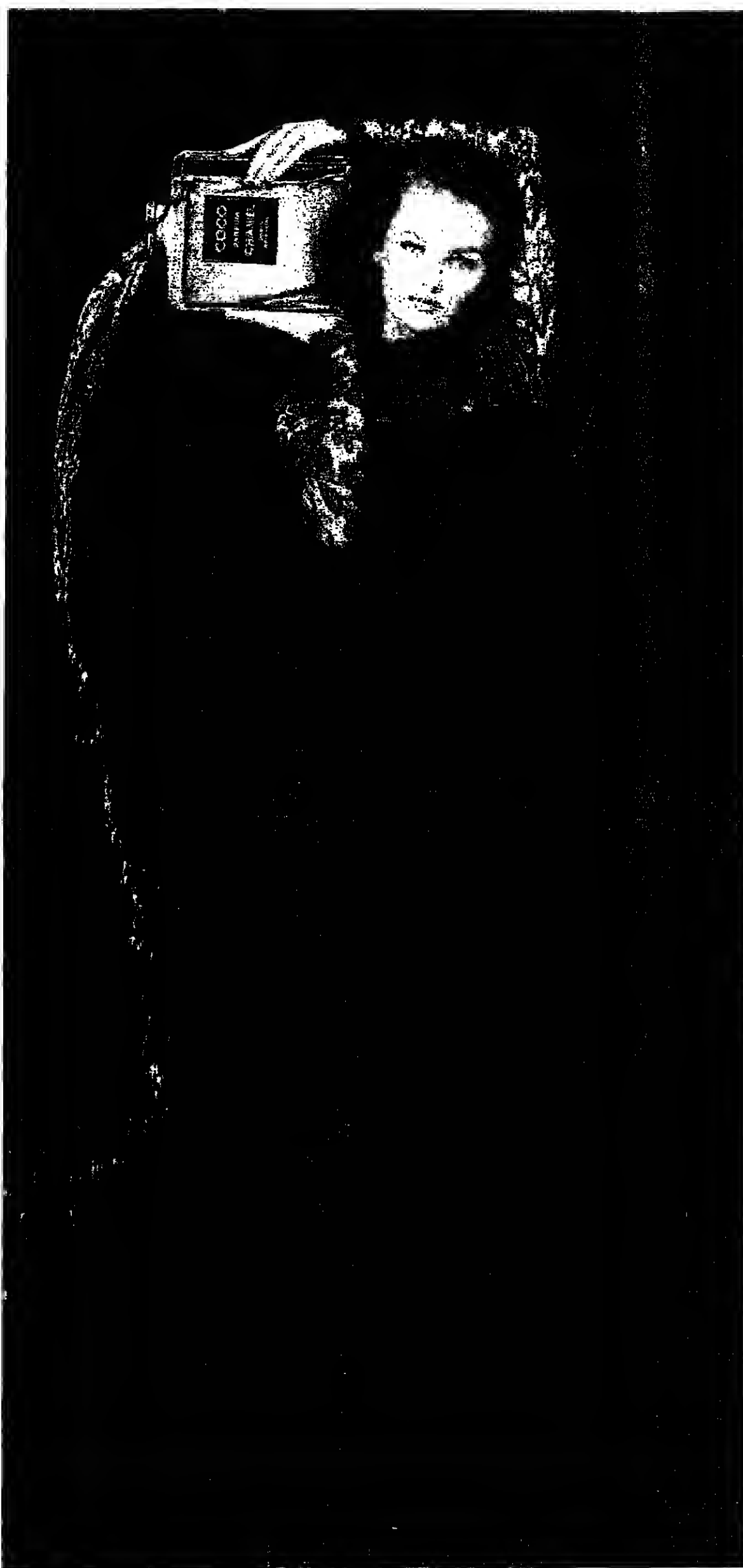
to have the right labels." Now the perfume is the label, of course, and the sales assistants are usually pretty tasteful. Mr Ferrari is looking very urban chic, in matt black. (The exceptions are those poor women working behind the Vivienne Westwood counter, who have to sell the ludicrously named Boudoir while wearing a pair of *toile de Jouy* curtains.)

But I doubt there will ever be a perfume called Tasteful, because few people go to bed dreaming of that. Glamour, seduction, riches, diamonds and lace, yes; tasteful and sensible, no. Perfume is all about wish-fulfilment, but the wish has to be the kind that is almost impossible to achieve. "We call it selling the dream," says Mr Ferrari. The name is the most important thing in this, but packaging is second. This is why women who do not even like the smell of Chanel No 5 want that square glass bottle on their dressing-table. Never mind that they probably wouldn't have even liked Coco Chanel, hard-driven businesswoman and pearl-fanatic that she was.

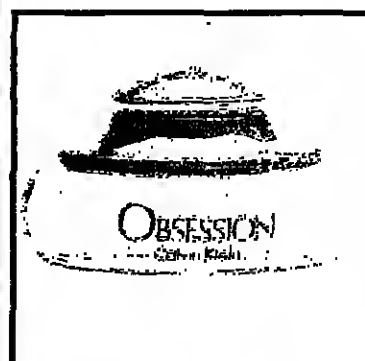
This is a world that likes its reality painted as *trompe-l'oeil*. Coco Chanel was seen to be glamorous. She created a perfume and marketed it as containing a piece of her glamour. It didn't, of course, but only the likes of the Consumers Association might say so out loud. The world has gone along with this myth and it has cost us a lot. But then, you might think that glamour is cheap at £50 a bottle. So what, I ask Mr Ferrari, is the third factor? "The smell," he says. His, by the way, is Eternity.

I ponder this in the taxi on the way to my next perfume counter. By now, I have sprayed my fair share of Boudoir and Contradiction and Chanel and I think people are beginning to notice. "I hope I don't smell," I say to the driver, whose name is Alan Raby. He says that it is not too bad, and tells me about some really smelly people he has had in the back of his cab. It turns out that Mr Raby likes a fresh-smelling cab. So, after every passenger who isn't so fresh, such as a smoker, he sprays a little air-freshener around. It's called Fresh Linen and it costs £2 or so at Marks & Spencer. "You wouldn't believe the number of men

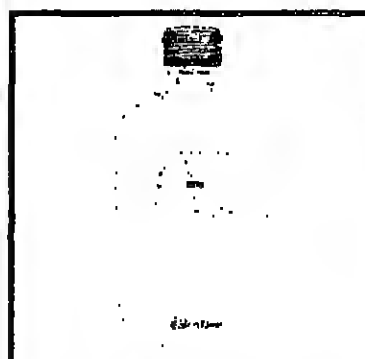
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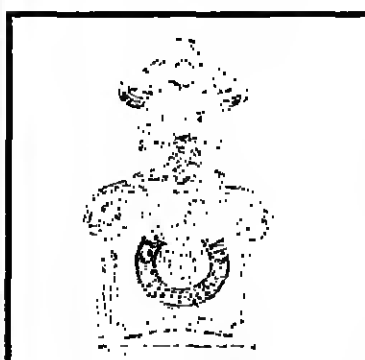
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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E-mail correspondents are asked to give a postal address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity

NHS hard times

Sir: I was surprised Sue Arnold (Comment, 23 November) did not understand the link between upgraded GP premises with elegant furnishings and the cut-price, factory-like day surgery on Dickensian hospital wards that she and her aunt experienced.

The connection is of course the NHS internal market.

GP fundholding transfers money from already underfunded health authorities to some GP practices for them to purchase elective surgery and other clinical services for their patients from hospitals, and to develop their own practices.

GPs are semi-independent contractors to the NHS and usually own their premises, equipment and furniture. Their priorities naturally focus on their own practices and so they demand cut-price services from hospitals so that as much of their funds as possible are spent on primary care.

Capital charges of 6 per cent of NHS trusts' assets based on inflated 1980s property prices were levied annually on all hospital trusts. These were returned to the Department of Health. This "tax" had to be paid out of earnings from GP fundholders and health authorities.

NHS hospital trusts must use "businesslike" methods to provide surgical and medical services to the internal market. Budgets have been balanced by cutting the price of elective surgery to the minimum and by reducing beds. Mixed-ward policies maximise the occupancy of a diminished number of available hospital beds.

Pity Mr Dobson in his forthcoming battles to abolish GP fundholding and to restore NHS hospital nursing. When the New Tories come to power Sue Arnold should get private health insurance. She may have no choice.

Dr HIRAM BADDELEY
Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex

Sir: I heartily endorse many of the comments by the president of the Royal College of Psychiatrists ("Royal

medical colleges "just cosy clubs", 2 December) on the need for the medical royal colleges to stand up and be counted on the question of clinical standards.

I have always believed in professional self-regulation, preferably through critical peer review.

The problem is that the colleges have not been consistent in their approach to issues like regular revalidation through peer review and, even if they had a common position, they do not seem to have teeth to take action against consultants who choose to ignore them.

Perhaps the "teeth" need to be given by the General Medical Council, but the colleges do have to agree and set the speciality standards first. A J VALLANCE-OWEN MBA
FRCS Ed
Group Medical Director
Bupa, London WC1

Sir: I was pleased that your correspondent found the NHS services better than those provided in the Czech Republic, as healthcare spend in the UK is twice as much per head of population (letter, 2 December).

I have patients who are often treated in other parts of the world, and healthcare in France, Germany and America is usually found to be better than in the UK.

Again, this is not surprising as these countries spend at least 50 per cent more per head of population on health than we do. You only get what you pay for.

DR J R LUBIN
London N20

Vivisection truth

Sir: Whether or not Barry Horne is regarded as a martyr - "one who undergoes death or suffering for a great cause" - is a matter of opinion ("Will this man be the first martyr of Middle England's animal rights movement?", 30 November). Campaigning for the abolition of vivisection is a great cause. But his demand for a Royal Commission, as promised by our craven government prior

to the election is, I believe, both legitimate and at the same time unrealistic.

Mr Horne is not "black-mailing" the Government. The Government is betraying the electorate.

This Government would not risk mounting a Royal Commission because of what it would reveal about the pharmaceutical industry. There is big money involved.

I find it sad that the public believes that testing drugs on animals ensures, or helps to ensure, their safety. Animal experiments often mislead researchers and frequently lead to illness or death by failing to predict toxic effects.

A Royal Commission would expose the appalling cost in human and animal suffering caused by the reliance on second-rate research methods, using animals because they are convenient and helpless.

JOAN COURT
Animal Rights, Cambridge

V&A puzzle

Sir: No-one in the media seems to have commented on the fact that the plans for the Libeskind extension ("V&A wins approval for spiral annex", 17 November) completely ignore the colonnade and the wall beside it on Exhibition Road.

This is a Grade I listed monument to the war damage caused by the museum in that place. A plaque has been placed on the wall to commemorate the bombing raids, and the wall has been left deliberately un-repaired so that passers-by can see what damage was caused.

I am interested to know what Mr Libeskind envisages doing with the colonnade and wall. I hope that neither are to be removed or demolished, since the whole point is that the war damage occurred in precisely that place.

GLYNNE WILLIAMS
London E17

Law Society bar

Sir: The claim made by Channel Four in its publicity material for a forthcoming Dispatches programme,

reported by *The Independent* ("Convicted solicitors free to practise", 2 December), that the Law Society has failed to strike off solicitors who are convicted of criminal offences is factually wrong.

The Law Society cannot be criticised for failing to strike off these solicitors. We energetically prosecute solicitors who break the law before the independent Solicitors Disciplinary Tribunal, but the decision to strike off is a decision for the tribunal alone. The SDT is independent of the Law Society, and its members are appointed by the Master of the Rolls.

Indeed, the Law Society has successfully appealed to the High Court against tribunal decisions when it has passed a too lenient sentence on a solicitor, leading to solicitors being struck off. The most recent case was just a month ago.

MICHAEL MATTHEWS
President
The Law Society,
London WC2

Pinochet des res

Sir: I was puzzled by the Home Office's frantic search for secure accommodation for General Pinochet after his eviction from the clinic. Surely, as a prisoner of the state he is entitled to be locked up in the Tower of London. In fact, I think the General should insist upon it.

After all, it does command an amount of kudos. In Spandau jail Admiral Doenitz snubbed Rudolph Hess for a number of years, refusing to speak to him, but when he heard that Hess had been lodged in the Tower as a prisoner of the state he was mightily impressed, and from that moment he went out of his way to be nice to him.

WILLIAM F LONG
Loughton, Essex

Talks are a fraud

Sir: Since the result would be exactly the same no matter how the Lib Dems voted on the Queen's Speech, I don't know what David Aaronovitch is getting so upset

about ("When will Paddy's party realise they do agree with New Labour", 1 December).

The tribalism of British politics, which he sensibly deplores, is an inevitable consequence of majority rule in a political structure with few checks or balances on the executive. No amount of co-operation rhetoric will end it.

The litmus test of co-operation would be for Labour to modify its policies to seek a consensus with the Liberal Democrats. Their determination to stick with closed lists of candidates for the European elections eloquently demonstrates that the Joint Consultative Committee is a fraud.

Administrations with absolute majorities destroy debate and consensus. If they are swayed by argument they are accused of a U-turn, when they should be congratulated for using their minds. So decisions are taken in back rooms and stuck to even when mature reflection makes it obvious that they are wrong. Since the outcome of every "debate" is known before it starts, Parliament degenerates into the mud-slinging farce that we see every day.

When I led a Liberal Democrat group on a "bung" council the Labour leader would ask me privately what I thought my group would agree to before he met his own. He would then tell his more extreme colleagues that he agreed with them but those bloody Liberals wouldn't go along with it.

He would tell the rest that I had reluctantly agreed to try and persuade my group to support them.

We then had a genuine debate without a back room in sight and with U-turns galore. We actually tasted democracy.

ROBERT PRITCHARD
Leicester

Sir: Your report "Lib Dem vote is a blow to Ashdown deal" (2 December) mentions welfare reform among a number of "flagship government policies" the Liberal Democrats might have been expected to

welcome in the Queen's Speech.

The Liberal Democrats accept that there is much that is wrong with the current system of welfare. But we do not support the £1.25bn of benefit cuts which lie at the heart of the Government's proposed Welfare Reform Bill. DAVID RENDEL MP
Liberal Democrat Social Security Spokesperson
House of Commons
London SW1

IN BRIEF

Sir: So Tony Blair is willing to do a deal with Viscount Cranborne. Who's next - Ken Livingstone? DAVID MILLS
London SW12

Sir: Tom Lubbock is certainly at liberty to hate Maggi Hambling's monument *A Conversation with Oscar Wilde*, but calling for it to be got rid of is a pose too far ("It's got to go", 1 December). Of course, Oscar in death is no stranger to criticism. The Jacob Epstein tomb at Père Lachaise in Paris was the source of heated controversy at the time. Now it is a centre of what can without exaggeration be called pilgrimage. I suspect that the Hambling monument will soon become so too, no matter how much the Lubbock-rallied philistines harrumph. JONATHAN FRYER
London E3

Sir: Apparently the wind will soon be right for Richard Branson's balloon. Can we possibly be told when it will be right for his trains? N DU QUESNE BIRD
Bath

Sir: Your correspondents (letters, 28 November and 1 December) are quite correct in deploring the Americanisation of our language. What I find saddening, though, is that if you point out the errors to those responsible, they are likely to reject your criticisms using not two fingers but one. DOUGAL DIXON
Wareham, Dorset

Stop making scents

Continued from page 1

who will get in to the cab and say, "Hmmm, you've just had someone nice in here," says Mr Raby. "All you women, out there spending hundreds of pounds on perfume, while most men can't even tell the difference between perfume and £2 air-freshener! It's got to the point where I don't have the heart to tell the men what they're smelling."

I arrive at Space NK in Covent Garden and hope desperately that I do not smell of air-freshener. After all, Space NK may be the coolest beauty shop in the world. I approach with caution: this is the kind of place where you can convince yourself that it is a good idea to forgo paying the mort-

gage this month and buy some really interesting foundation and eye-shadow instead. Its perfume is exclusive and, by definition, trendy.

Space NK is all about not doing what everyone else does. The shop, for instance, is not a shop at all. "I think you'll find it is an apothecary," someone says. Indeed it is called that. Nor does this apothecary need to advertise. In fact, it is defined by the fact that it does not advertise.

"We depend on word of mouth," says the 24-year-old store manager, Alan Nicholls. It's certainly worked in this case, as I am here only because the fashion people tell me that this is where I will find the scent

of the moment. Everyone is wearing it, or wishes they were wearing it, they say. It is called Fig. Yes, you read that right.

"It's very green, it's very grassy, it's very trendy," says the man from Space NK. When I spray it on, I think it may also be very coconut-husky, but I keep this idea to myself.

The perfume itself is in fact called Philoskoyos (Greek for figs, evidently), and a 100ml bottle costs £35. Ah! I think; £3.50 in reality. And, indeed, that may be the truth here. It is made by Diptyque of Paris, which is far too trendy a name to need to advertise, and far too hip to go in for elaborate packaging. Its entire packaging con-

cept is a plain bottle, and a label that is pretty plain too, except for some rather mutated-looking figs that might, on a bad day, be mistaken for bulbs of garlic. Fig is anti-image, anti-packaging, anti-glamour. That makes it to die-for. As the line says in the Space NK catalogue: "The new, cult fig-based fragrance." Even I can see that cult figs are a winner.

I travel to Knightsbridge by bus. By now I smell very strange. In addition to liberal amounts of Fig I have lots of cotton pads sprayed with sweet-pea, which I have either fallen in love with or am using as a drug. It's hard to say, after a certain amount of time spent smelling perfume.

Frankly, one needs something a little bit extra to cope with Harrods.

I have come to look at the most expensive perfume in the store. Earlier, I had asked Mr Ferrari if any sales assistant would even allow me to look at a bottle of the stuff. "Oh yes," he said. "You can never tell by what a customer looks like."

Harrods' perfumery is just left from the Room of Luxury. There are dead, white they are twinkling with fairy lights. There is a white player piano and it is playing "Winter Wonderland". Some of the sales assistants are in gold lame togas. I ask for the most expensive perfume.

"Now, let's see," says a sales assistant. "It used to be Joy, but now I think it's Amouage." She points me towards a tiny kiosk against the wall where it is sold.

Amouage comes in a bottle, heavy enough to be used as a murder weapon. It costs £280. I wonder whether the ingredients really cost £28. I ponder how much one spray is worth on the open market. And while I do this, someone steals my wallet.

I am poorer - and only a little bit wiser - as I leave the world of image and dreams that is perfume, and go out into the world where others think I am just someone on the bus who smells funny.

THE INDEPENDENT

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Let us consider the poor at our Gates

WHAT WAS your first reaction to this week's news that the world's richest man, Bill Gates, has given \$100m (£62m) to deliver vaccines to children in poor countries? Did you think it was a public relations exercise designed to soften his image as an aggressive monopolist while his Microsoft corporation is up before the beak on charges of anti-competitive practices? Or did you rejoice that thousands of children in developing countries will be spared avoidable suffering and death?

Both reactions are justified, of course, although we should be in no doubt as to which should take precedence. We should welcome such generosity wholeheartedly. It is not just the children's vaccines programme: Mr Gates gave \$200m last year to link schools in poor American neighbourhoods to the Internet, and four years ago he set up the William H Gates Foundation, to give to education and health-care charities.

Our second reaction should be to reflect on the strong culture of philanthropy in America. Ted Turner's announcement last year of a stunning \$1bn donation to the United Nations, in 10 annual instalments of \$100m, was hailed as heralding the return of the Great American Benefactor. Indeed, the GAB had never really gone away. There is a much stronger expectation in America than in this country that the rich should engage in acts of heroic altruism. Much of the artistic and social fabric of America was constructed at the turn of the century by the giants of an earlier age - Andrew Carnegie, John D Rockefeller and Henry Ford. Carnegie's belief that "the man who dies rich dies disgraced" still holds sway.

And it is not just the super-rich, as one commentator noted: "It's difficult to walk into any American university, library, hospital or sports centre without seeing every brick of it named after someone or other." In the United States, 2 per cent of personal income is donated to some public-spirited cause or other, which is considerably more than we British manage.

However, a healthy amount of cynicism is perfectly justified. While the total level of giving in the US is impressive, the share accounted for by the very rich is relatively small. Carnegie's \$350m at the beginning of this century was worth far more than Mr Turner's \$1bn at the end of it. This week's donation represents just a quarter of 1 per cent of Mr Gates's \$400m total worth. At least he has promised to give nine-tenths of his wealth away eventually, and should be praised unreservedly for it.

British philanthropy is a poor cousin, and not just because the British are poorer. Although there have been plenty of famous British benefactors - Rowntree, Nuffield, Tate - the urge to pass wealth to your children



tends to outweigh the urge to give it away. One of the differences is the tax system. In America, charitable donations are tax-deductible. Here, you have to covenant your money over four years to qualify for income-tax relief, or donate through approved employer schemes.

But the tax system reflects, more than it promotes, the different culture in the US. So far, the Prime Minister's attempt to change the culture here has been fitful. His call last year to "make this the Giving Age", is somewhat undermined by New Labour's emphasis on business success rather than on the beneficial use of the fruits thereof.

Equally, Tony Blair's rhetoric is big on the responsibility of the unemployed to make best use of the state help they are given, but rather less big on the responsibility of the rich

to return something to the community. One of the arguments of the Thatcherite Right used to be that British philanthropy had been killed by high tax rates on personal income, which substituted compulsory egalitarianism for individual generosity.

That argument does not apply now, and Mr Blair should make it more forcefully clear to his rich friends that a top income-tax rate of 40 per cent implies an obligation to use what is left for the good of all.

Income-tax relief on our charitable giving is a good idea - provided that the definition of charity is modernised to exclude privileged education.

The Giving Age was a fine phrase. If Mr Blair can help turn it into an even finer reality, that would confound the cynics.

Lure of the Fens

THE POPULATION of Cambridgeshire will grow by a quarter in 25 years, according to government statisticians. Large increases are also forecast for Dorset, Bedfordshire and West Sussex, while the urban areas of the North and West Midlands will decline.

These dramatic movements represent a reversal of the trends of the second half of the 19th century, when these rural areas were deep in agricultural depression and saw their populations move to the industrial cities of the North and Midlands - and, of course, London.

The capital remains the fixed point of population change: the likely changes over the next quarter-century radiate from it in a

process that could be described as extreme suburbanisation, or an extension of the Home Counties. The new country-dwellers are not "rural", but an urban middle class in search of a better quality of life. They are freed from the need to live in London by improved transport and communications - even as far afield as Dorset - and repelled from the cities by poor schools and the fear of crime. The premium remains highest on the green bits nearer to London - hence Cambridgeshire being top of the list, despite its flatness.

Indeed, with the advent of global warming, Cambridgeshire may become the Florida of 21st-century Britain: 25 years ago, Americans thought Miami was a retirement home surrounded by swamp. And there are not even any alligators in the ditches of the Fens.

The day Augusto Pinochet got my neighbours drunk

MY NEIGHBOUR Alejandro and I share an interest in the poetry of Pablo Neruda. In the days when he lived in Chile's Isla Negra, Alejandro would occasionally see the old poet in the garden and wave to him. Neruda would wave back, and in this way and through reading his work Alejandro came to feel he knew Neruda.

This must have been in the early Seventies, towards the end of Neruda's life when he had gone back to Chile after serving as Salvador Allende's ambassador to Paris. In those days Alejandro was an idealistic young leftist in a country sliding towards dramatic confrontation. He loved the *Canto General* (1950), filled with mystical evocations of the landscape and of animals and laments for the native world torn apart by the conquistadores. The following lines from *They Come for the Islands* are a rich example of Neruda's disavowal of the horrors inflicted by his Spanish forebears on Chile's Indians. In view of Chile's later history they seem especially chilling:

The children of the clay saw their smiles smashed, battered their stance light as deer's, all the way to death they did not understand.

They were trussed up and tortured, they were gnawed and buried, walking among the palms the green hall was empty. Nothing was left but bones rigidly fastened in the form of a cross, to the greater glory of God and of men.

One of the great regrets of Alejandro's life was that he did not attend Neruda's funeral, which took place just 12 days after Pinochet's coup. The

burial became the focus of the first major demonstration against the new military regime. Soon after, rightists broke into Neruda's Santiago home and destroyed many books and papers.

"I have always regretted not going to the funeral... but the atmosphere was one of terror, pure terror, and I was afraid to go," he said.

Until we met for Christmas drinks at a friend's house the other night, I did not really know Alejandro and his wife Paulina. I knew they had come to London as exiles from Pinochet's Chile back in 1973. One daughter had returned to Chile after Pinochet gave way to a democratic government, but the rest of the family still lives in Britain. They are quiet people and, beyond the usual daily pleasantries, we saw little of each other. In fact the discussion of Neruda at the drinks party was the first real conversation we'd had.

Alejandro may have only watched Neruda from a distance, but he was a close friend of Victor Jara, the song-writer arrested and killed by Pinochet's forces after the coup. They had played in a band together. "Pinochet and his people, they feared art, they feared musicians and writers, and that is why they wanted to stamp out people like Victor," he said. Alejandro and Paulina fled Chile four months after the coup as the net was closing in around the left-wingers and student activists still at large.

Inevitably the subject of Pinochet's extended stay in Britain came up. Paulina said that she had been at the House of Lords on the day the appeal was allowed. The children, all of whom had been reared in Britain, went with her. They could not believe the decision, and that night they went out



FERGAL KEANE

It was a Thursday night, and there was work the following morning, but the hangover was worth it

and got drunk to celebrate. It was a Thursday night, and there was work the following morning, but the hangover was worth it.

"All of this thing has been a bit like a dream. None of it could have been expected," she said. "And if Pinochet is extradited to Spain, it will be the best thing that has ever happened." Alejandro, who was sitting next to her on the couch, nodded his head in vigorous agreement.

I have previously written in these pages that I did not expect Pinochet to be extradited. That was before the Law Lords' judgment. I am still inclined to that view. So are Alejandro and Paulina. What did I think would happen, they wanted to know. I said that Jack Straw is caught between a rock and a hard place. He is a member of a government that has loudly proclaimed its belief in human rights; his own political sensibilities suggest that he should take the side of the disappeared and tortured; and the highest law officers in the land say that

the old dictator should face his accusers in Spain.

But there is a feeling, not just on the part of the right, that Chile's business is Chile's business, that how the country deals with its past really is a matter for the people of Chile. If their elected representatives agreed to give Pinochet and his cronies an amnesty, the argument goes, then what right has the British government to insist that they take another course. Alejandro said he knew all that. He had obviously been through these arguments countless times.

But, even if there is no extradition, they don't believe that Pinochet should be simply packed on to a plane and sent home to Chile. There must at least be a moral sanction. So I have a suggestion. Agree to send him home but under the South Africa option: insist that, in return for a one-way ticket to Santiago, he apologise to the families of the three thousand or so people who disappeared under his rule. Send a camera into the walled estate where he is resting, set it up in the sitting room and let General Pinochet do some talking.

It is said that he is a proud old man who believes he saved his country from communism and economic ruin. True, Chile is now a prosperous place. But the price in dead and tortured is a price that should not and need not have been paid. And there has been no disclosure of the facts, not even a shred of remorse for the horrors of the coup years.

Too many dictators - on the left and right - have gone to their graves without even the vaguest sanction. Think of the monster Mao, who sent millions to their deaths, or Stalin, the master of terror. They died in their

beds, with no accusing fingers to trouble them. Pinochet is clearly not in the same league, but he shared with them an arrogant contempt for human rights. Had Mao and Stalin also managed to deliver prosperity and stability to their people, would we be told (as we are with Pinochet) that the sacrifice of human life and freedom before state power was justified?

Those who have suffered directly will feel that such a compromise is dishonourable. However, we must face some uncomfortable facts. Pinochet may well be dead by the time the case comes to trial in Spain. And even if he does make it to trial, it is inconceivable that a Spanish court would send him to jail. I am reminded of a piece of writing by Primo Levi who, having survived the Holocaust, was asked by another survivor whether he had been right to refuse forgiveness to a dying SS officer in one of the concentration camps.

Levi wrote: "Under these conditions, it is not always easy, indeed it is perhaps impossible, to assign an absolute value to right and wrong: it is in the nature of crime to create situations of moral conflict, dead ends of which bargaining and compromise are the only conditions of exit; conditions which inflict yet another wound on justice and on oneself." Allowing Pinochet to go home will be a wound on justice. But if he talks before he goes, if he faces the world with a full statement of remorse for the suffering he caused, then something meaningful will have been achieved. From the mouth of Pinochet, at last, the truth.

Fergal Keane will present a human rights special on 'Correspondent' at 7.15pm on BBC2 tonight



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THE EXXON-MOBIL MERGER

Opinions on whether the merger of the oil companies Exxon and Mobil should be allowed to take place

THE NEW YORK TIMES

THE EXXON-MOBIL merger will doubtless lead to more industry marriages. It is difficult to see how companies like Chevron and Atlantic Richfield would be able to remain independent and competitive in the wake of the economies of scale achieved by Exxon Mobil, which would be the world's largest company, and by the recent merger of British Petroleum and Amoco. Consider comparisons with other industries. Microsoft totally dominates the American software market, but no one is seriously talking about breaking up the company, which has the highest market capitalisation of any company on earth. Coca-Cola and Pepsi control about 65 per cent of the soft-drink market, and no one has batted an eye at \$1-a-can sodas at your local deli, when the cost of manufacture is a fraction of that. So don't be surprised if the regulatory hurdles fall away one by one. John D Rockefeller Sr will have the last laugh.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE

SIMPLY IN terms of its production, the new Exxon Mobil most closely resembles not its US corporate competitors - Chevron and Texaco - or even its multinational rivals - Royal Dutch/Shell Group and BP Amoco - but countries like Saudi Arabia and Iran, where oil production is nationalised, and therefore cheaper. Exxon Mobil estimates it can cut \$2.5bn (£1.54bn) or more from its cost base to make it more competitive with those oil-rich countries. And, unlike the more troubling mergers of the pieces of the old Ma Bell - such as SBC Corp's purchase of Pacific Telesis and then Ameritech, and Bell Atlantic's buying of Nynex - where the immediate result for the average consumer is continuation of a monopoly, energy consumers should still have plenty of choices.

BOSTON GLOBE

THE INDUSTRY faces serious problems. Consumers are enjoying a period of low prices for gasoline - at less

than \$1 a gallon in some spots; gasoline today costs less in real terms than it did before the notorious run-up related to the 1973 Arab oil embargo. For oil companies, though, this places heavy emphasis on cutting operating costs, the objective at the heart of the Exxon-Mobil move. But mergers in an era of globalisation are no longer just national phenomena. Competition has to be seen in a global sense, and the new Standard Oil redux will have plenty of mega-rivals, including Shell, British Petroleum, and the French company, Total.

HOUSTON CHRONICLE

THE PROPOSED merger of Exxon and Mobil is part of a larger consolidation in the energy industry. British Petroleum is merging with Amoco; Shell and Texaco have a joint marketing agreement; France's Total is merging with Belgium's Petrofina. Is now the time for US regulators to say hold, enough? Or is the global consolidation of the industry unstoppable, and the merger of US energy companies essential to assure their competitive strength? Neither the regulators nor the executives of the regulated companies can be certain. At this earliest of stages, the uncertainties surrounding the proposed merger may be at their highest, as investors assess the merger's chances, and each Exxon and Mobil employee ponders the safety of his or her job. Uncertainty, however, is the likely future of the oil industry. As one oil man observed during the recent congress of the World Energy Council, uncertainty in global energy markets is ending misconceptions based upon false certainties, and will ensure against a dull life.

BUSINESS WEEK

EXXON MOBIL will be the leaders in a new era for the energy business. Low prices are shaking the world oil industry from top to bottom. The pain is widespread. And old titans may disappear. But as Exxon's deal for Mobil shows, for some players, crisis equals opportunity.

The march towards oblivion

DAILY MAIL

RARELY HAS the country been more desperately in need of a tough, effective and coherent Opposition. The latest disaster to engulf the accident-prone Tories is a tragedy, not just for the party but for Britain itself. After nearly 16 months in the saddle, Mr Hague no longer has the luxury of time. Unless he begins to make some impact in the polls, the leadership issue may well return to haunt the Tories. As he knows, many people in his party bitterly regret that they didn't seize the chance to mitigate their last election disaster by dumping John Major in 1995, when he stood for re-election.

EVENING STANDARD

THE CONSERVATIVES are today a Right-wing rump, nursing bitterness and resentment towards all those who fail to see the world as they do. Their determination to march towards oblivion is a tragedy, not only for a great political party, but for Britain as a whole, which has never more needed a powerful voice of Opposition, as its Government fumbles and falters over change to the very nature of the constitution itself.

THE ECONOMIST

WILL THE split lead to Hague's downfall? Probably not yet. He has the backing of his MPs, and there is no obvious alternative Tory leader in the Commons. But in leading the charge without checking that the Tory lords would back him rather than Lord Cranborne, he was taking a huge risk. It would be ironic if the hereditary peers finally disproved Mr Blair's allegation that they are the Conservative Party's poodle, by voting for their own abolition in defiance of their own party leader.

THE EXPRESS

THE REAL story is not Mr Hague's difficulties. What the Government is planning to do is what matters, and its plans for reforming the Lords are still shrouded in mystery. The latest proposal, a two-stage process, which brought about the present



WILLIAM HAGUE'S LEADERSHIP

Views about William Hague's sacking of Lord Cranborne, Tory leader in the House of Lords, over his deal with the Government

Tory chaos is all very well. But to embark on Stage One, the abolition of all but a hundred or so hereditary peers, when we do not know what Stage Two will entail, let alone whether there will be a Stage Four, Five and Six, is just out of good enough. The Express is firmly in favour of Lords reform, but we need to know what comes next. And we need to know that now.

THE GUARDIAN

NO ONE disputes that the Conservative leader is a very clever, basically decent, man. But his grounding in the bloodless certainties of management consultancy still makes him a man for the McKinsey omnibus, not Clapham's. He has time to do better. But this week, he clumsily split his

own party and made the hereditary peers look flexibly Mandelsonian deal-cutters. Next time, the knives may be sharpened.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

THE CONSERVATIVE peers should surely acknowledge that Mr Hague has not acted out of malice towards them. Of course, he should have squared things better with Lord Cranborne, but what is a man supposed to do when his colleague is trying, by his own admission, to bounce him? Lord Cranborne would seem to know more about the Salisbury Convention than the Queensberry rules. Mr Hague is now entitled to a bit of fair play. If he does not receive it, the hereditary peers will not do well out of Mr Blair, who hears them just as much ill will as any old-fashioned class warrior. They will end their on-the-whole honourable history in tragicomic re-creation between Tory Lords and Tory Commons. The last Duke will be strangled with the guts of the last gargoyle. (Charles Moore)

THE TIMES

MR HAGUE has made much, and successfully, of Mr Blair's control-freak tendencies. In so doing, he has hit upon a weakness at the heart of Blairism. But his criticisms hit home with less weight when he himself manages his own party in such a manner as to precipitate this week's resignations.

FINANCIAL TIMES

THIS INCIDENT will put a question mark over Mr Hague's position. For all his undoubted skills at the despatch box, the Conservative leader has yet to show any serious strategic vision. His party is as unpopular now as it was at the time of the election, and there is scarcely disguised unrest among his MPs. Yet Mr Hague seems preoccupied with issues that have little or no resonance among the wider electorate. Mr Blair will face further troubles in coming weeks and months. But the country will not turn instead to an Opposition that defines itself as the guardian of inherited privilege. Mr Hague has put himself on trial.

TURNER PRIZE WINNER

Verdicts on the decision to award Britain's most controversial prize for the visual arts to the figurative painter Chris Ofili

THE TIMES

THERE IS, to paraphrase Louisa Buck, another "time-honoured tradition" of ordure in art. Generations of writers have used it as a metaphor for the capacity of money to corrupt and demean higher values. From Alexander Pope in *The Dunciad* to Charles Dickens in *Our Mutual Friend*, the pursuit of brass has led men to muck. The commercialisation of creativity, celebrated by the Culture Secretary Chris Smith in his defence of the export-earning potential of contemporary art, and embodied by the celebrity showmanship of the Turner Prize, has taken us all on a wrong turning. We are trapped in a cupboard of stools. (Michael Gore)

THE MIRROR

I WAS so glad the Turner Prize was won by Chris Ofili, who used elephant dung in his paintings, because I was in total



agreement with his hoosest message. That modern art is just a pile of crap. (Brian Reader)

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

THE £20,000 Turner Prize went to Chris Ofili last night, the artist who uses elephant dung, and is said to have been inspired by William Blake, hip-hop music and Renaissance painters to depict the world of modern black sexuality. He was the bookies' hot

favourite, at 5-4. After a string of victories for video artists and sculptors, he is the first painter to win the prize for contemporary British art since Howard Hodgkin in 1985, the second year of the prize. But his win will be hailed by some as a triumph for gimmickry and shock tactics.

EVENING STANDARD

IF ANYTHING is to be said for Ofili's pictures it is only that all the damned dots and spots are mind-numbing triumphs of the idiot industry, and their concentrated tedium is in no way relieved by the random application of psychoanalytic turds. How can even the Serota Tendency, notorious for its driving fascism in current art politics, compel its members to laud such shit? I am sick of shit in art: has no one in authority the courage to resist it and the infantilism that promotes it? (Brian Sewell)

TAX HARMONISATION IN THE EU

The British press reacts to proposals to harmonise taxes among European countries using the euro

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

WHATEVER ONE thinks about British entry into EMU, the Lafontaine tax straitjacket spells disaster for the euro and for Europe. A crusade against it could succeed. Are Messrs Blair and Brown prepared to lead it? They tell the British public, "Don't panic!" It is no use boasting about playing hardball in Brussels though, when Mr Lafontaine is about to change the rules of the game. More likely are further British concessions. But this week's climbing on duty-free shopping had no effect. This is no time to appease the Tsar of the Saar.

DAILY MAIL

GORDON BROWN has felt compelled to boast, in his less than convincing impersonation of the Lady with the Handbag, that he would veto any attempt by Brussels to impose a heavier tax burden on Britain.

Would he? Indeed, could he? Enough of the disingenuous spin and political fairy tales for children. Given the Potsdam Declaration and the menacing musings of Herr Lafontaine, only a gaggle of head-hurrying ostriches could fail to discern what the new Europe is really about. Let us confront the truth on tax, and debate it as an adult democracy.

THE EXPRESS

WE SHOULD be in no doubt. This crisis over Europe and tax is serious, the worst since Tony Blair settled into Downing Street. It would drain our wealth and secure the Franco-German domination of this part of the world. British common sense and democratic vigour would be lost to the Continent. That is what the Prime Minister thinks - and so does Chancellor Gordon Brown, too. But thinking it is no longer enough. It is time for honest argument. (Andrew Marr)

OSCAR WILDE MONUMENT

Judgements on the unveiling of a memorial to Oscar Wilde, almost a century after his death

DAILY MAIL

WILDE AS saint? Wilde as desecrating a solemn monument in the heart of London? Please. Do us a favour. There was nothing saintly about Oscar Wilde. He himself would surely have laughed the idea to scorn. And to pretend that he deserves a statue is an extraordinary act of doublethink. It is we who are the hypocrites, not our Victorian forebears. On the one hand, we wring our hands over the exploitation and abuse of children and young people, and on the other, we idolise and sanitise a man who himself was a regular purchaser of the favours of vulnerable young people. Putting up a statue to him in its present location must be some kind of joke. But not a very funny one. (Christopher Hart)

THE SUN

OSCAR WILDE's writing genius lives on 98 years after his death. He has finally got a memorial

in this country. The Sun says: About time too. He may have been one of them but we reckon he was also one of us. He would have loved *The Sun*. For as he said: "There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about. And that is not being talked about."

NEW STATESMAN

NO ONE has the courage to mention Wilde's homosexuality. The closest Chris Smith comes to the subject is "diversity". I can't help feeling that this whole affair is a missed opportunity. It could have been a chance to begin a process of healing, of reparation for the 100-year holocaust of British homosexuals, which began with the trials of Oscar Wilde and involved at least a quarter of a million homosexuals in prosecutions, imprisonment, chemical castration and aversion therapy. Diversity is too small a word. (Neil McKenna)

MISCELLANEOUS

Stories from around the world

FAR EASTERN ECONOMIC REVIEW CHINA

HAS THE world gone nuts? We don't hate animals but after watching the human misery index rise over the past months, the maudlin concern over beasts has been downright insulting. We can't tell Miss Bardot what to do with her money, but the Woolfe incident hardens our feeling that we'd pick people over dumb beasts. When times are tough, we'll stick to our own species.

TIMES OF INDIA

SOON WINDSHIELD-WIPERS are going to look pretty silly. Why should rain have to be

mechanically forced off the windscreen to see better? How long must we be stuck with an irritating contraption modelled on eyelids? Why not build a better mousetrap?

DAILY MAIL & GUARDIAN SOUTH AFRICA

A JEWISH extremist group has threatened a Johannesburg Muslim family because of what a 14-year-old wrote in a history assignment. The threat came after Layla, who attends the mostly Jewish college in Johannesburg, was asked by her history teacher to respond to a pro-Israeli article about the conflict between the Israelis and the Palestinians.

RESEARCH BY SALLY CHATTERTON

QUOTES OF THE WEEK



"Let's not forget that I was one of the most popular and successful disc jockeys of all time." Noel Edmonds (above). TV presenter

"The ramblers are just a bunch of the dirty mac brigade. The great unwashed. They're disgusting creatures." Nicholas Van Hoogstraten, property tycoon

"Most scientists are quite ordinary. And their lives unremarkable. But occasionally they exemplify the link between genius and madness." Sir Martin Rees, the Astronomer Royal

"It really is quite an appalling travesty of the truth to suggest that our Government is run by a group of paranoid control freaks who make the Emperor Nero seem like a modest family-loving member of the Salvation Army." Jerry Hayes, ex-Tory MP

"Pinocchet has earned the right to be called the most evil man now alive on earth (sorry, Saddam)." Salman Rushdie



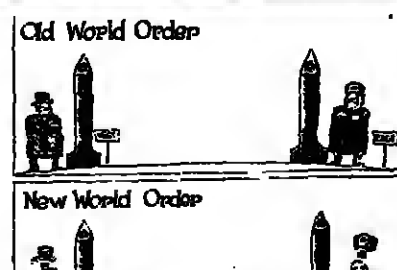
DE TELEGRAAF Netherlands



DE STANDAARD Belgium



ABN AMRO BANK Netherlands



Old World Order



New World Order

DAILY NATION Kenya

PHILADELPHIA DAILY NEWS US

How do you appreciate art for Archer's sake?

ROSES I know about: the question is, would a tin of Campbell's soup by any other name but Andy Warhol look out of place on my sitting-room wall? At least I'd be able to see it. That, in fact, is the only reason why I accepted an invitation to a charity evening at a Mayfair art gallery last Wednesday night, showing Jeffrey Archer's famous collection of Andy Warhols.

I know my limitations. Petit-point at the V&A, and 18th-century Mogul miniatures at the Queen's Gallery, are just two of the exciting exhibitions I have passed up recently. My sister-in-law, who has been to more art galleries than I have had hot dinners, was particularly taken with the Moguls. "I'm sure you'd be able to see them with a magnifying glass," she insisted.

"There's this wonderful painting of the Emperor Jehangir sitting on an elephant where you just wouldn't believe the detail - his buttons, his eyelashes, his beauty spot. Do you know, it even had little piles of dung behind the elephant, with tiny flies buzzing around them?"

"How big is the whole picture?" I ask. "Oh, about the size of a postage stamp," said Morven.

Warhol is different. For a start he paints big, and besides, you've seen all those images of Mickey Mouse and Marilyn Monroe so many times, you know where you are. "Did you especially choose to sponsor Fight for Sight because people with rotten eyesight could see the pictures," I asked Jeffrey Archer, as he mingled importantly with the canapé-nibbling guests.



SUE ARNOLD
The Campbell's soup tins were quintessential Warhol, albeit less suited to my curtains

I should, at this point, tell you something about the venue. The Peter Gwyther Gallery in Bruton Street is elegant, minimalist and

more fraught with feng shui than the Forbidden City itself. As for the canapés - if you'd hung them on the wall next to Mickey and Marilyn, they wouldn't have looked out of place. Bright pink tuna on chlorophyll-green yam chunks; black fungi on canary cornbread; served by supercilious youths with buttons, eyelashes and beauty spots.

So, anyway, there I am wishing that my shoes were less scuffed and my hair more soigné, like everyone else's, asking Lord Archer about Fight for Sight. He replied loftily - or at least as loftily as a very small man can reply - that he supported so many charities he went to at least four charity functions every week, sometimes three or the same night! that he couldn't really tell me anything.

From here, he was going straight on to a charity auction for cancer relief - or was it for children's hospitals? No, that one was yesterday. He knew he'd done something for Moorfields Hospital recently, another auction maybe, but he really couldn't remember. That was the trouble with being involved with so much charity work. I wonder whether the poor man remembers he is running for mayor of London.

Ten per cent of the purchase price of every picture sold last Wednesday night was being donated to Fight for Sight. Now that's generous. Yes, yes - I know Lord Archer has made millions of pounds from his novels, and expects to raise a further £25m from the sale of his Andy Warhol collec-

tion, but surely one good turn deserves another.

If I had raided my post office savings, and sold off my Sketchley shares - no more discount dry-cleaning - I could just about have raised the £8,000 (there wasn't much to offer for less than £8,000) to buy a print of Greta Garbo, Father Christmas or the Queen.

I would have liked to buy the nine Marilyn Monroes, but they went for £3m. Greta Garbo had diamond dust on her earrings and hat, but the Queen was a much better bet, because there were four of them left, all in different colourways, one of which must surely have matched my curtains.

The Queen pictures were arranged like a block of giant postage stamps - if only the Moguls

had painted that way. I might have seen the incredible detail. There were no flies on the Queen.

And then someone told me about the Campbell's soup tins downstairs, which were a bit more expensive, but so quintessentially Warhol that they were potentially more valuable as an investment, albeit less suited to my curtains.

In the end, I became so confused that I ended up buying nothing and helping no one. I wish I knew more about art.

It's at times like this that I sympathise with the late mayor of Rotherham, overheard at an exhibition of surrealist paintings: "Art is art - we all know that, and there's nowt anyone can do about it - but there's the mayvress's feelings to consider," he said.

THE SATURDAY PROFILE

ROD STEWART, ROCK STAR

Do ya still think I'm sexy?

IT'S SUMMER 1971, and I am with my father at Brands Hatch, the noisy shrine to Formula One motor racing. In the parking lot, two lanes of cars are heading for the exit when their procession is halted by a couple of tough-looking bouncers. They stand before the lead Toyota, extending their hands like traffic policemen, then wave a spectacular yellow Lamborghini Miura through the gates. The queue re-starts. We drive out. And exactly 100 yards up the road, we encounter the canary-bued Italian passion-wagon again, parked on the grass verge. Standing beside it, drinking champagne, oblivious to our staring eyes, is a skinny oil with a large nose, a shiny yellow satin suit and a blonde-goddess girlfriend. Rod Stewart and Dee Harrington have decided that, rather than sit in a traffic jam, they'll while away half an hour with vintage Krug and a little light posing.

One's first reaction was, I'm afraid, who does this flash git think he is? One's second was: if someone like him can get the money, the car, the girl and the plonk, can I have some too? Many of us looked at Rod Stewart that summer, the summer Every Picture Tells A Story was released, and thought, with a mix of jealousy and snobbery, how did he do that? The answer, of course, was right in their ears - the voice, that husky mid-Atlantic rasp that sounds so vulnerable in its lower depths, and so stadium-swayingly confident in its upper reaches - as its owner's biggest hit, "Maggie May", sounded from every window that summer and became the first British single to head the pop charts simultaneously in the UK and America.

Stewart is self-conscious about his voice. It's a matter of amazement to him that, because of the convergence of two muscles in a V-shape at the back of his throat, millions of records, billions of dollars, umpteen tours, hotels, cars, drugs and girlfriends have cascaded his way for 27 years in a ceaseless lava-flow of success. He modelled his singing, he says, on his hero Sam Cooke, who used to sing half a tone higher than his natural register. Indeed, Stewart always seemed to be singing upwards, straining up to the microphone, when not waving the stand around like a delinquent majorette. Sometimes he overdid it and his throat would bleed after a concert; now he takes it easier. British audiences will have a chance to check out his current form when Rod the ex-MoD, former Spandee King, model train fanatic, Tartan Army camp-follower, chronic Party Animal and allegedly retired satyr, plays five dates at Earl's Court starting this Wednesday.

Though this will be his first proper concert on these shores for three years, he has been around a lot lately. His album, *When We Were the New Boys*, came out in late spring and was loudly applauded, with its opportunistic cover versions of songs by Oasis and Primal Scream, and the spectacle of Rod cosying up to the Irish girl-poppers. The Corrs. He appeared on prime-time TV in May for *An Audience With Rod Stewart*, a kind of testimonial

dinner and Act of Worship combined. The audience were a glowing squad of Olympian friends from the worlds in which he is most involved: sport (David Seaman, Des Lynam, Ruud Gullit); music (Ronnie Wood, Mick Hucknall); laddish comedy (Martin Clunes, Vic Reeves); and gorgeous blondes (Baby Spice, who sang a duet with Rod and whose grandfather he is old enough to be).

It was interesting to see that, despite the show's Q&A format, Rod nervously body-

LIFE STORY

Origins: Born 10 January 1945, Archway, north London. Youngest of five children, father a newsagent.

Career beginnings: started, in 1963, by touring Europe with the folk artist Wizz Jones, then played harmonica for Jimmy Powell and the Five Dimensions.

Significant meeting: Encountering Ronnie Wood in the Jeff Beck Group, 1965.

Going solo: Signed with Polygram, 1971.

Low point: "Camouflage" album, 1984.

Comeback album: "Unplugged and Seated", 1996.

Most recent album: "When We Were the New Boys", 1998.

Critics say: "Our Rod was the lad before laddism was invented... uncomplicated, politically incorrect, Rod the Rake, as he progressed from Archway to Malibu".

He says: "It's bloody good fun being Rod Stewart - well, 90 per cent of the time".

Concert dates: 9-13 and 16 December - Earl's Court, London.



swerved questions from the audience, saying he preferred to sing. The seducer of every blonde model in the world, with the possible exception of the Dulux sheep-dog, he seemed uncomfortable with ordinary chat, as if it might reveal some shortcomings in the charm department. And it did. The actress Caroline Quentin said she'd had her first big kiss while dancing to "Maggie May" - had Rod kissed the real-life Maggie? Stewart replied: "I gave her a damn good shagging, actually, but it wasn't a good innings for me so I'd better not go on about it. Very messy, if I remember rightly".

Jesus, we thought, what a boorish lout. The writer Craig Brown devoted his parodic *Private Eye* "Diary" slot to lampooning Stewart's callow braggadocio. It was a revealing moment. For years, Stewart's myriad fans have struck a private deal

- to go along with his increasingly tiresome playboy-shagger image for the sake of the music. For middle-class rock audiences, he was a hit of a joke: a Cockney swell with the face of an Irish charlatan, a pompadoured urchin in scrotum-hisecting leopardskin britches. The music was still pretty damn good, though. It reminded you that, for the first half of the Seventies, he was British rock's favourite Jack the Lad, whether as a solo carouser (*"An Old Raincoat Won't Ever Let You Down"*), "Gasoline Alley", "Every Picture" and "Never a Dull Moment", or as vocalist with the stormingly rocking, in-yer-face Faces (*"Long Player"*, "A Nod as Good as a Wink to a Blind Horse"). He sang with a blissed-out gaiety, fuelled by equal parts of drink, drugs and groupies, and the nation, by and large, sang along. When he left The Faces in 1975, and brought out *Atlantic Crossing* the same year - its cover artwork depicting him as an ocean-besdriving colossus, easily conquering Britain and America - it seemed an act of insane hubris.

You could understand it ("Selling" was another No 1 hit that summer) but not forgive him. It was the start of Rod Stewart: The Tossport Years. He became, to many disaffected former fans, a cocktail roustabout; a conceited, jet-setting crumpet-chaser, who got off with an annoyingly large number of attractive women and inserted cocaine suppositories up his rear end; and a disco twit in spangly treads singing "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy" wearing a visor. Back home, Kenny Everett took the micky on television, impersonating Stewart in gradually inflating tights that lifted him up to the ceiling. Occasional songs from his hectic love life (such as "You're In My Heart", written to placate Britt Ekland after they split up) reminded us that he was still around.

Stewart became fantastically uncool. Women thought him a saurian throwback to pre-Sixties chauvinism. Chaps found him too old-hat, and his incorrigible blondes-and-Beverly-Hills schtick too adolescent.

What they saw as a persona, however, was just Stewart, being himself. Born in north London, the youngest of five children born to a football-loving Scot who ran a newsagent's shop in the Archway Road, he has always, in a sense, remained a big kid, aged around 14. He loves puns, loves showing off his sexual conquests ("I really like shagging the wife", is a constant refrain in recent interviews), loves fast Italian cars (he owns a Bentley and a Ferrari), the song "Every Picture Tells A Story" contains the immortal line, "She was tall, thin and lanky/And she drove a Maserati", and adores football. He is Glasgow Celtic's biggest fan and flies himself to Scotland games - no matter how foredoomed the outcome - all over the world. His biggest extravaganzas are childish ones: he has had a full-size FA Cup Final-quality football pitch built in the garden of his fancy manor house in Epping Forest. And in the attic of his house in Los Angeles, he has lovingly built a model railway, based on New York Central Station in the Forties,



"There's a lot of Scottish blood in me, telling me I'm no good and I'll be found out"

Corbis

an epic structure complete with a 100 feet of track, Forties locomotives, bridges, lots of tiny passengers in period hats and coats, streets with perfect-scale skyscrapers and tiny advertisement boardings... He loves it. It's a hobby I don't usually admit to. It's wonderful. The world could blow up and, up there (in the attic), I couldn't give a fuck. The train set and his Essex footie pitch give him more pleasure than anything, he says, except retiring for the night with Mrs Stewart.

Fourteen was the age at which his father bought him a guitar instead of, significantly, the railway station he wanted for his birthday, and he made his first moves towards the rock'n'roll world. He first sang in public at Ban the Bomb marches. Remarkably, this headlong consumerist was once a committed *Daily Worker*-reading teenage Communist. "I was a real little Red when I was 19," he says. "I was yer actual beatnik, mate. Your actual Jack Kervuac. Barnett right down to here. Ban the bomb. In my name it, we ban it. Anti-apartheid. Save cats. Save dogs. Shag in teats. Aldermaston Marches. What a life. What a life."

It was in a tent at the Beaulieu Jazz festival that he lost his virginity to the 35-year-old Maggie May, and thus the floodgates were opened on a wave of satyrism that took in Joanna Lumley, Britt Ekland, Kelly Emberg, Alana Hamilton and many others. Musical success wasn't immediate; he once had to supplement his income by digging graves. He played harmonica for Jimmy Powell and the Five Dimensions in 1963, then linked up with Long John Baldry and Julie Driscoll to form the blues-y Steampacket. Then he joined the Jeff Beck Group, met Ronnie Wood, his natural foil, co-jester and soul brother, and the two rat-haired, thirst-maddened desperados left to form The Faces and ascend to the blue empyrean of rock stardom.

Since 1990, when he married Rachel Hunter, a former model from New Zealand, Stewart has re-created himself as he's refined his musical taste to take in, say, cover versions of Tom Waits' literate and sensitive laments. Now he plays the faithful husband, decent citizen, solid burgher and proud father (he's had six children so far, two by Rachel, called Renee and Liam) with slightly effortful determination. "I've been

tamed," is how he puts it. "I've put my last banana in the fruit bowl." His \$20m Beverly Hills mansion houses a collection of Pre-Raphaelite masterpieces to rival Lord Lloyd-Webber's. He flies his family from LA to Palm Beach in chartered jets. He does weight-training and has become rather snuffy, if that's the word, about substance abuse: "I'm not a big drug user. I'm a social drug user like millions of people in this country... I drink a bottle of wine in the evening and that's about it. I don't smoke. I've never smoked marijuana in my life." He's sold all his future royalties to a Wall Street firm for a cool \$15m. He will be 55 next month. What a life, as he would say.

And here he comes again, at Earl's Court next week, hurling the microphone stand in the air and trusting everything to the two V-shaped ganglia at the back of his throat, the inimitable Stewart voicebox. "There's a lot of Scottish blood in me telling me I'm no good and I'll be found out and it'll be taken away from me," he once confessed. "I am insecure, but you won't ever hear me being humble about the voice 'cos I know it's brilliant. I really do."

JOHN WALSH

WE WHO grew up in the Fifties and Sixties didn't need the bogeyman. We had Alfred Hitchcock.

We may not have been allowed to go and see *Psycho*, but we knew its director was the master of suspense and the prince of darkness, because he told us so - every week for 10 years, in his eponymous television series, which was the most extraordinary act of self-advertisement in television history.

Alfred Hitchcock Presents and later *The Alfred Hitchcock Hour* ran from 1955 to 1965. The formula rarely varied. The lugubrious theme, heavy on the tuba, followed by the man himself, a parody of rotundness in a grey suit that was clearly fighting an unequal battle with the wearer's extraordinary shape, beaving

into view to deliver his unnecessary introduction: "Good evening, my name is Alfred Hitchcock." Since the credit sequence included a cartoon outline of his goitre, the identity of the speaker was never in doubt.

It was a popular and entertaining show, but above any artistic achievement, the show had an accidental effect which, if it didn't alter the course of cinema history, at least changed the face of film criticism.

Until Hitchcock's appearances on TV, most of us had never seen a film director. The idea that he might have a role beyond telling the actors where to stand, or a personal vision even, was very fanciful (outside of a few arty coffee bars and film schools in Paris).

But Hitchcock's ironic iconic ap-

ACCIDENTAL HEROES OF THE 20TH CENTURY

17: ALFRED HITCHCOCK, DIRECTOR

pearances, framing his TV films, introduced us for the first time to the concept of the film director as storyteller, rather than simply craftsman/technician. And what a storyteller Hitchcock was.

He managed somehow to inhabit our nightmares, tapping into our primitive fears, our atavistic lusts, incorporating them skilfully into his tales so that we respond to his films as children. The Freudian view is

that Hitchcock's uncanny understanding of our subconscious fears and desires can be traced to his own buttoned-up, guilt-ridden upbringing as a child of the British shopkeeper class, educated by Jesuits. Thank goodness, then, he chose to work out his psycho-sexual hang-ups on celluloid rather than above a tobaccoist's shop in Soho.

Because we knew who Hitchcock was from his TV show, we

sought out his films and thrilled at our first entrance into his dark world. *Shadow of a Doubt* (1943) was one that cropped up regularly on TV, a film which, when seen in childhood, lives with you for ever.

It's the one where Joseph Cotten, who murders rich widows while the haunting strains of the "Merry Widow Waltz" play in his head, takes refuge in a little apple-pie American town, to the delight of his young niece. She sees her uncle as welcome relief from small-town tedium, but she gradually begins to suspect his secret.

Her fear and revulsion at discovering the cynical, lustful nature of the adult world are feelings, I suspect, not confined to young people with a serial killer in the family,

which is one of the reasons why the film is so memorable.

Hitchcock himself preferred to explain the film's appeal in terms of its being a rattling good yarn. He knew what he was doing, all right, but resisted invitations to take his work seriously. In many ways, the jolly teaser in the TV shows is closer to Hitchcock's self-image than the sinister puppet-master behind *Shadow of a Doubt*.

He maintained this image by disarming serious analysts of his films with a quip. In one of his most famous, he said the length of a film "should be directly related to the endurance of the human bladder".

Even if he had not introduced us to the art of directing, for that quote alone Hitchcock would be a hero.



THE WEEKLY MUSE

BY MARTIN NEWELL



The cold sets in, the outlook's bleak,
Recession jitters grow each week,
George Soros forecasts only gloom...
A candle gutters in my room.

Wilde's monument - a milestone.
We're quick to recognise our own
Forgiven then? Hip hip! Two cheers.
It's only been a hundred years.
So can we take it next time that
Another miscreant's on the mat
Their work might serve to mitigate
Before they face the magistrate?
And when the wretch is crucified,
His vices broadcast countrywide,
The drugs, dishonesty, or shame
Of love that dare not speak its name,
They'll slap his wrist and buy him lunch,
Saying: "Artists - you're a flakey bunch.
Goat? Three Es? What are you like?
Your statue's here. Now on yer bike!"
At least I hope that's what they'll say
When my case sees the light of day.

"... in Surrey. Such a quiet estate.
It's neat, discreet and v sedate.
A game of golf, a G&T,
A stroll around the shrubbery,
And on alternate Saturdays
We play bridge with the Pinochets.
They haven't been that long round here.
She's very nice. It's not too clear
What he did in his last career.
She said he made things disappear."

The Turner Prize was much more fun:
An actual painting of someone.
A welcome change for plebs like me
For whom art is a mystery.
The artist's paint was quaint, of course,
But cheap and from an endless source
Though hardly fragrant-loose or firm.
I hope he thanked the pachyderm.

Five-thousand-odd light-years away
A baby star beams out a ray.
The region where new stars are born
Is not called Vorgon III or Xzorn
But R-C-W-5-8.
A name far more commensurate
With being a civil service form
Than venue for a cosmic storm.

Our council tax and rail fares up?
I bought some absinthe - fill your cup.
Drink it down and drain the bottles,
Sod tomorrow's axolotls!

THE WEASEL

To mark the rehabilitation of Oscar Wilde the Weasel family tries
his favourite tippie, absinthe, on sale again after 80 years

I RATHER fell for Oscar last week. Maggi Hambling's controversial sculpture opposite Charing Cross station is an endearing likeness of the decayed genius, with astrakhan collar and verdant boutonniere (Wilde maintained that a buttonhole was "the only connection between art and nature"). I'm not sure that the great aesthete would have approved of a sculpture that also functions as a public bench ("All art is quite useless"), but it's a safe bet that he would have enjoyed the attention currently being paid to him.

However, the new memorial is not the only place in London where devotees can pay tribute to our wittiest playwright. Proudly wearing their green carnations, members of the Oscar Wilde Society meet twice a year for dinner at the Cadogan Hotel. Located on the cusp of Chelsea and Knightsbridge - a notoriously disreputable district - this 66-room establishment is pretty much unchanged since Victorian times. Following the collapse of his ill-judged libel case against the Marquess of Queensberry, Wilde was arrested here in 1895 - a moment that inspired one of John Betjeman's best known poems: "Mr Wilde, we've come for tea take yew/Where felons and criminals dwell/We must ask yew tew leave us by quietly/For this is the Cadogan Hotel." Dedicated fans with £250 to spare may even spend the night in room No 118, where the dread event took place. The privilege of staying in the Oscar Wilde Room costs an additional £20 above the normal double-room rate, but guests do receive a complimentary copy of his works.

I think the hotel is pushing it a bit to say that "the poet and playwright was actually staying at the Cadogan when he was arrested". According to Richard Ellmann's magisterial biography, it was the ignoble Bosie who stayed in the hotel for five weeks. Wilde (who preferred the Savoy) was there for only a few hours. He passed the time drinking hock and seltzer in an agony of indecision about whether to flee the country. Ellmann notes: "A half-packed suitcase lay on the bed, emblem of contradictory impulses." The room has contracted somewhat in the course of this century. But "the Nottingham lace of the curtains", a detail remarked on by Betjeman, has the same floral pattern through which Wilde may have seen plainclothes detectives gathered on the pavement opposite. "It's mainly Americans who like to stay here," said Greg Harris, the assistant manager of the Cadogan. "Some people find it a bit eerie."

Though the hotel now boasts of its association with the disgraced artist, this was not always so. When Wilde was released on bail after his first trial for gross indecency resulted in a hung jury, no hotel in London would accept him as a guest.

IT'S BEEN a healthy week for decadence. Not only is Oscar resurrected, but so is his favourite tippie. After an 80-year gap, you can once again buy absinthe in Britain. Containing 70 per cent alcohol, the Czech-made potion retails for a modest £40 a bottle. Always

ahead of the game, we have had a bottle of this legendary grog, reputed to possess hallucinogenic properties, in Weasel Villas for donkey's years. I emitted a crow of delight which scared the bejzus out of Mrs W when I spotted it in a Lisbon shop window.

Though containing a modest 50 per cent alcohol, the Portuguese version did cost only eight quid. Having lugged



the poisoned chalice home, I gleefully uncorked La Fee Verte (the Green Fairy). Not a success. I must admit that the tasting notes of Jeremy Paxman on Newsnight ("It looks and tastes like Vaseline") were not far off the mark, so the absinthe (which the dusty army of alcoholic souvenirs in our cluttered cupboards

The unpalatable nature of absinthe is scarcely surprising when you learn that its main flavouring is wormwood

(whence "vermouth" is derived), a herb used for centuries as a vermifuge. The fin-de-siècle decadents may have gone mad and died young, but at least they were worm-free. Prompted by this week's absinthe craziness, Mrs W and I had another bash. The recipe I followed involved sugar (a good idea) and setting fire to the stuff (not a good idea). Looking not dissimilar to the morose toppers in Degas's masterpiece *L'Absinthe*, the Weasel family hit the bottle. I didn't think it was too impossible to have this time - a bit like green Chartreuse, if undeniably soapy. No bizarre, unnatural visions, however, unless you count Mrs W's grimace.

YOU'LL HAVE seen the new social classification whereby the top-most rung of the British class system is occupied by captains of industry, newspaper editors and restaurateurs. Though I rarely get to meet such luminaries, I'm sure every man-jack (and woman-jack) is an ice-cool intellect, filled to the scuppers with energy, ambition, determination and other qualities in short supply in Weasel Villas. An intriguing insight into this *crème de la crème* is provided by *The Star Chef's Cookbook* by Richard Bramble (Blake, £25), in which Michelin-starred chefs explain the reasons for their soufflé-style rise to fame. "I am a moron. I drive like a maniac. The world does not go quick enough for me," opines Jean-Christophe Novelli. We also learn that Raymond Blanc

is "not old but has already suffered a stroke", that Nico Ladenis "does not cook any more because the stress is bad for his heart", and that John Burton-Race is "fitted with a pace-maker for a stress-related problem which means his heart could stop beating on his next breath".

Perhaps not so ice-cool, but still intellects, surely? You can judge yourself with this billet-doux by Michel Roux: "I catch myself smiling at her; a discreet, furtive smile which I have secretly harboured for longer than I can remember. I felt its first feeble flickerings in adolescence: over the years it has heated into an incandescent furnace. Inspired by my thoughts, my fingers model and caress her; apply a hint of make-up with the touch of a piping cone." He is, of course, referring to a pudding.

HOW SAD to see a great mind in decline. In last week's *Spectator*, Paul Johnson recalled his unease at waking up in an airport and not knowing where he was: "Signs, advertisements gave no clue. The people I saw were all nationalities and none. I might have been anywhere in the world." (It turned out to be Singapore.) The eminent wordsmith may like to know that he is not the only one to suffer confusion in an airport. In fact, Brigid Brophy based an entire novel on the phenomenon. But it is far worse for the protagonist of *In Transit*, who is not only unsure of location, but also uncertain of his or her gender. Not, I would imagine, a problem that afflicts Mr Johnson.

SPIRIT OF THE AGE

PAUL VALLELY

Nobody expects the Inquisition

THERE IS nothing new, in the long and unsavoury history of religion, about dissent. In bygone times, it was pretty much, by definition, a minority pastime. But in our individualistic era it sometimes seems that everybody's doing it. Paul Collins was in town recently. Now there's someone who has elevated dissent into a veritable art form. Collins is a Missionary of the Sacred Heart, and is the latest Catholic to fall victim to the Vatican's crackdown on anyone who so much as raises a theological eyebrow over its increasingly conservative rulings. The Australian priest is being investigated for his book, *Papal Power*, which had the temerity to suggest that the Catholic Church has now become over-centralised to the point of dysfunctionality - the kind of thesis which, he conceded, was "not exactly designed to win friends and influence people in Rome".

Indeed. Especially so when one of his suggestions was that the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith (the body which was, until 1964, known as the Holy Office of the Inquisition) should be abolished.

It is that very body which is now trying to put Collins's book on the rack. Rome may have taken on more than it bargained for. "I've now talked to a lot of people who are being investigated," says Collins, a hurly, ruddy-faced character who describes himself as a harsh Australian. "They feel isolated." He is determined to end that. And, having been head of religion at the

Australian Broadcasting Corporation for 10 years, he has the contacts and the know-how to do that.

It began when Collins received, via the superior general of his order, a letter demanding that he answer a list of charges made anonymously against him. Collins's response was to contact perhaps the most eminent of Catholicism's dissidents, Professor Hans Küng, the first person John Paul II disciplined when he became Pope. (Küng had suggested that certain extensions of the scope of papal infallibility were, in fact, illegitimate).

"The only protection you have is honest opinion," Küng told him. So Collins waited for what journalists call a "slow news day", and leaked the Vatican's documents to the *Sydney Morning Herald*. "I made sure it was a Saturday with no sport, so there'd be no competition for air time, and the TV would pick it up big," they did. "The Collins case" became big news in Australia, where he was a household face on television. He then posted on the Internet all the Vatican's confidential correspondence, together with his replies, and set about contacting others currently under investigation.

There are many in the Catholic Church who take a dim view of all this. After all, they say, the Church is not a democracy: God sets the framework, the Pope makes the rules, and if you don't like them you should leave the club. But then, in the words of Tissa Balasuriya, the Sri Lankan theo-

logian who last year became the first dissident to be excommunicated by the Pope, the Church is not a club, and its civil servants in Rome cannot claim to be exclusive arbiters of truth.

There is, in all this, two distinctive visions of what the Church is. Rome has returned to the idea that the profound mysteries at the core of faith are outside history, static law and unchanging doctrine are thus required. The second view, which the Church embraced with the Second Vatican Council, is that faith is lived out within the context of history and our theological understandings are determined by the constraints of culture and human experience. Rules and doctrine have to change as our understanding of ultimate mystery develops.

This second vision - what the theologian Adrian Hastings called Protestant Catholicism - challenges the rigid style which the Church has inherited from late medievalism: "Rigidities whose intellectual justification is incredibly weak, but whose organisational defence (is) intensely tenacious," as Professor Hastings put it. "Taken to its logical conclusion," insists Collins, "this is fundamentalism, and leaves the Church at variance with the day-to-day experience of the Catholic faithful, whom it expects simply to pray, pay and obey."

What is striking is that the Vatican has now turned its attention from heavyweight questioners like Küng, to lesser figures such as Collins. "I'm a



Sister Lavinia Byrne, subject to papal discipline. Andrew Buurman

populariser, not an original thinker, of no significance outside Australia," Collins says with brazen humility. "The same is true of targets such as Tissa Balasuriya, Anthony de Mello and Lavinia Byrne." De Mello, who died recently, is an Indian Jesuit whose bestselling books on meditation the Vatican decided were too close to Buddhism. Byrne is a nun whose five-year-old book advocating the ordination of women has recently been pulped in the US on the instructions of Rome.

"The whole nature of this pontificate has shifted to the popular - the Pope sees himself as a jet-setting teacher," says Collins. "So it's not surprising that popularisers are the targets, especially as a new short-termism is evident in Rome as this papacy nears its end, and

the knives come out as everyone positions themselves for the next one."

The irony is that it's all pretty counter-productive. Balasuriya's once obscure book is now available worldwide; Collins's is in its fifth reprint; and Byrne's is being reprinted by a secular publisher. Cardinal Hume recently wrote to Rome to "strongly advise" that they were making fools of themselves and should lay off Lavinia.

Collins gives the impression that he'd be disappointed if they laid off him. Last month, he and Balasuriya wrote to the heads of all the religious orders in Rome asking them to meet to discuss the issue. "Personally, I am enjoying all this," says Collins. "I love a good fight." You have not heard the end of this one.

DAYS LIKE THESE

5 DECEMBER 1940

CESARE PAVESE,
Italian poet and novelist,
observes in his journal:

"Fundamentally, the pleasure of sex is no more than that of eating. If there were embargoes on eating as there are on sex, a whole ideology would come into existence, a passion for eating, with standards of civility. This ecstasy they talk about - the vision, the dreams evoked by sex - is no more than the pleasure of biting into a medlar or a grape fresh from the vine. One can do without it."

6 DECEMBER 1918

ROSA LUXEMBURG
(pictured), German
communist, writes in
Breslau Prison:

"Through the window there falls across the bed a glint of light from the lamp which burns all night in front of the prison. At intervals I can hear faintly in the distance the noise of a passing train or close at hand the dry



cough of the prison guard as in his heavy boots he takes a few slow strides to stretch his limbs. The grinding of the gravel beneath his feet has so hopeless a sound that all the weariness and futility of existence seems to be radiated thereby into the damp and gloomy night. I lie here alone and in silence, enveloped in the manifold black wrappings of darkness, tedium, unfreedom and winter - and yet my heart beats with an immeasurable and incomprehensible inner joy, just as if I were moving in brilliant sunshine across a flowery meadow. ... But when I search my mind for the cause of this joy, I find there is no cause and can

only laugh at myself - I believe that the key to the riddle is simply life itself, this deep darkness of night is soft and beautiful as velvet, if only one looks at it in the right way. The grinding of the damp gravel beneath the slow and heavy tread of the prison guard is likewise a lovely little song of life - for one who has ears to hear it."

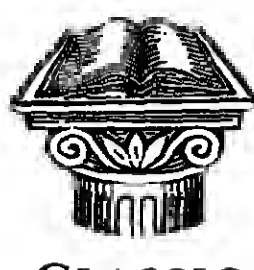
10 DECEMBER 1860

THE GONCOURT
BROTHERS
record in their journal:

"Flaubert told us that while writing the description of the poisoning of Madame Bovary, he had felt a pain as if he had a copper plate in his stomach, a pain which had made him vomit twice over. He said that one of his most agreeable moments was when, working on the and of his novel, he had been obliged to get up and look for another handkerchief because he had soaked the one he had! And all in order to amuse the bourgeois!"

IAN IRVINE

We have a duty to live beautifully

CLASSIC
PODIUM

From 'The House Beautiful',
one of a series of lectures on
the decorative arts delivered
by the writer and aesthete
Oscar Wilde during a
tour he made of the United
States of America in 1882

Within the house, the hall should not be papered, since the walls are exposed more or less to the elements by the frequent opening and closing of the door. Don't carpet the floor: ordinary red brick tiles make a warm and beautiful floor; and I prefer it to the geometrically arranged tiles of the present day. There should be no pictures in the hall for it is no place for a good picture,

and a poor one should be put nowhere. It is a mere passageway, except in stately mansions, and no picture should be placed where you have not time to sit and admire and study it.

Hat racks are, I suppose, necessary. I have never seen a really nice hat rack: the ordinary one is more like some horrible instrument of torture than anything useful or graceful, and it is, perhaps, the ugliest thing in the house.

If there is much, or heavy furniture, the design on the walls should be rich; if the furniture is limited, or light, the design should be light and simple.

The ceiling is a great problem - what to do with that great expanse of white plaster. Don't paper it; that gives one the sensation of living in a paper box, which is not pleasant.

As regards the floor, don't carpet it all over, as nothing is more unhealthy or inartistic than modern carpets; carpets absorb the dust, and it is impossible to keep them as perfectly clean as anything about us should be. In this, as in all things, art and sanitary regulations go hand in hand. It is better to use a parquet flooring around the sides and rugs in the centre.

Most modern windows annihilate light and let in a glare that is destructive to all sense of repose. The small, old windows just let in light enough. If you have big windows in your house, I advise the use of toned green or grey

glass with little bright spots of pure colour which give a more subdued light, a pleasing blending of colours and a sense of quiet and repose.

Avoid the "early English" or Gothic furniture; the Gothic, now so much thought of in this country, though honestly made and better than modern styles, is really so heavy and massive that it is out of place when surrounded with the pretty things which we of this age love to gather around us; it is very well for those who lived in castles and who needed occasionally to use it as a means of defence or as a weapon of war.

One must have a piano I suppose, but it is a melancholy thing and more like a dreadful, funeral packing-case in form than anything else.

Of all ugly things, nothing can exceed in ugliness artificial flowers, which, I am sure, none of you wear. Today, more than ever, the artist and a lover of the beautiful are needed to temper and counteract the sordid materialism of the age. In an age when science has undertaken to declaim against the soul of man and when commerce is ruining beautiful rivers and magnificent woodlands and the glorious skies in its greed for gain, the artist comes forward as a priest and prophet of nature to protest, and his religion, in its benefits to mankind, is as broad and shining as the sun.

THE SATURDAY ESSAY

Why the world still needs the myth of Pablo Picasso



LINDA NOCHLIN

While some of his female images may disturb us, they acquaint us with the power of masculine desire

IF THERE is any artist who epitomises the genius of our century, it is Picasso. Long-lived, endlessly inventive, prolific in his production, prodigal in his sexual appetites as well as his artistic creation, an alchemist who could transmute the handlebars of a bicycle into the horns of a bull with a single gesture – there seems to have been no limit to his talents. Now the exhibition of his ceramics draws crowds to the Royal Academy. How many ceramists have shown in those august halls?

Of course, when it's a question of Picasso's work in that humble medium, it's different. And it really is different. What other ceramist stretches the medium so intrepidly to its limits, at the same time making us aware of those qualities of fragility and malleability peculiar to the work of clay and kiln?

How is it possible to distinguish the "real" Picasso from the Picasso myth? I do not believe such a distinction is possible. One can, of course, be sharply and brilliantly critical of certain phases of his work. And, certainly, recent feminist scholarship has forced a considerable revision of the Picasso myth, questioning those inventive distortions of the female body, ranging from the grotesque representations of prostitutes in the *Demoiselles d'Abignon* to the cruelly nailed-on breasts in *Seated Woman in an Armchair*, through the many sexually provocative images of his lover, Marie-Thérèse Walter, in the Thirties, where his sinner's body serves as a theme for an astounding series of pictorial variations aimed at making all her sexual parts – breasts, pudentia, buttocks – available to the viewer in a single glance, deployed like a tasty dish, on the surface of the canvas by means of artful distortion.

It is hard to separate such aesthetic inventiveness from the legendary misogyny of the artist, an essential element of the Picasso myth. His unfeeling treatment of his first mistress-model, Fernande Olivier, amply if inaccurately documented by the victim herself, his vicious caricatures of his wife, Olga, as an evil harpy, his casting aside of the ever-pliable Marie-Thérèse in favour of the more complex and creative Dora Maar, who was in turn harshly rejected and subjected to monstrous depiction in a series of memorable portraits... all this seems inseparable from his artistic achievement. Of all his lovers, only Françoise Gilot seems to have escaped not only unscathed but strengthened from the encounter; but she was armed with two essential weapons: intelligence and her own income.

"We all know that Art is not truth. Art is a lie that makes us realise truth, at least the truth that is given us to understand," Picasso once declared. We might say the same for biography. In Picasso's case at any rate, for Picasso's life is as much a product of creative enterprise as his artworks – indeed, one might say that Picasso's self-production is his greatest and most encompassing achievement, aside from the invention of cubism, which, after all, has to be shared with Georges Braque. And of course, his biographers, both admiring and deflating, have done their part to extend and amplify the legend. Even the photographers, like David Duncan, who have documented his day-to-day existence, have contributed to Picasso's self-aggrandising propensities, letting him cast himself as intense creator, loving husband or inspired clown as the mood hits him.

Picasso has his rivals in legend building, of course: most notably Jackson



'Minotaur uncovering a woman', from Picasso's 1930s cycle of etchings, the Vollard Suite

AKG

Pollock, the subject of a major exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art. Pollock also played the role of macho hero but the trajectory of his genius, unlike that of Picasso, was short if meteoric: the period of the great drip paintings lasted only from about 1947 to 1950. The Pollock mythology, however, gains in romantic intensity from the very brevity of his life. He shares with Van Gogh the tragedy of mental and emotional instability, of the career cut short, of the self-imposed, or almost self-imposed, death. In Pollock we have an almost ready-made figure of the doomed and tortured artist making major art out of his suffering, literally, as Hans Namuth's films record, enacting the throes of creation with a swirling stick and pots of housepaint.

Picasso, however, offers an alternative to this particular romantic myth. Unlike Pollock, he appears to have been the artist who could have it all: outrageous behaviour, a bohemian youth, an endlessly fertile imagination, unblocked productivity, enormous success, interesting friends, multiple relationships with the opposite sex, children – there are no limits, no tragic destiny to imply that the price of artistic genius is suffering, poverty and early mortality. The Picasso legend overwrites the myth of the romantic artist shivering in his chilly garret with the idyllic vision of productive sunset years passed in a splendid Mediterranean villa with a beautiful and adoring young woman in attendance.

In most cases, the attempt to heroise the individual artist involves either the imposition of a false unity on his or her work, a refusal to accept the messy heterogeneity and aesthetic ambiguity characteristic of most artistic careers in favour of a more harmonious, teleological narrative. The path must lead from early imitation, groping and seeking to the revelation of maturity and the "finding" of a self and recognisable style; to the pathos and grandeur of the late style, often considered an even more crowning achievement than that of the middle years.

Such late blooming gives added lustre to already illustrious careers, grants the artist-hero his exit with a bang rather than

a whimper or, at the very least, represses the unheroic possibility that the "breadth" and "generalisation" of the late styles of these masters, although sometimes impressive, may owe more to loss of visual acuity and compositional power than to artistic intention. It is sobering to recall that until the Fifties and the advent of abstract expressionism, Monet's large-scale late canvases languished, rolled up like yard-goods, in the basement of a Paris dealer.

The need to create an organic, all-inclusive totality out of the artist's career is the other side of the coin of amputating the inconveniently anomalous phases from the great continuum. A great deal, of course, depends on what is in our court at the moment: 30 years ago, the idea of an early Cézanne exhibition would have been laughed out of court. Cézanne's youthful work was seen as the dabbling of an over-sexed, undertalented neurotic. It was not until the advent of postmodernism and a revised standard of what constituted painterly achievement that the late Lawrence Gowing could mount an important exhibition of the young Cézanne's achievement, including wildly scumbled rapes, thickly plastered portraits and strangely elongated dwarves among the sombre landscapes and still lifes.

But Picasso's career, unlike that of almost any other modern artist, has never stood in need of revision or correction. It is remarkable for the variety of stylistic modes, its range of media and breadth of its subject matter. One might say that he has created something for everyone.

If the *Demoiselles* or his cubist work or his more outré surrealist-inspired ventures may still continue to *épater la bourgeoisie* on some level, if his overt political embrace of communism after the Second World War may turn off some conservative opinion; if some ignorant spectators at recent Picasso exhibitions are still hazy enough to assert that their five-year-old could paint as well... nevertheless the same spectators are usually mollified by Picasso's sheer technical skill in drawings like the *Stravinsky* portrait or that of *Max Jacob*; and even the most retrograde sensibility can hardly find fault with the charming neo-classical *Mother and Child* or the *Woman in White*,

both evidently based on a "real" mother, Sara Murphy. The portrait of his beautiful wife, the ballerina Olga Khokhlova, seated with a fan and a Spanish shawl is extraordinarily detailed and realistic. Yet, at the same time, Picasso could portray his wife in a modernist style, based on pointillism, emphasising formal rather than representational elements.

The very epitome of Picasso's multiple stylistic personae is perhaps an oil painting called *Studies*, of 1920. Here, in separate but adjoining rectangles, the artist has deployed both his abstract and his neo-classical realistic styles, a cubist still life adjoining a realistic dancing couple, another cubist work topping an Ingres-style female profile and two separate, sculptural hands extended above an overtly cubist work. The artist seems to be saying in this canvas: "To hell with a unified, harmonious style based on a similarly unified personality! I am the creator of all of these images; isn't this multiplicity more interesting, and more powerful, than any one, single-minded achievement?" What ever any other artist can do, Picasso seems to imply, he, Picasso, can do better.

And what about today's young artists? Is there any attempt to replace Picasso in the public imagination? Yes, there have been attempts, but on the whole, with the exception of Jackson Pollock, they have been failures. Andy Warhol's position as an image-making superstar is something quite different. Today's cutting-edge art – video, object or installation – involves an outright rejection of the hero, or the hero's sexual prowess, so much an aspect of the mythology of the artist from the later 19th century down to the recent past.

In the hero-less world of the post-modern present, women can share the stage with men without difficulty. Mona Hatoum and Rachel Whiteread can function as major figures of inspiration without deploying legends of sexual prowess in their work; in a way, their politics, in the broadest sense of the word, have more to do with their art than any simple notion of gender. The age of the hero-artist is dead, as far as contemporary art is concerned, as is, to a lesser extent, painting or sculpture in its traditional form, the

means of expression par excellence of the heroic creator.

Yet the myth of the artist still flourishes at the end of the 20th century, as does Picasso, its prime embodiment. The myth, after all, serves many purposes for our collective psyches. In an era where the individual seems to have less and less control over his or her life, where standardisation, computerisation and multinational corporations seem to conspire in imposing the realm of the simulacrum or the society of the spectacle on every aspect of human existence, the myth of the artist stands for everything the ordinary person is lacking: spontaneity, self-expression, doing what you want, constructive pleasure, beauty, sexual prowess, power and, in the case of Picasso, fame and wealth beyond the average citizen's wildest dreams. If the rock star, the diva, the TV personality or the football hero can take up some of the fantasy slack, the artist – Picasso specifically – still occupies a solid position in our collective fantasy life.

His work is something else again: embedded in the myth or apart from it, a Picasso painting, witty collage or playful ceramic brings our eyes to life, stimulates our minds with its metaphoric vigour, challenges, still, our preconceptions about truth and beauty with its visual ambiguity. While his female images may disturb with their overwrought possessiveness or even their sadism, they acquaint us, through the brilliance of their pictorial tropes, with the power of masculine desire, the molten heat of lust in action, as does the work of no other artist. The boldest pornography fails because it arouses disgust before astonishment, unlike Picasso's *Woman and Minotaur* series.

If art is a lie that makes us realise truth, then the truth that Picasso's multifaceted art production reveals is that there is no single "truth" behind the myriad masks; that art is a lie that makes us realise the unstable basis of reality itself, whether in a cubist canvas or in the life – more accurately, the myth – of the artist himself.

Linda Nochlin is Professor of Modern Art at the New York University Institute of Fine Arts

BAROMETER

SEAN O'GRADY

Drink of the Week

ABSINTHE IS green, very potent (70° proof), psychotropic, and back after an 80-year gap (absinthe makes the heart grow fonder, after all). An anise-flavoured liqueur, it is distilled with oil of wormwood, (a herb, effective against tapeworm), and flavoured with hyssop, lemon balm, and angelica. Once a favourite with artists, it's about four times as strong as vodka, and adds some narcotic, cannabis-like, effects. £40 a bottle to lose your mind, possibly forever.



Xmas Pud of the Week



MORE A cream sherry man than an absintheist, Andy Park is worried. He's been addicted to Christmas customs since 1993, when he decided to put festive decorations up in the middle of summer "to cheer myself up". They're still up, and Andy is known as "Mr Christmas". He watches the Queen's broadcast every day at 3pm. He spends £15,000 a year on Christmas food. Dinner always consists of roast turkey, with sausages, bacon, roast potatoes and Brussels sprouts. Sprouts are his favourite – "I could eat bowls of them." His sprout habit, potentially fatal, and the fact that he has gone from 12 to 16 stones may account for Andy, 41, having no luck finding a partner. "They think it's great fun at first, but I haven't been able to find anyone with the same passion as me about it."

Conundrum of the Week

CHRISTMAS HAS come early for Carol Vorderman, who has signed a £5m contract with Channel 4. Here we go, then.

Vowel please. Carol, consonant please. Another consonant please. And a vowel, OK, today's Countdown conundrum is: ALLOT-MONEY-FOR-NOTMUCH-WORK.

And our brain teaser is: What's Carol worth per day? Here's the answer: 355 shows x 5 years = 1,775 shows. Now £5,000,000 divided by 1,775 shows = £2,817.57 per show. Given 7 shows per day x £2,817 = £19,721 for a day's work.

Image of the Week

NO WOMAN, NO CRY by Chris Ofili, winner of the Turner Prize. This painting is a tribute to the dignity of Doreen Lawrence, mother of Stephen, murdered in a racist attack. Mr Ofili's work is varied. Appropriately for an man who uses elephant dung, many pictures feature a mythical black superhero called Captain Shift, with figures from black popular culture (James Brown and Mohammed Ali). And all done without absinthe.



The husbandlet in his pride

HEREDITARY PEERS aren't having an easy time of it in the House at the moment. One such peer is the Marquess of Bath. He is rumoured to be a colourful, slightly mad chap. Perhaps it is because his days as a peer are numbered, but he was monotone when we spoke. He lives at Longleat, which he uses as a gallery for the display of his "neo-expressionist" art, and which serves as a glamorous backdrop for his polygamist lifestyle – he is alleged to have scores of "intimate friends" or "wifelets", whom he refers to as his family. He might claim that he does this in the name of altruism, but I think he enjoys having it all. However, I was ringing about another aspect of his life.

Do you consider yourself to be a redundant figure in the House? Hereditary peers have to go. There isn't justice in it. There isn't social justice in someone inheriting a right to power, to government, to sit in the House and pass laws over your fellow men. I just cannot condone it.

Why did you take up the seat in the first place, if it represents something against which you are vehemently opposed? I took up my seat because I don't believe in unilateral disarmament. If the other hereditaries are giving up their power, I am very happy to do so, too. I wouldn't be happy to say that I won't stay and then leave them all there.

Will your not making appearances in the Lords make any difference to your routine? I go perhaps once a fortnight. Once a week? Once a fortnight. So, well, not much difference. I have given speeches, though, and I do obey the three-line whip.

What do you do when you're not being a peer? I am a writer and a painter. I also run

a tourist industry at Longleat. There is masses for me to do here. I've actually got a very full timetable and I don't think for a moment that I will be unoccupied when we go.

You are often referred to as an eccentric. Do you consider yourself to be one? No, I never have. I preach individualism. If you have to give a name to what I preach,

Can you reconcile individualism with the collectivist nature of your polygamy? Polygyny, I prefer to call it. I believe in a collective world. I believe in a collective universe. But the only way you can get that collectivism to work is by giving respect to the individual.

I'm curious as to the logistics of the "polygyny". How does it work? I think I should keep out of my personal life. I should practice what I preach.

You reject the "system" with your bohemian, unusual lifestyle, and yet you are firmly rooted in the establishment through your peership.

How do you reconcile the two positions?

There has to be a starting point in all evolution. I was born into a stately home with quasi-feudal powers. I am trying to find a way into the democratic society which is already in existence.

What if by some strange quirk, you were democratically re-appointed to the House. Would you take it up? Well, I'd certainly consider it. It would depend how much time I'd have to take off my writing and painting. I'm not an idle person. If you were down here you would be amazed by the quantity of work that I've put in my life. But you'll just have to take that on trust.

COLD CALL

SALLY CHATTERTON RINGS THE MARQUESS OF BATH

I'm guilty, but I won the day

MY WEEK

FIVE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF PETER TATCHELL, 46, OF THE QUEER RIGHTS CAMPAIGN GROUP OUTRAGE! WHO WAS THIS WEEK FOUND GUILTY OF 'INDECENT BEHAVIOUR IN A CHURCH'. LAST EASTER TATCHELL STAGED A PROTEST IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL DURING THE ARCHBISHOP'S SERMON

Sunday

Wake up at 9am, do my daily 45-minute workout of push-ups, squats and body tucks while listening to Classic FM on the radio. After breakfast, I count the number of signatures for the National Secular Society appeal, which calls for the repeal of the 1880 Ecclesiastical Courts Jurisdiction Act under which I've been charged. The total comes to over 7,000 names, including prominent public figures such as Bishops Richard Holloway and Derek Rawcliffe, Baroness Flather, Viscount Falkland, Sir Ludovic Kennedy, Harold Pinter, AN Wilson, Alan Bennett and Polly Toynbee. I am both impressed and grateful.

Spend the afternoon in phone conference with OutRage! colleagues. We decide to re-focus media attention on the issue that motivated the protest: Dr Carey's support for discrimination against homosexuals.

In the evening, some friends come over to help prepare placards: "Defend the right to protest" and "Carey opposes equal age of consent". Make arrangements for friends to look after my flat and pay my bills if I am jailed. The last time anyone was convicted under the 1880 Act for peaceful protest was 1966. The sentence was two months in jail, I go to bed a worried man.

Monday

My friends Sue and Steve arrive at my South London flat at 7am to drive me down to the magistrates' court in Canterbury. Sue gives me

a splendid hamper consisting of my favourite sandwiches, peanut butter with walnuts, dried figs and mashed bananas.

The journey takes two hours. On arrival at the courts, I do a pavement press conference to the assembled media. Most journalists seem to agree that the charge of "indecent" under a law that dates back to the 16th century is quite absurd.

The trial opens at 10am, and I get the immediate impression that the magistrate is fairly reasonable, not the "hang 'em and flog 'em" type that I had feared.

I'm a bit unhappy about getting my first conviction, but then all the best human rights campaigners have a criminal record

Under cross-examination by my barrister Mark Guthrie, the prosecution witnesses, police and church officials concede that my protest was without violence, threats or abuse. The prospect of imprisonment is receding. A character reference in my defence from the Bishop of Edinburgh is read to the court, and some journalists later spin this as a challenge to the Archbishop's authority.

After lunch I take the stand

and, grilled by the prosecution, I defend the OutRage! protest and make the point that the real "indecent" is not my defence of gay human rights but Carey's advocacy of discrimination against homosexuals. This is about as far as I dare go in making an overtly political defence. The magistrate's willingness to give such leeway indicates that I probably won't get a prison sentence. Dread to think what might have happened if I had a hard-line member of the bench.

The court adjourns and I am pleased with progress. Now my testimony is over I'm starting to relax. Race back to London, then after another rushed meal I prepare a detailed report of the day's events to put out over the Internet.

Fall into bed (alone) exhausted, at midnight.

Tuesday

Up at 6.15 again - no time to do a workout. Drive down to Canterbury with Sue. Tony Benn appears as a character witness, arguing that, throughout history, oppressive laws like the 1880 Act have had to be broken in order to win social justice. Brilliant! The Liberal Democratic MP Evan Harris also testifies.

At 11am the magistrate adjourns to consider his verdict. During the break, I chat with friends and supporters and get warm with some of Sue's home-made mushroom soup which she has brought down in a Thermos. The court reconvenes at midday



Peter Tatchell and his fellow OutRage! members protest outside the court in Canterbury

David Giles

and, within the first couple of minutes of the magistrate's judgement, I get the feeling that it will be a guilty verdict, which it is. But when he fines me £18.00 it is immediately apparent that he regards my protest as a trifling offence. He is sending out a witty signal that prosecutions under the 1880 Act will not be taken seriously by the courts.

On hearing the verdict, the prosecutor looks downcast, and my supporters are jubilant. I feel a bit unhappy about losing my

conviction-free record, which I had kept intact despite involvement in more than 1,000 direct action protests since 1969. But then all the best human rights campaigners, such as Nelson Mandela, have criminal records. Get home and phone my mother, Muriel, in Australia. She's thrilled that I haven't been jailed.

Wednesday

Interviews continue on and off all day. Letters and phone calls flood in from well-wishers all over the country.

try. At 9.30pm, I get my first break from the relentless pressure and go to a friend's house for my first relaxed meal in three days (pasta with tofus, beans, olives and coriander), drink whisky and smoke a joint listening to Sarah Vaughan and Nina Simone.

Thursday

Do my first workout since Sunday. The rush of endorphins feels good. Out of food, so I dash to the shops in between interviews. Haven't done much work in

recent weeks and am running out of money (I work full time for OutRage! but it's unpaid).

Phone around newspapers and magazines to propose a travel feature on Australia. 8pm - attend the weekly OutRage! meeting.

We are all delighted that my prosecution has turned out to be a PR disaster for the Church of England and Dr Carey.

Agree to accept Feminists Against Censorship's offer to pay my fine.

INTERVIEW BY DAISY PRICE

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Women seeking Men

KNIGHT ON CHARGER WANTED

Attractive, professional lady, 30s, 5'7", slim, red blonde hair, sparkling eyes, intelligent, friendly, fun-loving, honest, romantic, NHS, seeks attractive, professional male, 30s-40s, GSOH, who is ready for commitment. 23/2927

LAST CHANCE BEFORE L

...buy a dog! Dumpy, professional woman, 40s, with registered soft centre, seeks male, 40-50s, with no baggys, for talking, laughing, teasing and looking. Hampshire/West Sussex. 23/2928

WITNESS TO ROMANCE

She, petite lady, 27, single, slender, slim, seeks male, 30s, who is ready for commitment. 23/2929

COZY FRIENDLY TAILOR

Vegetarian female, 34, NHS, blue eyes, green/vegetarian/vegetarian, self-reliant, positive, honest, intelligent, travel seeks male companion, 30-40, London based. 23/2930

CREATIVE AND STYLISH

Warm, slim, attractive, professional female, 45, seeks male, into the arts, music, contemporary, intelligent, Must have GSOH, intelligence, sensitivity and a zest for life. 5/10s. 23/2931

NO TIME FOR LOVE

A busy, interesting, attractive woman, 34, who loves theatre, cinema, art in general, seeks friendship first then love with a male, funny, intelligent, male, 30-40, B London area. 23/2932

MIDLANDS LADY

Attractive, confident, teacher, 31, into reading, theatre, cinema, music, wants to be a companion, warm, out, seeks like-minded, tall male. 23/2933

LET'S CHAT

Fun, friendly, attractive, slim, vibrant lady, 50s, enjoys good food/conversation, very conversational, varied interests, and much in life to offer, seeks gentleman, with similar attributes, 30s-40s. Midlands preferred. 23/2934

TIME TO SHARE?

Tall, stylish, warm, attractive female, 29-30s, seeks an active, professional, positive male, to share drinks, dining, passion for life, maybe more. West London. 23/2935

Men seeking Women

IT COULD BE YOU

Easygoing, caring, attractive, young woman, 18, seeking a tall, dark, mature, 18, for fun, friendship, possible serious relationship. 23/2936

LONDONER BLUES

Attractive, pretty, intelligent, professional, well-travelled, blonde female, 30s, seeks male, 30s-50s, for relationship and to settle down. 23/2937

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VIEW
1998

The sexiest dance on the planet

Sizzling, simple
and rivalling
Salsa - Samba is
hot and it's here.
By Louise France

It's Sunday evening and the majority of the population is propped up in front of the television, watching *Baltic*. But in a chilly Victorian hall in Waterloo, south London, around 40 men and women are lumbering up for a Samba class. It's bitter outside, but they don't appear to care. They know they will be warm soon. They are about to perform the sexiest dance on the planet.

Since television coverage of the exciting Brazilians in the World Cup football competition this summer, Samba has been threatening to eclipse the latest craze for Salsa. It started with the opening match between Scotland and Brazil which saw the Tartan Army hobbling up and down, Samba-style, despite the fact that they'd just lost 2-1. Now Samba classes are opening up all over Britain in places as far afield as Manchester and Suffolk. Clubs, like Bar Havana in west London, hold weekly Samba nights. DJs have started mixing Samba rhythms with techno.

The Latin-American dance has become so popular it's even reached the small town of Drogheda in Ireland. In the summer, the town hosted a week-long Samba shindig. Thousands of people could be seen sashaying down the high street.

The London School of Samba, Britain's first Samba school, opened in 1984, but recently they've seen a sharp increase in interest. Each week they hold classes for dancers and drummers. A registered charity, they hold gigs all year round to raise funds, but the main event is London's Notting Hill Carnival in August. Perfectly ordinary men and women - doctors, accountants, students and social workers - dance down the streets of west London wearing little more than G-strings and nipple covers. Bottom pinching is a problem, apparently, but mostly for the men.

At this week's class, Emma-Jane Craze, a charity fundraiser, is standing at the front. (The official teacher, Maté Oliveira, has slipped a disc, which is worrying but doesn't seem to have dampened anyone's enthusiasm.) "Imagine you're beautiful," Emma-Jane tells the women, which as warm-up routines go, is certainly preferable to legs stretches and sit-ups. She turns to the men: "You're gorgeous," she tells them.

The drums start up and suddenly everyone starts swaying their bottoms and hips from side to side to



Samba is a common sight on the streets of Rio de Janeiro. Now it's all the rage in Britain

the beat. It's a nonchalant, natty, look-at-me sort of move. Think of Brazilian tarts standing on street corners; sultry nights on the back streets of Rio.

The band - or *bateria*, as they're known in Brazil - gets faster and louder (ear plugs have been issued at the start of each class since the day that one of the drummers measured the decibel levels and realised everyone was in danger of going deaf). In Brazil, the drummers traditionally bash anything they can get hold of from the kitchen - saucepan lids, tin trays. Here, there are seven different types of drum, from the huge Surdo, to shakers which look like two baked bean tins welded together.

Within minutes the room is pulsating, people are gliding about like the sultry dancer at the beginning of the cult Seventies drama series, *Tales of The Unexpected*. I try to dance - it seems churlish not to.

Unfortunately, my style is more shuffle than shimmy. I have all the sensuality of Margot from *The Good Life*, hopping awkwardly from foot to foot at a suburban cheese and wine party.

For the crux of Samba is sex. It comes as no surprise to learn that

Europeans it's a case of learning how to loosen up.

"You learn to let go," says Joan Eggleston, a 40-year-old NHS psychiatrist. She discovered Samba on a holiday in Brazil, and says it's the perfect antidote to stress. "My job is all to do with listening, but the

fields, dug their heels and then their toes into the earth to plant seeds. The beat is simple enough to pick up - a great deal easier than the tenuous steps involved in Salsa.

The beauty of the dance is that it doesn't matter what size or shape you are - it's about voluptuous

the week in Hackney, east London. "And what's wrong with that?"

These people are passionate about Samba. Jo Fell is a postal worker in Cambridge. Every Sunday she drives 60 miles to get to the class where she plays the drums. She arrives back home after midnight, and gets up three hours later to start her early shift at the post office. "Every Sunday I think to myself - can I be bothered? But as soon as I get in the car, I know it's worth it. Afterwards, your muscles ache, you're exhausted, but you feel great." What do her colleagues in the sorting office think? "They don't understand it. I've taken in photographs from the carnival, but they just want to look at the girls in feathery costumes."

For Sarah Haspel, a 29-year-old hospital administrator, Samba is her hidden life. "There's something a bit outrageous about having a stressful job and then walking down the street, in broad daylight, wear-

ing a G-string. I like the idea that no one would guess what I was up to."

After the class the dancers take advantage of their racing endorphins, and often go on to Bar Havana for their Sunday Samba night. This has the useful effect of making a looming Monday morning in the office seem a long way off.

And there's another perk too, says Sarah: "Unlike Salsa, you can dance Samba on your own. There's no need for a partner." The irony is that, once you get half way good at it, when your bottom and hips and thighs are jiggling from side to side with all the mellifluous abandon of a doe-eyed Brazilian beauty, you'll probably find that you're not on your own anymore. Sad, single, stressed-out professionals should take note.

The London School of Samba meets on Sundays at the Waterloo Action Centre, 14 Boylston Road, London, SE1. Classes cost £4 (£3 unwaged)

Samba does little for gender politics - this is a dance where women imitate street hookers and the men strut like proud peacocks

the latest George Clooney film, *Out of Sight*, relies on a Samba soundtrack for the sex scenes between Clooney, the escaped bank robber, and Jennifer Lopez, the federal marshal who's supposed to catch him. One imagines that for Latin-blooded Brazilians, the rhythms come naturally. For uptight north

beauty of Samba is that the drums are so loud no one can talk to you," she says later. "As soon as I hear the beat, it feels like a release."

Samba is a relatively new dance. It arrived in Brazil with the East African slaves and the basic technique is said to be inspired by the workers who, when they worked the

curves and macho posturing. Indeed, Samba does little for gender politics. This is a dance where the women imitate street hookers and the men are like proud peacocks.

"It's escapism," says Joan the psychiatrist, who's planning to go to see the unlikely sounding Bloko Vomit, a punk Samba band, playing later in

New ways to lose your shirt

Spread betting is transforming
gambling's image from a mug's game to a
fashionable pastime. By Alex Hayes



Liverpool vs. Celtic Vigo: 2-1 was good for I.G. Index Allsport

WE BRITISH are hardly sophisticated gamblers. Most of us might place a bet on the Grand National, buy the odd Lottery ticket, or even occasionally try our hand at the football pools. Gambling in this country is synonymous with smoky rooms and failure. But things are changing. Spearheaded by three leading companies (I.G. Index, Sporting Index and City Index), spread betting is transforming our gambling culture. Forget putting a five each-way on a horse in the 3.30 at Cheltenham, spread betting is a high-tech, top-drawer and big money business. As one City trader put it: "This is classy betting."

The differences between spread betting and traditional fixed-odds betting are many. Primarily, with fixed-odds betting you are predicting the result. In other words, you are deciding whether a team is going to win, lose or draw and nothing else. With spread betting, however, you gamble on whether that team will perform better or worse than predicted.

"It's basically like Bruce Forsyth's television show *Play Your Cards Right*," says Patrick Jay of I.G. Index. "All you have to decide is whether our prediction is too high or too low. If we say that England are going to score 500 runs in an innings, the chances are you will disagree with our prediction and bet low. Conversely, if we say that Australia will score 50 runs in their innings, you will most probably bet high."

Nothing extraordinary so far. But there is the twist that makes spread betting exciting and very dangerous is that both wins and losses are calculated on a multiplier effect. The more right you are, the greater the winnings; the more wrong, the greater the losses. "What you win or what you lose," says Jay, "is the difference between where you bet and the final outcome, per point." In other words, if you thought that England wouldn't score 500 runs but they scored 800, you would lose 300

points. If your original stake was £1 per point, you may survive the £300 loss. If it was £100 per point, a debt of £30,000 may not be quite as easy to repay.

"The risks are huge," says Jay. "That's why we credit-check everybody who applies for an account." There are 20,000 clients on I.G. Index's books. The Securities and Futures Authority regulates the company and insists that gamblers have the financial backing to cover any potential losses. Not that prospective clients have to be wealthy. "Though most of our punters are middle-class professionals, we are now attracting a wider clientele. When the business started five years ago, 90 per cent of our clients were City based. Now, it's no more than 10 per cent."

The office of I.G. Index resembles

Nasa's mission control - two banks of desks face about 20 television screens. "We constantly monitor a game's progress. But the screens also provide us with important information," says Jay. Such as the odds offered by competitors. "Naturally, we like to keep in touch with their predictions, just in case they know something we don't."

I watched the match between Celtic Vigo (a Spanish football team) and Liverpool in the UEFA cup. I.G. Index offered 16 different markets, from the time of the first goal to the number of corners. During this game alone, some 750 calls would be logged, with punters eager to change their position.

"If you've predicted that there will be one goal in the whole game and the score is 1-0 after five minutes, you'll want to call-in and sell your po-

sition," says Jay. "The important thing is not to stick stubbornly with a losing bet. That can get you into real trouble."

But people can win big too. During the General Election in May 1997, one punter bet £4,000 per Liberal Democrat seat. We predicted that they would win somewhere between 23 and 26 seats. As it turned out, they won 46 seats and this lucky man won £80,000.

Though I.G. Index concentrates on sporting events, it also allows clients to trade on futures and options as well as financial markets and currencies. This is obviously a popular option with City traders, especially as I.G. Index's prices appear on their computer screens.

Clearly, not everyone is working all that hard then. "We get calls at all hours and from all over the world," says Jay. "People call us from home, from work, from the pub. Sometimes, we even get calls from punters on Caribbean cruise, though they are usually to boast that we are paying for the holiday."

Back to the match, and Liverpool surrender a 1-0 half-time lead, the phones ring more and more.

"Most people thought that Liverpool would do well tonight," says Jay. "Now that Celtic Vigo have taken the lead, they want to bail out as quickly as possible and cut their losses." With the score at 2-1, f.g. Index is having a good night. Most of its predictions are proving correct. "Anything can happen though," says Jay. "The last minute goal by Emmanuel Petit in the World Cup final in July, cost the industry £100,000. You can be totally in control and then, suddenly, a goal goes in or a player is sent off and you're in big trouble."

Celtic prove this by scoring their third goal in injury-time.

"It's annoying," says Jay. "With the score at 2-1, we would have won £18,000, but because of that goal we will be down £2,000 on that match." Well, you win some, you lose some.

How to survive winter's double-whammy of woe

PARK LIFE



BRUCE MILLAR

concentration. At which point I caved in and took to my bed for a day, and slept long enough to shake off the worst of it.

But I remain convinced that some exercise can help prevent these sorts of minor illnesses - and, in all probability, various major ones as well. Those hardy types who swim out of doors all the year round, and have their 10 seconds of fame on Christmas Day when they plunge into the Serpentine or the North Sea in front of the television cameras, claim they never catch colds or flu. I believe them.

The only trouble is, I discovered the hard way that I couldn't join them. One autumn a few years ago, when I had access to one of the few outdoor pools that stay open through the winter, I vowed to swim every day in my lunch break. Surely, I reasoned, the water would not seem cold if I swam so often that I acclimatised myself to the falling temperature as it dropped by small fractions of a degree each time.

All went fine until late

November. Although it took a little longer to warm up each day, I knew that I would soon become accustomed to the cold water, even though it was now under 60 degrees, well below anything I could normally stand. Friends were amazed that I was still swimming out of doors, while I felt smugly healthy and congratulated myself on the accuracy of my theory.

Then one day disaster struck. I dived in, felt the habitual impact of the cold, and swam a couple of quick strokes while waiting for the initial shock to wear off, as it always did. It didn't. Instead, it transformed into an intense, cold pain that seemed to squeeze the very breath from my body, and culminated in a piercing headache. I swam in short, snatched strokes to the shallow end, breathing with difficulty, dragged myself out of the water and lay there exhausted after barely a minute in the pool.

The temperature cannot have been more than half a degree below what my body had found acceptable, if not comfortable, the day before. I concluded that each of us must have a pre-set physical endurance limit - like the altitude limit mountaineers discover high in the Himalayas - below which we cannot operate.

It did occur to me to try the experiment again, wearing a wetsuit, but would you still enjoy the protection from colds and flu? Probably not. And frankly I've now come down on the side of the vast majority of the population who feel that a week or so of flu every year is a small price to pay to avoid the daily trauma of diving into dangerously cold water.

OBITUARIES

Bob Haggart

"HE COULD have been another George Gershwin if he'd channelled all his talents into composing," said Bob Crosby. "The man himself will never realise just what talents he possesses," confirmed Eddie Miller. Both men, colleagues of Haggart's in the co-operative Bob Crosby Orchestra, were talking of Bob Haggart, a multi-talented musician if ever there was one, composer of the classic "What's New?" and a multitude of good tunes.

It seemed unreal that a man so gifted should be happy to confine himself mainly to playing the double bass in support of other soloists but, for 70 years, that is what he chose to do. Yet, as well as his brilliance as a composer, Haggart could have been amongst the finest jazz guitar players and also excelled on trumpet and at the piano before settling for his modest role in the rhythm section.

He had an unusually varied 70-year career whose many highlights included recording with Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, Duke Ellington and Charlie Parker. Often he wrote the music for the sessions as well. A founder member in 1935, he was the last survivor of the Crosby orchestra, one of the outstanding bands of the Swing Era.

He was raised in Douglastown, Long Island, celebrated by his "Dogtown Blues", a composition featured by the Crosby band on one of its most popular recordings. Most of the Crosby musicians had worked in the dance band led by Ben Pollack. When Pollack began to neglect the band in favour of an actress, his musicians dumped the band's library on Pollack's doorstep and went off to form a band dedicated to recreating classic jazz rather than dance music.

Haggart was given a banjo-ukelele for his 13th birthday. He was too polite to point out to his parents that he disliked the sound of the instrument, but an indulgent mother soon bought him a guitar. He took weekly lessons from the master guitarist George Van Eps and soon was invited to play in his family jam sessions. Van Eps was later to persuade Artie Shaw to audition Haggart on guitar for his band.

The young Haggart also played tuba in the school band. Weary of carrying the huge instrument to summer camp, he applied for and got the job of hugler at the camp. This led him to buy a cornet, which he took with him when he enrolled at the exclusive Salisbury School in Connecticut. The school was known to be a "snob factory". Haggart became a founder member of the Salisbury Serenaders, the school dance band, and soon began to modify the printed stock arrangements that were sought for the band from the local music shop. He rewrote complete sections of these, and eventually began writing his own orchestrations from scratch.

Doubling on cornet and guitar, Haggart persuaded his mother to pay for a trumpet when he left the school in 1929.

I always have a soft spot for the guitar. My very first gigs were as a guitarist with drummer Fred Petry's Happy Daze Orchestra. Fred took the name from a big picture he'd cut from a Saturday Evening Post that showed a drunk with the caption "Happy Daze".

Petry later went on to play for the bands of Artie Shaw and Jack Teagarden. It was at his home that Haggart first heard jazz, on a 78 featuring the cornettist Bix Beiderbecke called "Singing The Blues". He soon bought his first jazz record, Louis Armstrong's "I Can't Give You Anything But Love". "That one turned my life around. I guess if I had never heard jazz like that I might have become a hosiery salesman like my father."

Now enrolled at the Great Neck High School, he saw a double bass leaning against the wall in the school's music room and asked the teacher if he could play it. He never looked back, and word soon spread of his great abilities to swing a band with the instrument.

After Haggart had bought his own bass, his talents earned him an invitation in 1933 to play a 10-week season at the British Colonial Club in Nassau. During the voyage rough weather caused the ship's piano to roll and to turn the bass to matchwood.

For the next three years he worked with a variety of local groups and each year played the season in Nassau. By 1935 he had been offered jobs by both Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman, but turned them both down.

Glenn Miller and Ray McKinley, both by then with their own bands, recommended Haggart to the embryo Crosby band. He liked the idea, joined and, as a pivotal member of the rhythm section, shot to national fame as the band took off. With its free spirit the band captured the imagination of the youth of the Thirties. Haggart soon became famous not just for his bass playing, but also for the imaginative arrangements and compositions that he wrote for the band.

One of his early successes was also the biggest. There was a nucleus of musicians from New Orleans in the band and one of them,



Haggart worked as a composer and double-bass player for 70 years

David Redfern

tion played the record 22 times in a single day. Four days later the band recorded a feature for muted trumpet called "I'm Praying Humble". Haggart had found an old record of the piece by a black gospel group in a second-hand shop and reworked it for the trumpet of Sterling Bose.

Another trumpeter, Billy Butter-

field, played the solo on a new ballad Haggart had written that was tutor for bass that Haggart wrote at this time became a standard text for the instrument. He arranged and played for sessions recorded by Billie Holiday and Louis Armstrong for the Decca company, and both Armstrong and Duke Ellington called on him when they needed a bassist. He played bass at Armstrong's classic New York Town Hall concert in 1947. He worked for the string en-

semble that worked with the alto saxophonist Charlie Parker and also wrote for the large orchestras that backed Sarah Vaughan.

From 1951 to 1960 he led the Lawson-Haggart Jazz Band with his friend from the Crosby band, the trumpeter Yank Lawson. The band took its music from the classic jazz repertoire of the Twenties. He and Lawson both worked for Louis Armstrong in the ambitious collection of recordings *Satchmo - A Musical Autobiography* in 1957.

Heavy drinking had been even more a feature of life in the Crosby group than in most big bands, and the habit had become an ingrained problem for Haggart and his wife by the Fifties. They both became teetotalers in 1956.

Nelson Riddle wrote the liner note for a 1958 recording of *Porgy and Bess* played by a large studio band led by Haggart. The scoring of this music was the achievement that Haggart was most proud of, but be-

Professor Ian R. Christie

IAN R. Christie was a distinguished scholar in the field of historical scholarship, perhaps the last never to have been a research student.

He was very much a historian with a period. His period was the 1770s and 1780s, and the political history of the reign of George III more generally. He produced a well-used textbook - *Watts and Revolutions: Britain, 1760-1815* (1982) - and a stream of monographs and learned articles on his period, out of which he was never tempted to stray, in 50 years of research, teaching and writing.

Once, at University College London in the 1970s, a short course of lectures on the main themes of modern British history was proposed. Peter Clarke (later professor of history at Cambridge) said he would lecture on class and on gender; I think I offered economic growth; Christie said he would talk about Lord Bute and about Lord North.

It was at University College London that Christie spent the whole of his post-Oxford career: he was appointed assistant lecturer in 1948, followed by lecturer and reader, before becoming professor of modern history by conferment of title in 1966 and finally Astor Professor of British History from 1979 until his retirement in 1984 - in succession to Joel Hurstfield (who had been Astor Professor of English History).

Christie was born in 1919 in Preston, Lancashire, though he spent his early years in Glasgow, and was certainly thought of as an Anglicized Scot. He was an invalid as a child and educated at home, later recovering to go to Worcester Royal Grammar School before going up to Oxford. His time as an undergraduate at Magdalen College, 1938-40 and 1946-48, was interrupted by war service as an RAF officer. As soon as he graduated he was appointed to the history department at UCL, snaffed up by the grand and tyrannical Sir John Neale.

In June 1948, as he was about to take schools at Oxford, Christie wrote to Neale after he had offered him the job: "Mr A.J.E. Taylor here has said he will procure me an introduction to Professor Namier in order that I may get advice on my proposed subject for research".

Thus Christie became a Namierite, sitting at the feet of that other grand and not untyrannical historian at the Institute of Historical Research, London University in the 1950s. Christie's first book, *The End of North's Ministry, 1780-82* (1958), appeared as the second volume in Sir Lewis Namier's series, and Christie began his

long association with the history of Parliament.

A respectable stream of articles and books followed, and Christie held office in the Royal Historical Society. At UCL he came to serve as chairman of the history department in 1975-79; earlier he had been dean of the faculty of arts, in the days when that office was decorative rather than managerial. In the demanding task of being head of department, he needed to be neither decorative nor managerial; he was wise, judicious, fair. Dare one think it was the good old days?

At all events, Christie's scholarly achievements were recognised: in 1977 he was elected Fellow of the British Academy and in 1983 he was invited to give the Ford Lectures at Oxford. The lectures, on why there was no revolution in Britain in the 1790s, were published as *Stress and Stability in Late Eighteenth Century Britain* (1984).

Christie's retirement speech at a dinner in his honour at UCL was memorable. He said that when he had joined the history department in 1948 there had been great men in it, and he was sure that one day there would be again. It caused quite a stir.

Although he appeared buttoned-up and conventional, Christie's views were often quite unpredictable. He was a sceptical rationalist, sometimes taking bizarre forms, as with his obsession about the medical records that supposedly revealed that Rudolf Hess was not the real Hess.

He had a fascination for illness, sometimes legitimately channelled, as with his enthusiasm for discussing George III's porphyria, sometimes taking bizarre forms, as with his obsession about the medical records that supposedly revealed that Rudolf Hess was not the real Hess.

His first book was dedicated to his mother, and he was himself dedicated to his mother. When he was head of the department, meetings had to be rearranged so that he could always get home so his mother was not left alone after dark. He never stayed around chatting after a seminar at the Institute of Historical Research or after a meeting of the Royal Historical Society, as historians generally do; he went back to Croxley Green to be with his mother. She lived into ripe old age, and it was not until after her death, when Christie was in his seventies, that he permitted himself to marry.

Ann Hastings, his wife from 1992, was, like him, a keen member of the Croxley Green Tennis Club. His last years, until the last few months, were happy: his "recreations" in *Who's Who* evolved from "walking" to "gardening"; he heaved away, researching the history of his family and writing two unpublished volumes of autobiography, and earlier this year an article by him appeared in the *English Historical Review* that he could have begun nearly half a century ago.

NEGLEY HARTE

Ian Ralph Christie, historian: born Preston, Lancashire 11 May 1919; Assistant Lecturer in History, University College London 1948-51; Lecturer 1951-1960; Reader 1960-66; Professor 1966-79; Dean of Arts 1971-73; Chairman, History Department 1975-79; Astor Professor of British History 1979-84; FBA 1977; married 1992. Ann Hastings: died Poole, Dorset 25 November 1998.



Wise, judicious, fair

Alfred Bingham



In 1934 he was thrown out of the Waldorf-Astoria restaurant after addressing his fellow diners in support of the hotel's striking kitchen staff

"GUCCI SOCIALIST" was not the term for Alfred Bingham. Instead of the nouveau-riche associations of such footwear, his own WASP New England radicalism was more "Brooks Brothers Bolshevik".

As a writer, editor, activist and lawyer Bingham was involved with a wide sweep of American political issues from 1930s New Deal to 1960s New Left. His life also had the curve of classical tragedy, his personal wealth and radical agitation producing in turn a son whose defence against terrorist charges would destroy the family fortune.

In a memoir of his father, *Portrait of an Explorer: Hiram Bingham, discoverer of Machu Picchu* (1988) he described how:

My mother's maternal grandfather Charles Tiffany founded the jewellery and silverware company and became a millionaire. My father's paternal grandfather led a failed mission to Hawaii, which gave the islands a written language and a Bible. These two great-grandfathers seemed to typify the rival influence that has shaped me.

The book's title hints at his father's most famous achievement - in fact Hiram 3rd, as well as leading the first Yale Peruvian Expedition of 1911, also became an important public figure. "His subsequent political prominence as US Senator tended to obscure his earlier career."

If the lineage was impeccable on the Bingham side, with Protestant

missionaries stretching back to the Mayflower, the Tiffany genealogy may have been more recent but had distinct compensations. Indeed that one store on Fifth Avenue guaranteed intellectual and social independence to the family for generations afterwards.

Born in 1905, one of seven brothers, Bingham had an archetypal education of his class. Groton School followed, of course, by Yale College and Yale Law School. Whilst his father was a notoriously conservative Senator, young Bingham's Republican beliefs were shaken by the liberal atmosphere of Yale.

Like many independently wealthy American idealists, he abandoned his degree and humbled himself with various menial jobs, perfect revenge on any father, as perfected later by Sixties drop-outs. He then travelled the world for a couple of years, inspecting Stalin's Five Year Plan at first hand, and being apparently impressed, as well as interviewing Gandhi and Mussolini in his Grand Tour of global politics.

He returned to Manhattan in 1932 and began a liberal monthly, *Common Sense*, which he edited for 10 years, a quintessential intellectual-radical journal of that period,

with contributors such as John Dos Passos, James Agee, Theodore Dreiser and Edmund Wilson.

In 1934 he was physically thrown out of the Waldorf-Astoria restaurant after addressing his fellow diners in support of the hotel's striking kitchen staff and that same year was arrested picketing alongside strikers in Jersey City.

In 1934 he published his first book, *Challenge to the New Deal*, followed the next year by *Insurgent America* in which:

I sought to show the fallacy of the Marxist expectation that the proletariat would become the dominant class and

ventured the conclusion that the technical and managerial middle-classes are slated to be next in the sequence of ruling classes.

This became a central theme for Bingham, not unlike those upper-class socialists whose principal objection to Margaret Thatcher was her lower-middle-class nature. Through-out such writings as "The Technology of Democracy", an essay published in the 1941 anthology *Whose Revolution?*, or his books *Mari's Estate* (1939), *The United States of Europe* (1940), *The Techniques of Democracy* (1942) and *The Practice of Idealism* (1944), Bingham proved prescient on a range of issues.

His understanding of America's new managerial classes was linked to the power of multi-nationals: "General Motors or J.P. Morgan will perform an essential integrating task in the absence of a responsible authority." He also wrote of those millions of blacks who could not vote and placed a very contemporary emphasis on the sociology of technology.

The revolution which has gripped the whole world since 1914 is, clearly enough, a phase of technological revolution which began with the application of the scientific method to industry.

Bingham ran for public office in 1940 as a New Deal Democrat. He served one term in the Connecticut State Senate as Chairman of the

Senate Agriculture Committee. He was also a central player in the American Civil Liberties Union and Farmer-Labor Political Federation.

War service as an Army Civil Affairs officer was followed by 20 years of law in south-eastern Connecticut. Continually active, Bingham served as Workmen's Compensation Commissioner, a Judge of Probate and started the state chapter of Americans for Democratic Action.

In 1970 he published *Violence & Democracy*, 28 years after his last book. Bingham's writing became increasingly engaging as he aged and whilst his previous books are unreadable today, *Violence & Democracy* remains a fascinating analysis of revolutionary chaos from the perspective of a 65-year-old activist. Its flavour can be sensed in index entries such as "Manners", or "Radicalism, traditional", or chapter heading, "When is violence legitimate?"

Four years later Bingham asked himself that question in earnest when his son Stephen was accused of smuggling a pistol into San Quentin prison where it was used in a hotbed, fatal, escape attempt. Like many law-breaking idealists of the era Stephen went "underground" for 11 years before giving himself up. Considering his own past and the surprisingly militant tone of his last book it was hardly sur-

prising that Bingham should come to the defence of his son, nor, considering legal costs in America, that he should have almost bankrupted himself by the time Stephen was acquitted in 1985.

If Bingham did not exactly mellow with age he did start writing family history, a welcome improvement for his readers. He began a mammoth twin-family history entitled *God and Mammon*, before breaking it down into more realistic sections. His 1989 biography on his father was followed by *The Tiffany Fortune & Other Chronicles of a Connecticut Family*, the only one of his books in print. Bingham's commitment to democratic ideals despite the pressures of world war, McCarthyism or gun-toting students made him an exemplary American liberal, one well served by his own words from *Violence & Democracy*:

The absence of sharp class distinctions, in contrast to the rigidities of the old world, was always part of the American dream. Even a wealthy or powerful man might be described as democratic if he behaved as if other people were his equals.

ADRIAN DANNATT

Alfred Mitchell Bingham, writer, politician, lawyer: born Cambridge, Massachusetts 20 February 1905; twice married (three sons, one daughter); died Clinton, New York 2 November 1998.

Professor Louis Dumont

IT FALLS to few academics to dominate the entire disciplinary field, yet the seminal influence of Louis Dumont, the French ethnographer and historian of ideas, on the anthropology of India by no means exhausts his contribution.

Dumont is best known to anthropologists for his work on Indian caste and kinship, but his view that holism and hierarchy form the ideological basis of Indian society also led him to explore the intellectual history of their Western counterparts, individualism and normative equality.

Born in 1911, Dumont discovered social science when he began working in the Musée des Arts et Traditions Populaires in Paris in 1936. This led eventually to research on southern France, and to several articles and a book *La Tursque* (1951) written from a folklore perspective. He soon began studying under Marcel Mauss, doyen of a whole generation of French social scientists. A few years later, while a prisoner of war in Germany, Dumont began learning Sanskrit and developed an interest in India, which he carried further after his return to the museum in 1945.

Dumont was among the first modern-style field researchers in India and worked in both the far south and extreme north of the country. His initial research (1949-50) in Tamil Nadu yielded his main ethnographic book, *Une Scène-Caste de l'Inde du Sud* (1957) and several key contributions to kinship theory, which had entered its most adversarial phase under the influence of Claude Lévi-Strauss's *Les Structures Élémentaires de la Parenté* (1949).

Years later, in an interview with his former student Jean-Claude Galey, Dumont described Lévi-Strauss's insights as the key to his own understanding of Tamil kinship, with its emphasis on marriage between cousins. Significantly, he added that Lévi-Strauss's theory had first required "slight modification". These modifications, unveiled in a classic 1953 article, were based on his recognition that Tamils classify relatives, and indeed all members of their own caste, in a way that presumes particular forms of marriage will occur. His grasp of kinship theory is demonstrated in his wonderful textbook *Introduction à Deux Théories d'Anthropologie Sociale* (1971), sadly for teachers of the subject, he never approved a translation, in the self-deprecating belief that a book explaining British anthropology to Parisian students could not possibly interest native English-speakers.

As a lecturer at the Institute of Social Anthropology at Oxford University

from 1951, Dumont began a collaboration with David Pocock with whom he founded the journal *Contributions to Indian Sociology* in 1957. Early issues consisted mainly of unsigned articles by the two principals, which were intended to establish a collective groundwork for the scientific understanding of Indian society. Though this aim proved over-ambitious, *Contributions* itself went from strength to strength, reincarnated itself in India, and is now the foremost specialist journal on South Asia.

At the heart of his approach lay his credo that "India is one", that behind the diversity of languages, castes and customs lay a common civilisation founded upon Sanskrit culture. One could not understand Indian society through piecemeal enumeration of local castes and customs, as colonial administrators and early anthropologists tried to do. Instead, caste relationships in particular regions should be seen as manifestations of a pan-Indian ideological whole.

Dumont wrote almost as if nothing significant had happened to Indian society between Vedic times and the coming of the British

which is hierarchical, structural (in Lévi-Strauss's sense), and founded on "a single true principle, namely the opposition of the pure and the impure".

For example, in any relationship between two castes – or two people – the presumption is not one of moral equality overlaid in practice with unfortunate differences of race, class or gender, as in the dominant ideologies of the modern West, but one of hierarchy, whereby one party to the relationship is regarded as higher-ranking – and hence also purer by virtue of diet, custom or hereditary occupation – than the other.

His insights provided the framework whereby the post-war diaspora of fieldworkers could compare observations from widely-scattered corners of India, and had the added attraction of linking contemporary findings to the most ancient texts and principles of Indian civilisation. Not that his views were uni-



versally accepted. While some Indian scholars were attracted by his stress on cultural unity, others joined Western Marxists in criticising his reliance on Sanskrit sources and his strangely ahistorical approach. The wrote almost as if nothing significant had happened to Indian society between Vedic times and the coming of the British.

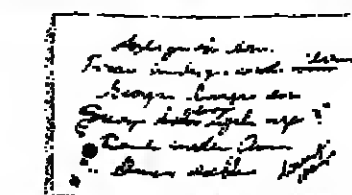
His position was seen as relegating Indian Muslims and Christians to the ideological periphery, and there were accusations that he had hoodwinked himself into accepting the views of ancient Brahman literati – even then only a tiny, élite faction within Hindu society – as an accurate picture of the entire civilisation. Whether with him or against him, however, it was for many years almost impossible to write on Indian society without extensive reference to Dumont.

His own interests, though, were increasingly turning towards the West,

and *Homo Hierarchicus* was succeeded by two volumes on *Homo Aequalis* (1977, 1991), tracing the development of European individualist ideologies, especially in the aftermath of the French Revolution. In this later work, which brought him fresh celebrity among French political philosophers, he argued among other things that modern racism and totalitarianism reflect the failure of egalitarian ideology to recognise that social relationships place practical limits upon the rights of individuals. Though the different phases of his work appealed to quite different readerships, they were thus clearly united in exploring two very different historical outcomes of the tension between holism and individualism.

ANTHONY GOOD

Louis Dumont, anthropologist; born Salonika, Greece 1911; married; died Paris 19 November 1998.



LITERARY NOTES

JAY PARINI

Frost and the cradle of lyric poetry

"EVERYTHING GOOD that first happened to me, as a poet, happened in England," Robert Frost recalled in old age. He had gone to England in 1912, as he put it, "a nobody". But he returned, just over two years later, as one of America's most celebrated younger poets.

When Frost stepped on to the ship in Boston in September of 1912 with his wife, Elinoir, and four young children, he was a totally unknown poet of 38. Although he had been writing poetry steadily for 20 years, he had not yet succeeded in getting a book published or placing more than a handful of poems in magazines.

For much of this time, he had been farming in Derry, New Hampshire. From his family's viewpoint, he had thus far failed at everything he had tried, having left university twice without getting a degree, having barely eked out a living as a chicken farmer, and having not been able to get anything published. England felt, to him and his wife, like a last chance.

With a little money in the bank from the sale of his farm in New Hampshire, Frost put everything at risk by crossing the Atlantic. He had wanted to live in England, he said, because it was "the cradle of lyric poetry". Elinoir had come, she said, because she "wanted to live under thatch".

After a frantic search, they

rented a house in Buckinghamshire called, unimpressively, The Bungalow. There Frost set about pulling together (from poems mostly in rough draft form) his first two volumes of verse: *A Boy's Will* and *North of Boston*. After many months of solitude and hard work, Frost finished the first manuscript.

His farm in New Hampshire and the local types he would meet in the course of a day's work provided the background for much of this work, which focused on rural work and rural people. *A Boy's Will* was a unique and refreshing volume. Frost offered it to David Nutt, a small publisher in London, who accepted it within the same week. Suddenly, almost unbelievably, Frost was on his way.

Another turning-point came in January of 1913, when he attended the opening of a book shop run by Harold Monro on Devonshire Street in London. There he met F.S. Flint, another poet, who soon introduced him to Ezra Pound and many other influential poets and critics. Before long, Frost found himself folded into English literary society. He soon met W.B. Yeats, Rupert Brooke, Wilfrid Gibson, W.H. Davies, and – most importantly – Edward Thomas, who quickly became a close friend, "the only close friend I ever had", as Frost later said.

In the spring of 1914, Frost moved to the Dymock re-

gion of Gloucester, where a cluster of poets lived within walking distance of each other in and around the town of Ledbury. These included Wilfrid Gibson, Edward Thomas, Rupert Brooke, and Lascelles Abercrombie.

Frost's first volume appeared in the spring of 1913, and it was reviewed by Ezra Pound and others. Frost was hailed, by the TLS, as "a writer not afraid to voice the simplest of his thoughts and fancies". The book did not sell, but Frost hardly cared. He was published. Furthermore, an American publisher called Henry Holt had seen the book and taken Frost on. As Frost put it, "I had to go to England to get published in my own country. It was peculiar."

Frost would have stayed in England but for the war. "England has become half my native land – England the victorious," he wrote in a farewell note to Harold Monro. He was driven back to America in early 1915 by the outbreak of the war, but by this time he was the proud author of two volumes of verse. Soon after his arrival in New York, he discovered that his newly-won fame as a poet had gone before him. *A Boy's Will* had been warmly embraced by American readers, and Frost would never again be "a nobody".

Jay Parini is the author of *Robert Frost: a life* (Heinemann £20)

GAZETTE

LECTURES

TODAY
National Gallery: Lynda Stephens, "Gifts (I): Verses, The Consecration of St. Nicholas", 12 noon.
Victoria and Albert Museum: Andreas Petzold, "Late Gothic Art in Italy", 2pm.
British Museum: George Hart, "The Rise and Fall of the Pharaohs of Sais", 11.30am; George Hart, "Herodotus on Egypt: history and scandal", 1.30pm.

TOMORROW
Victoria and Albert Museum: Alex Buck, "20th-century Silver Design", 2pm.
Tate Gallery: Sarah O'Brien Twibig, "Commentary on the Turner Prize", 4pm.
National Portrait Gallery: Ann Kodicek, "Music and Theatre at the Turn of the 19th Century", 3pm.

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

TODAY
The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am.

TOMORROW
The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am; 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Scots Guards.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In memoriam) are charged at £6.50 a line (VAT extra). OTHER Gazette announcements (notices, functions, forthcoming marriages, Marriages), which must be submitted in writing, are charged at £10 a line, VAT extra. Always include a daytime telephone number.

BIRTHDAYS

TODAY: King Bhumibol Adyadej of Thailand, 71; Mr John Baker, former chairman, National Power, 61; Lady Balfour of Burleigh (Janet Morgan), editor, writer and consultant, 53; Mr José Carreras, operatic tenor, 51; Lord Chalfont, chairman, Marlborough Stirling Group, 79; Miss Lucie Clayton, founder of the model and secretarial agency, 70; Sir William Downward, former Lord Lieutenant of Greater Manchester, 88; Lord Dubs, former MP, 66; Miss Enid Mary Essame, former headmistress of Queenswood School, 92; Mr Tom Graham MP, 54; Mr Peter Grant, chairman, Highlands and Islands Airports, 69; Mr John Home Robertson MP, 50; The Earl of Longford, writer and former minister, 93; Mr Terry Maher, writer and publisher, Maher Book-sellers Ltd, 63; Mr David Manning, former ambassador to Israel, 49; Mr Sheridan Morley, writer, biographer and broadcaster, 57; Lord Napier and Ettrick, private secretary to Princess Margaret, 68; Lord Nathan, former chairman, Royal Society of Arts, 76; Mr Malcolm Russell, musician, 62; Mr Jeremy Sandford, writer, 64; Mr Harold Sebag-Montefiore, barrister, 74; Mr Bill Skitt, Assistant Commissioner, Metropolitan Police, 57; Dame Mary Smeton, former senior civil servant, 96; Mr Adam Thurpe, poet, 42; Mr Don Toulhig MP, 51.

TOMORROW: Mrs Janet Anderson MP, Vice-Chairman of HM Household, 49; Lord Ashley of Stoke CH, former MP, 76; The Right Rev Patrick Barry, former Abbot of Ampleforth, 81; Mr Dave Brubeck, jazz musician, 78; Lord Clinton-Davis, Minister of State for Trade, 70; Air Marshal Sir John Curtis, 74; Miss

Wendy Ellis, ballerina, 47; Lord Emslie, former Lord Justice-General of Scotland, 79; Miss Jill Hamersley-Parker, table-tennis player, 47; Mr Stephen Hepburn MP, 39; Mr Geoffrey Hoon MP, Parliamentary Secretary, Lord Chancellor's Department, 45; Sir Maurice Kay, High Court judge, 56; Miss Tessa Kennedy, interior decorator, 60; Mr Jonathan King, broadcaster and pop producer, 54; Mrs Helen Lidell MP, Economic Secretary to the Treasury, 48; Sir Richard Lloyd, chairman, Argos plc, 70; Sir Nicholas Lyell QC MP, 60; The Right Rev Professor Eric Mercer, former Bishop of Exeter, 81; Sir Martin Moore-Bick, High Court judge, 52; Mr Anthony Morey, former diplomat, 62; Mr Eric Newby, writer, 79; Sir George Plinker, gynaecological surgeon, 74; Professor Lord Porter of Luddesham, Chairman of the Centre for Photomolecular Sciences, 78; Mr Keke Rosberg, motor-racing champion, 50; Mr Alastair Ross Goobey, economist, 53; Mr Richard Shepherd MP, 56; Professor Sir Bryan Thwaites, former principal, Westfield College, London University, 75; Mr Charles Vance, actor, director and producer, 69; The Right Rev Peter Walker, former Bishop of Ely, 79; Mr Cyril Washbrook, former England cricketer, 84; Mr Peter Willey, former England cricketer, 49.

ANNIVERSARIES

TODAY
Births: Martin van Buren, eighth US president, 1782; Christina Georgina Rossetti, poet, 1830; George Armstrong Custer, US cavalry commander, 1839; Admiral John Rushworth Jellicoe, first Earl Jellicoe, commander of the Fleet at Jutland, 1859; Fritz Lang, film director, 1890; Walter (Walt) Elias

Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, 1901; Otto Preminger, film director, 1906.

Deaths: Francis II, king of France, 1560; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, composer, 1791; Sir Henry Tate, sugar refiner and philanthropist, 1899; Claude-Oscar Monet, painter, 1928; Princess Andrew of Greece, mother of the Duke of Edinburgh, 1967; Jimmy Nervo (James Hol-loway), comedian, 1975; Ethel Edith Mannin, novelist and travel writer, 1984.

On this day: James Christie, London auctioneer, held his first sale, 1786; the brig *Mary Celeste* was found abandoned in the Atlantic, 1872; German and Russian delegates at Brest-Litovsk signed an armistice for seven days to take effect on 7 December, 1917; under the 21st Amendment, prohibition was repealed in the United States, 1933; Britain declared war on Finland, Hungary and Romania after they refused to withdraw from the war against the USSR, 1941; Britain's first motorway, a bypass around Preston, opened, 1958; the United Kingdom withdrew from membership of Unesco, 1985.

Today is the Feast Day of St Birinus, St Christian, St Crispina, St John Almond, St Justinian or Iestyn, St Nicetus of Trier, St Sabas and St Sigrannus or Cyran.

TOMORROW
Births: Henry VI, King, 1421; George Monck, first Duke of Albemarle, admiral and general, 1608; Sir Edmund Andrus, diplomat and governor of Virginia, 1637; Warren Hastings, first Governor-General of India, 1732; Louis-Joseph Gay-Lussac, chemist and physicist, 1778; Sir Francis Osbert Sacheverell Sitwell, writer, 1892; Sylvia Townsend Warner, novelist, 1893; Ira Gershwin (Israel Gershwyn), lyricist, 1896.

Deaths: Afonso I Henriques of Portugal, after a reign of 73 years, 220 days, 1188; Pope Clement VI, 1352; Anthony Trollope, novelist and Post Office official, 1882; Jefferson Davis, former President of the Confederate States of America, 1889; Stella Benson, novelist, 1933; Roy Orbison (Keltan), popular singer and composer, 1988; Tunku Abdul Rahman, first prime minister of Malaysia, 1990; Don Ameche (Dominic Felix Amich), actor, 1993.

On this day: Christopher Columbus discovered Hispaniola (now Haiti and Dominican Republic), 1492; self-government was granted to the Transvaal and Orange River colonies, 1906; the independence of Finland from Russia was proclaimed, 1917; in Halifax harbour, Nova Scotia, the ship *Mont Blanc*, loaded with 3,000 tons of TNT, collided and exploded, killing 1,654 people, 1917; the Irish Free State was established, 1922; India recognised Bangladesh (East Pakistan) as an independent republic, 1971; war broke out between India and Pakistan, 1971; Gerald Ford was sworn in as Vice-President of the US, 1973; in East Germany, Egon Krenz was ousted as head of state, 1989.

Today is the Feast Day of St Abraham of Kratia, St Asella, Saints Dionysius, Majoricus and their Companions, St Gertrude the Elder and St Nicholas of Bari.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF DEFENCE STUDIES

Vice Admiral J.H.S. McNally, Commandant of the Royal College of Defence Studies was present at the 1998 End of Course Ball held yesterday evening at Seaford House, London SW1. Rear-Admiral Louis Armstrong was the senior guest.

Peter Tatchell and the art of good preaching

NEWSPAPERS ARE full of stories about morality and have hardly anything about philosophy of the mind. So it was odd to discover last month that a meeting on the philosophy of the mind was about twice as well attended as a contest for Preacher of the Year.

I paid close attention to both, because I was chairing one and judging the other. What struck me most was that the audience for the preaching contest had to be roused between each sermon to stand and sing a hymn; the audience for a debate on consciousness broke off for 15 minutes to cool their fevered imaginations in the pub across the road. They needed no rousing.

The obvious explanation for this disparity in enthusiasm is that one display took place at eleven in the morning, and the other at seven, after a long hard day; but it was the evening audience which was more attentive. Another possibility is that the people attending the meeting on consciousness believed that what they were hearing was important and might be true, and these are neither of them qualities one naturally associates with sermons. But this turns out to be just as odd when you think about it, for why on earth should anyone come to listen to sermons if they did not believe in their importance and truth?

Obviously the greater part of the population thinks sermons are boring and ridiculous. But the majority might just be mistaken, and even if it is not, there are all sorts of hobbyish interests which draw devoted followers – debates about consciousness being one obvious example.

What is oddest is that in my limited experience of talking in churches – I won't call it I do "preaching" – the audience does usually come there expecting to be bored.

One answer might be to charge admission. The whole trick to writing for newspapers is to remember that someone, somewhere, thinks your labours were worth 45p, and is owed value for money. It was very noticeable that the two preachers who came top

among almost all the judges were a Seventh Day Adventist and a Rabbi, both men whose salaries are paid by their congregations.

The Anglican who came highest on my score sheet had, his wife told me later, a regular congregation of about 35. There's no shame in that. Small congregations are a product of the parish structure of the Church of England, and its superabundance of church buildings, as much as they are of the merits of individual priests. He did in fact have something to say; and he said

FAITH & REASON

ANDREW BROWN

The trouble with a competition for Preacher of the Year is that it judges the sizzle not the steak. A good sermon should not simply be rhetorically effective – it is also supposed to be true

it clearly and forcefully. But it was of interest only to other educated and committed Anglicans. Everyone in the room was preaching to the converted – that's where the money is – but he was preaching to the interested, which is a riskier proposition. It means that people might think but what you say.

Of course there is something strange about the idea of a competition for preachers in the first place, not because it is competitive, but because it must judge the sizzle rather than the steak. The thing that distinguishes preaching from ordinary rhetoric, or advertising, is that it is supposed to be about truth. A good sermon does not merely instruct and

entertain the congregation: it edifies them too.

But to take this stipulation too seriously means that you have to judge the orthodoxy of what is being said; and if you do that, you run into ecumenical trouble. The College of Preachers, a Christian organisation, pulled out of its sponsorship of the Preacher of the Year, which is now solely sponsored by the Times, in protest against having Jewish competitors. This looks narrow-minded, and perhaps it is. But it also preserves an important distinction between sermons and secular speech.

A general competition for preachers becomes simply an exhibition of rhetoric. It need not matter if the winner has nothing to say, providing he says it with sufficient conviction. The final anecdote of the winners' sermon made this point nicely, if unintentionally: it was about the keeper of a railway bridge in the US, whose son fell into the machinery that raised and lowered the bridge as an express train was approaching. To save the passengers, he lowered the bridge anyway, grinding his son into the gears. It was passionately told, gripping, memorable, disgusting, and possibly even true. But as a justification of God, it is not to be taken seriously.

The Calvinist might reply that God needs no justification to human beings, but that is difficult to maintain in a competition where a Rabbi comes second, for if Judaism has one message for the Gentile world, it must be that man has a right and a duty to demand that God justify himself to us. The great discovery of the Old Testament is that Job will get an answer, and that it will satisfy him even if he can't understand it.

So where are all the preachers today, who can combine passion with real argument? Clearly they are not entering the Times's competition. In fact, one of the most impressive candidates was fined last week for entering a pulpit which shows that someone cares what he said. Next year, my candidate for Preacher of the Year is Peter Tatchell.

Bitch, snipe, carp, wail

Literary feuds are rare. But when they happen, they can last a lifetime. The pen is *always* nastier than the sword. By John Walsh

In *Sir Vidia's Shadow*, published today, the American novelist Paul Theroux traces his 30-year literary relationship with VS Naipaul, from its uncertain beginnings in 1966 Uganda to its mundane finale last year, when the Trinidadian maestro cut him dead one afternoon on the Gloucester Road. The book's smooth, surface narrative of friendship – Theroux's *cher maître* respectfully towards the older man, Naipaul's grumpy appreciation of his mentor's creative development – none the less contrives to present Sir Vidia as a cold, aloof, crotchety, self-righteous, snobbish, tight-fisted, child-hating, vainglorious prig. Even as Theroux insists on the value of their friendship, he recalls with sad relish Naipaul's petulant reiterations: "I hate music. All music." "I don't want to meet new people." "I may fall silent..."

It is, in other words, a classic literary row, and one that takes its seat at the Top Table of bookish spats that will be remembered when the books written by the principals are no longer read. At a launch dinner on Monday evening, Theroux proudly told the company gathered that his book is unique; nobody else has written a disabbling memoir of a fellow-writer while the victim is still alive. Whatever the truth of the claim, you can understand Theroux's glee. It is rare to have a decent writer's vendetta, row or feud, actually chronicled and immortalised in print.

Which is strange, since writers are a cantankerous bunch. Bitch bitch, snipe snipe, carp carp. Professionally hypersensitive to words, to semantic shadings and silken ironies, they communicate among themselves with wary paranoia. Since words are the currency of both creativity and criticism, writers live on a hair-trigger of sensitivity, jealously guarding their word-board, worrying about its value and worrying how highly their fellow-writers estimate it; even worrying about how much their own utterances give them away or turn them into "characters" in someone else's future novel. When they fall out, words are often responsible. And the eloquence of the writers' mutual dislike is what can turn a mere difference of opinion into a literary feud.

The most spectacular writers' row ever, between Vladimir Nabokov and the American critic Edmund Wilson, was over the latter's carping review of Nabokov's translation of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*. One focus of their mutual antipathy was a translation of the Russian phrase "shushai shum morskoj" as "to listen the sound of the sea". You could argue that a 25-year friendship collapsed over nothing more than a missing preposition.

Rows have sometimes broken out over disputed coinages. When the American



Sitwell vs Coward



Capote vs Vidal



Rushdie vs Le Carré



Theroux vs Naipaul



super-minimalist, Nicholson Baker, was praised by critics for using the word "strumming" as a synonym for masturbation in *The Fermata* (it's the action of the plectrum-holding hand while playing air guitar, if you'd care to try it). Martin Amis wrote a letter crossly pointing out that he'd coined the usage in *London Fields*. Baker retaliated to say that he had used it, ooh, ages before that novel was published – in *U and I*, for instance, his tribute to John Updike, he had shamefully confessed to strumming like a madman to some of the more intense moments in Iris Murdoch's novels.

The act of fictional representation is also a good source of rows: behind Edith Sitwell's long-standing fight with Noel

Coward was her pique at being lampooned on stage as "Hermia Whittlebot". Amanda Craig's *A Vicious Circle* was withdrawn from publication when ex-boyfriend David Sexton, now the literary editor of the *Evening Standard*, objected to the irreducibly biographical portrait of him as a moral polemic.

Simple insults also cause trouble: AS Byatt lost her place on Martin Amis's Christmas card list when she accused him of "turkeycooking" and demanding such huge advances that there was nothing left for less bumptious scribes to live on. Frederic Raphael and George Steiner, friends for many years, fell out when Steiner criticised the talents of Raphael's artist daughter, Sarah. More recently, Will

Self-saved Robert Harris during the televised coverage of the 1998 Booker Prize, considering him to be anti-Semitic in a review of one of Self's books, Harris had described the novelist as "basically just a nice Jewish boy who's read too many books".

Marsha Hunt once had a row with Joan Brady over which of their ancestors was more authentically a slave. The two Americans, one black, one white, clashed in February 1994 on a platform at the Dartington Literary Festival over Brady's novel, *Theory of War*, a fictional re-telling of how Brady's grandfather was bought for US\$15 at a slave market in 1865. According to Ms Hunt, the former singer-turned-novelist and polemicist of *Like Venus Fading*, you could hardly call it "slavery" in the true,

black sense, as Hunt's own great-great-grandmother was a slave. *Theory of War* was, she said, "a tale of indentured slavery". So there.

Literary rows can, of course, continue down the generations. Hemingway and Scott Fitzgerald were friends among the influx of *entre deux guerres* Americans in Twenties Paris. Their modern supporters are less friendly. The Ernest Hemingway Society and the Scott Fitzgerald Society eye each other warily, the former keen to promote the image of a sweet, tender-hearted Papa; the latter unable to forgive or forget a mortifying episode related years later in *A Moveable Feast* (1960). In the book, Hemingway recalls a conversation at Michoud's restaurant on the South

Bank, in which Fitzgerald confided to the grizzled maestro his concern over his penis. Zelda had told him it was too small to interest or satisfy any woman. Hemingway and Scottie visit a water closet, Papa inspects his friend's member, pronounces it perfectly OK and advises him "on the use of a pillow etc". This kindly, if patronising reassurance, enrages Scott and the Fitzgerald Society who have for years been at pains to discredit it.

The trouble with all the above traumatised relationships is that very few of them qualify as genuine literary feuds – a term invariably applied to fights between people who own a word processor, but which is wildly over-used. The best was that between Truman Capote and Gore Vidal, who first met in 1945. They started life as friends, hanging out in gay bath-houses and Harlem dance-halls in the late Forties. They bickered about each other's work in 1948 and were still at it 30 years later. A pair of competitive prima donnas, each determined to be reigning literary celebrity, they kept up a long and public war, sniping at each other's reputations through mutual friends and fashionable magazines.

The only real contemporary feud – in the sense of a chronic and mutual loathing that grumbles like a dormant volcano and bursts into vivid life every so often – is that between Salman Rushdie and John Le Carré. It goes back to when Le Carré effectively told Rushdie he had brought the Iranian *fajra* upon himself; he also said it was unwise to bring out the paperback version of *The Satanic Verses* in case the staff of bookshops got blown up. This followed the publication of Le Carré's *The Russia House*, which Rushdie had reviewed dismissively, saying Le Carré simply wasn't a "serious writer". It all flared up again just a year ago, when Le Carré was accused of anti-Semitism by PC American critics and Rushdie wrote to *The Guardian* saying, effectively, "So now he knows how it feels", and accusing Le Carré of having "joined forces with my assailants". Le Carré hit the roof and called Rushdie "an arrogant colonialist". The row went on for a week in *The Guardian's* letters page, ending with Rushdie's scathing peroration: "If he wants to win an argument, John Le Carré could begin by learning to read. I simply happen not to feel that priests and mullahs, let alone bombers and assassins, are the best people to set the limits of what is possible to think." Whew.

Into this distinguished company steps Paul Theroux, a seasoned in-fighter and veteran of rows most spectacularly with his novelist brother, Alexander, and book which pulls off a spectacular closing coup de théâtre – revealing that a friendship of 30 years turns out to have been a kind of feud all along.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS



Ursula Buchan's advice for gardeners with out-of-hand gardens

PAGE 14

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HIGH VELOCITY
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THE LONDON Sinfonietta's programme *High Velocity* at the Sheldonian on Thursday was very much sold on the participation of Evelyn Glennie. Yet the lady herself made only two appearances. Instead, the bulk of the concert, under the immensely experienced baton of Diego Masson, was dedicated to a series of modern works, equally taxing, I thought, for players and audience alike.

For instance, the Tango Seis by that usually approachable Brazilian composer Astor Piazzolla – whose life work was bound up with raising the status of the tango and his own instrument, the bandoneon – seemed to have more to do with Stockhausen than with the Buenos Aires waterfront. More attractive was his compatriot Mauricio Kagel's *West From the Compass Rose*. Here, there was a real grasp of underlying tempo matching some amazing string sounds.

David Sawer in *Trois* threw us with a vengeance into the world of modern music, with his exceptional percussionist attacking logs with an axe and occasionally pounding pillars, invariably precisely off the beat.

In the second half, Glennie also let fly in Xenakis's *O-Mega*, which fascinatingly explored the possibilities of balance be-

tween the solo drumming and the other instruments. For me, it was a startling introduction to the immense range of effects at Glennie's disposal.

Strangely enough, I found the only work by Nancarrow, his Study No 7, the most approachable of all, perhaps because it was written in Mexico in the Fifties during the heyday of popular Latin American music. Once again, I formed the heretical view that Nancarrow was at his best once away from his beloved player-piano.

The concert ended with a bang in the most literal sense. Glennie the soloist in Joby Talbot's *Incondescence*, using the extended drum kit invented by the composer. Though this is supposed to avoid the percussionist's usual frantic trips all over the stage, the athletic Glennie was taxed to the limit.

As always, no praise could be too high for the London Sinfonietta's complete virtuosity in all this difficult music.

HUGH VICKERS

Shockheaded Cinders

THEATRE

ANGELA CARTER
CINDERELLA
LYRIC HAMMERSMITH
LONDON

NOT JUST *Cinderella*, but *Angela Carter Cinderella*. Whatever next? Marina Warner *Mother Goose*? If you think, though, that tacking the name of a sharp feminist commentator and noted magical realist on to the title of a traditional panto makes it all sound a bit worryingly right-on and analytic for a Christmas treat, then think again. This show is pure – and sometimes impure – delight. It keeps faith with Carter's imagination in two ways. First, it revels in the cheerful vulgarity and toy-theatre two-dimensionality of this very British art form, eloquently celebrated in her essay, "In Pantoland". And secondly, there are sequences where it hauntingly captures the dark gruesomeness and psychological penetration of Carter's reworkings of the *Cinderella* story; here, the ghost of the heroine's mother returns in one kind of yet impatient animal form after another, giving

her charred and dispossessed child milk, clothes and the independence to be able to make her escape.

Played on a set of receding Pollock's Toy Theatre prosceniums that replicate the Lyric's own red-curtained arch, the production is a feast of inspired silliness and visual magic. It has the distinction of putting more rodents on stage than any other show since Sarah Kane's *Crucial*, which featured all those rats gnawing at amputated limbs. But the lovely finger-puppet mice here are better adjusted types, regaling Cinders (a nicely unimpressed and *East-Enders*-ish Angela Clerk) with a delightfully potty and improbably literary song that goes: "Cheese in the moon-

light/Oh what fun! The poignancy of Parmesan is wasted in the sun..."

The show pools the imaginations of Neil Bartlett, the Lyric Hammersmith's *Auteur Extraordinaire*, and the improbable Theatre gang – Lee Simpson, Phelim McDermott and Julian Crouch. The last two were responsible for one of this year's most brilliant successes, *Shockheaded Peter*, adapted from the malevolent 19th-century poems of Heinrich Hoffmann, which created a world in which the hair of a buried child could sprout through floorboards.

Here, the same taste for visual bizzarries is wonderfully evident. In one sequence, all the cast appear as multiple moustachioed versions of Cinders' neglectful father, barricaded behind copies of *The Daily Telegraph* and shedding sheets from it which are then moulded into the shapes of the ghostly mother's various animal reincarna-

tions. Never can that newspaper have been put to more constructive use. And thanks to the rare skills of the illusionist Paul Kieve, white streamers spilling from the mouth of the fairy godmother can perform a breathtaking feat of aerial origami and conjure up the skeleton of Cinders' fairy-tale coach, the disembodied limbs and manes of the horses dancing into a final, stunningly beautiful assemblage. All that, plus lashings of drag and *double entendre* – when one of the ugly sisters is trying on the glass slipper, the giant mouse-tail which the same actor has worn in an earlier scene rears up from between his legs in a saucy act of sabotage, suggesting yet another marital disqualification. Well, what are you waiting for?

PAUL TAYLOR

A version of this review appeared in later editions of yesterday's paper

ARTS DIARY

DAVID LISTER

STEPHEN DALDRY, director of the Royal Court, is continuing to impart spin to the English language. He's the chap, remember, who said he had not received extra lottery money; rather that it was "additional" money. This week, smarting perhaps from some of the criticism over the theatre's £28m redevelopment and the arguable need for a restaurant under Sloane Square, he explained that it wasn't going to be a restaurant at all; it was a "bar with food."

AT LEAST it won't, at the time of writing, be called the Jerwood Bar with Food, though much else inside and outside the Court seems to be taking the

name of its benefactor. But I gather that Jerwood's presence could have been stronger had it not been for a pincer attack over claret by the literary heavy mob. Jerwood was originally to have replaced the Royal Court name, rather than "just" have neon lights under it. However, Harold Pinter, Sir David Hare and Caryl Churchill took Jerwood's chief executive Alan Grieve out to dinner at Pinter's London club and made him an offer he couldn't refuse. Well, they told him he would face unremitting hostility in the world he was joining if he caused the Royal Court name to die, and that Jerwood should have its name only on the auditoria inside. A menacing pause from Pinter, a glare from

Hare and Churchill and the battle was won. Give or take a neon light.

CHATting WITH Nicole Kidman, right, (as one does) at the Evening Standard Theatre Awards lunch in a bar with food at the Savoy Hotel, I am told she wants to return to the London stage as quickly as possible and "would love to do one of the classics". Any theatrical institution in need of box office replenishment and a smoky green room (she does, I'm afraid) should make their approaches quickly.

The arts minister Alan Howarth, who used to teach at Westminster School, will have noticed some of his ex-pupils at the ceremony. I was seated next to one of them, Nigel Planer. He appeared in precious little drama at Westminster, he says, because one of Howarth's colleagues at the time wouldn't cast him or a friend of his despite repeated requests. The friend was Stephen Poliakoff, and the two rejects produced their plays independently. Let's hope the teacher in question carved a niche in dramatic history by telling the two wannabes that they would never amount to anything.



THE WEEK IN REVIEW

BY MIKE HIGGINS

EXCELLENT

GOOD

OK

POOR

DEADLY

OVERVIEW

CRITICAL VIEW

OUR VIEW

ON VIEW

THE PLAY

THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE



CS Lewis wrote it, Adrian Mitchell has adapted it, Adrian Noble is directing it and the RSC is staging an ambitious production of the timeless classic children's book.

"It's evident that Adrian Noble's production possesses more money than imagination," sniffed Paul Taylor. "Its charm and enchantments are largely ersatz and technical." "The RSC recovers its form with Adrian Mitchell's excellent adaptation," averred *The Guardian*. "For the most part it plays fair with Lewis and

keeps the story moving." The *Daily Telegraph* applauded "the barbarous slaying of Aslan, staged with harrowing power and intensity." The *Evening Standard* was equally struck: "Designer Anthony Ward brings Narnia to such vivid, colourful life, that one is reminded of one's first contact with these stories."

The superb Patrice Nalambana as Aslan apart, the RSC's attempt at a National Theatre-style upmarket blockbuster labours to please but leaves far too little to the young imagination.

The Lion, The Witch And The Wardrobe is in rep at Stratford. For bookings and enquiries, call 01789 295623

THE FILM

TWILIGHT



Paul Newman, Gene Hackman and Susan Sarandon (not to mention James Garner) star in Robert Benton's film noir portrayal of an ageing gumshoe.

Anthony Quinn was ambivalent: "As a portrait of encroaching age, the film is very fine indeed: as a suspense drama it barely gets out of the blocks." The *New Statesman* was more generous: "Twilight's concern with maturity makes it a rather radical gesture in youth- fixated Hollywood. It is more daring a reworking of noir than the glib bravado of Soderbergh's *Out of Sight*."

"Sight." "The twilight performances - of [Hackman], Newman and Sarandon - are hugely enjoyable," noted the *Evening Standard*. "Modest, intelligent and very engaging," agreed *Time Out*. "What makes the film satisfying is its quiet, effortless assurance." Only the *Daily Mail* differed: "Slow, soporific and clichéd... it displays a woeful grasp of police procedure."

There's plenty to admire here - a great cast, a canny script - but, alas, too much to bemoan. Hamstrung by an iffy plot, Benton is still living in the shadow of his auspicious 1972 debut, *Bad Company*.

Robert Benton's *Twilight* is out on general release, Certificate 15. 94 minutes.

THE GIG

BJÖRK



With a string octet and Mark Bell in tow, Iceland's most famous export brought her typically wacky live show to the London Palladium.

"On stage, the wonderful wayward instrument of her voice becomes more like a story-telling improvisation," insisted John L. Walters. "While there were times when she did not know what to do with herself," *The Guardian* pointed out, "she had cool, angular presence with a capital P." The *Daily Telegraph* was charmed by her "littie white dress, complete with frilly wings ...

she looked like the precocious leading lady in a primary-school play." The *Times* was struck by Björk's "other-worldly glamour and enduringly magnificent voice, which charged even the most cerebral avant-garde passages with loud, lusty humanity." "Unconventional but captivating," cooed the *Daily Mail*. "She had the audience out of their seats for the second half."

Three albums into her solo career, Björk is as compelling as ever, even if she had to battle against the backing strings, electronica and doggy production.

Björk's tour concluded this week. "Alarm Call", the third single from *Homogenic*, is currently available in record shops.

THE TV PROGRAMME

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS



After the ire directed at male clubs, BBC2 profited The University Women's Club, an exclusively female London institution for 1,100 of the country's highest-achieving women.

"A delightful film," thought Peter Conchie, though "at times [it] felt like a recruitment drive." "An old-fashioned documentary about an old-fashioned institution," said the *Evening Standard*. "Like Betty's tearoom in Harrogate after vaporized Valium had been introduced via the air-conditioning system." Not necessarily a bad

thing, according to *The Times*: "Maybe women needed to relax without sex-mad males inflating their scarlet throat pouches and making fools of themselves." The *Daily Mail*, on the other hand, obviously doesn't get out much: "It differs from most Pall Mall clubs [in] the sheer ear-splitting noise generated by these dubable women."

While at times it felt like a glorified PR exercise, the half-hour film painted an attractive portrait of a bloke-free oasis for those women on the right side of the glass ceiling.

The programme was a one-off on BBC2, but prospective members should note that The University Women's Club is in Audley Square, London.

THE MUSICAL

CHICAGO



Walter Bobbie's revival of Kander, Ebb and Fosse's musical of two "merry murderesses" first hit the West End 12 months ago and now, revamped and recast, it's back.

"Chicago ... is still the hottest show in town, but it just got better," raved David Benedict. "Where the original company merely dazzled, the newcomers reveal previously hidden depths." The *Times* agreed: "There is a comic and energetic devilment in Maria Friedman's Roxie and some astonishing high kicks from the

Velsma and Nicola Hughes. "It is as slickly drilled and as teasingly sexy as ever," enthused the *Daily Telegraph*. "The show sprouts like a fabulous fungus in the black courtroom," commented the *Daily Mail*. "The idea of an orchestra in the gilded dock ... while the prisoners shake and shimmy around it remains a masterpiece."

The producers daringly decided they could do better - and they were right. No more Ure Lemper but now there's some irony to soften its cynical sheen.

Chicago continues at the Adelphi Theatre, London, WC2. For bookings and enquiries, call 0171-344 0055

EXIT POLL

DUANE HANSON
RFH, LONDON

MAUREEN JONES, 52

housewife, Swansea

"Looking down from the balcony, I thought they were real people and someone said to me, no they are not. I couldn't believe it! The hands, the veins. Perhaps the eyes occasionally on one or two of them, when you get up close, don't look real, but apart from that it's absolutely amazing. The skin, the texture, the clothes, the posture, everything."



BETTY JOHNSON, 70

costume assistant, Surrey

"They are so realistic, especially the skin on arms. We had to ask someone if they were real, and they said yes, but I said you can't see anything moving. But I think they are marvelous. Are they Madame Tussauds? It gets eerie, because you think, are they going to move? I said to the cameraman, don't you dare move."



JOAN DUDLEY, 60

retired, Hampshire

"They are absolutely brilliant. Very uncanny, I think if I lived with them I would look and think they would move in a minute. Madame Tussauds models look waxy, but this skin looks so real; you look at his hands and veins, and you can almost see the blood going through the veins."



PRUE WALDORF, 25

student, London

"We couldn't work out what people were looking at. We've just been to the Hayward, but this is more interesting because it's about how you feel." and JOHN EISSON, 3, London "I didn't like them. I thought they were a bit real. I thought one was my grandmother, one was my daddy."



THE WEEK IN RADIO

ROBERT HANKS

TAKE A brief census of the children's picture books in any bookshop, or wander into the cuddly section of a toyshop, and it is clear that in recent years a revolution has taken place. Bears still top the league, and mice, cats, dogs, rabbits and elephants all show well, but pigs have exploded: books about Willy Pig, Babe, Juice the Pig, The Piggy Book, Pigs Aplenty, Pigs Galore; numerous reissues of *The Three Little Pigs* (including *The Three Little Wolves and the Big Bad Pig*); innumerable fluffy pink confections, wreathed with fatuous smiles, and with ears fetchingly flopped over one eye... Somewhere along the way, pigs have got cute.

Why this has happened was one of the topics tackled by Marina Warner in *These Little Piggies* (Radio 4, Tuesday), a brief history of pig-person relationships. Throughout history, the pig has had an unusually rich symbolic role - the thing that Odysseus's crew were turned into by Circe, the thing that Jews don't eat (and hence, according to one of Warner's sources, a thing it became a Christian duty to eat), the name you throw at the people you really don't like, a paragon of gluttony and bad hygiene.

This was a meaty subject, and Warner let practically no part of the animal go to waste. Of course, pigs throw out a lot of slurry, and so did this

programme at times. A scientist expressed his unease over using pig organs for transplant into humans - he was concerned with tissue rejection and crossover viruses: "This acute anxiety about maintaining the border between the beast and the human has preoccupied cultures since ancient times." Warner announced, failing to spot the difference between cultural anxiety and perfectly sensible scientific scepticism. All the same, a programme to leave you grunting with pleasure.

Snouts in the trough in *Waiting for the Earth to Move* (Radio 4, Friday), a racy play about Nick Leeson and the collapse of Barings. John Fletcher's script was necessarily simplistic, which had its annoying side - Leeson's urge to make big deals was reduced to pure machismo, "big swinging dicks" on the trading floor pulling off enormous "shags". The picture of City bankers (represented by Richard Briers) as greedy upper-class idiots who spend all their time in the crush bar at Covent Garden was too exaggerated to be persuasive.

But, keeping it in the black, Andrew Lincoln's central performance was a masterpiece in the downbeat and uninflected, and turning such a complex affair into a swift, listenable drama was making a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Authentic artifice: accept no imitations

LOU REED played on Monday at a small, overheated club, proving himself yet again to be the un-Transformer - no evanescent stage persona for him, just rudimentary, unfeigned rock'n'roll. At 54, he rocked out with sound collages that conjure a pre-natal Sonic Youth - spare new songs delivered with tuneless passion. Unlike most ageing rock legends, Reed can still claim "to feel just like Jesus's son", and you take him at his word.

Reed addressed the maximum capacity crowd as his "true believers". He gave them an irony-free smirk, looking like a middle-aged bachelor uncle, what with his vaguely lizard-like face sand-blasted by time, his tinted glasses and

his good-natured monosyllabic patter. "We are testing new material out on you," he warned, and then strummed his versions of songs he wrote for a 1987 Robert Wilson rock opera called *Time Rocker*. Reed had already sold out his spate of shows at the small club this December. He was right to assume that the audience on Monday was his "hard core". The fans cried "Lou!" again and again. They were skinny girls who looked as if they spent hours in small rooms listening to the album *Bertin*, and "drinking Dubonnet on ice". There were squat young guys who became inflamed when Reed played his heavy-metal manqué. There were hirsute men in their

NEW YORK DIARY



ALISSA QUART

fifties, muttering "Sha-la-la-la, man" under their breath. Among the enthusiasts was a young man in a big fake fur coat, with pomaded hair and eye-liner. He sang along with "Perfect Day". This was the

glam-rocker Lou Reed, whose biography and voice were in *Velvet Goldmine*. (Ewan McGregor said he studied Reed's "fucked-up, groggily rock'n'roll voice" for the role.) One of the film's many formulations has it that Seventies glam rock was a dialectic between authentic artifice, like Reed's, and artificial artifice, like David Bowie's. Reed's current, helplessly earnest incarnation and Bowie's recent public life seem a continuation of the *Velvet Goldmine* opposition. In his new songs, Reed keeps worrying about death and time, emulsified to his past self, while Bowie's videos have come to resemble Trent Reznor's. Meanwhile, Bowie has become the first rocker to

also be a Net-service provider, a pioneer of rock'n'roll "securisation", raising \$55m on the anticipated flow of future royalties from his first 25 albums. As Bowie buries his sloughed-off selves, there are people doing his archaeology for him. In Manhattan's Chelsea, the Rupert Goldsworthy Gallery is currently exhibiting a show called *Bowie*, with a room full of Bowie *kultur*, including a Bowie video full of Tony Oursler Bowie heads, a taped recording of Angie Bowie's "I'm Not Bi-Sexual", and photographic images of a Ziggy Stardust stand-in snorting cocaine. Reed is also most fashionable when he's taken out of his own, living context, used as a

referent for the alternative bands, who quote Nico or Lou with a vague reverence for a faraway past, a Sixties' and Seventies' New York culture of chic and unhappy libertinism. The crowd on Monday wanted no imitations. They sought Reed's own literal-minded, corroding soulfulness, and not the newly band version of "Sweet Jane". The audience wanted to hear the earnest songs of degradation from the King of New York himself, someone they might see walking on Greenwich Avenue with Laurie Anderson in broad daylight, the ageing celebrity who has churned out albums in the same vein for 30 years; a living exhibit of his past, and his continuity with it.

Carried by the wind

THEATRE
ARABIAN NIGHTS
YOUNG VIC
LONDON



Ishia Bennison and Sophie Okonedo Mark Douet

CYNICAL OLD theatre critics claim that there is one big advantage to the festive season: with so many children in the audience, the queue for the bar is greatly reduced. There's another huge compensation - the annual Young Vic Christmas show, which is reliably not just the best in that particularly category, but great theatre on any reckoning.

This year, they stole a march on themselves: artistic director Tim Supple and the creative team that gave us the two gleefully gory and uncensored *Grimm Tales* productions, moonlighted at the National via their superb staging of Salman Rushdie's *Haram* and the Sea of Stories, which opened in October. With Supple currently in New York, treating the Big Apple to its first taste of his Grimm, responsibility for the home front has fallen to Dominic Cooke, who comes up trumps with an exotic and exhilarating *Arabian Nights*, using his own wily adaptation.

Played in the round on a central, sand-covered disc, infected with the crash and wail of beguilingly bizarre musical instruments, and with ravishing costumes, it's a production that keeps aesthetic faith with the excellent traditions of this intimate house. The framework of the piece is the classic plight of Scheherazade (or Shahrazad, as she's dubbed here), striving to postpone her execution

night after night by spinning stories to her emotionally blocked husband, the King, who is ultimately rehumanised by them. Her yarns are staged with a fluently vivid inventiveness and charged simplicity of means. For example, the chorus of thieves in the Ali Baba story thunder in on invisible horses and, crowding together in their black capes, congeal into the forbidding rocky cave. At the cry of "open sesame", they whip their capes open to reveal brilliant gold linings and, immersed in Paul Anderson's swimming glitter-ball light, sway round the hero as the intoxicating treasure.

The crowds of children at the press night clamoured with delight at a story centring on a fatal fart (the man's family gusted to the edge of the audience and just began to roll back when he got a second wind), and at the spectacle of an actress in the role of a merchant who, with elating realism, copiously pees over the stage. The hanging and quartering of a body in one tale also went down a treat.

Simultaneously knockabout and full of breathtaking poetic nuance, the production gives us stories where the narrator manipulates a puppet version of his younger self (as with Sinbad, who is borne aloft on a bird collectively evoked by the chorus) and where the protagonist comically splits in two (as in the story of the wife who wouldn't eat) when he's transformed into a little mutt by his undercover sorceress wife.

You could quibble that the *Arabian Nights* is an odd choice for this year when *Haram*, which is heavily indebted to them and also focuses on the healing power of stories, is playing at the National. But the imagination of Cooke's productions is justification in itself, as it beautifully points up (with delicate juxtapositions and tableaux) the moral connection between the inner narrative and the outer story of Sophie Okonedo's delightful Shahrazad and Chu Omabala's imposing young king. The Young Vic has again pulled off a Christmas cracker.

PAUL TAYLOR

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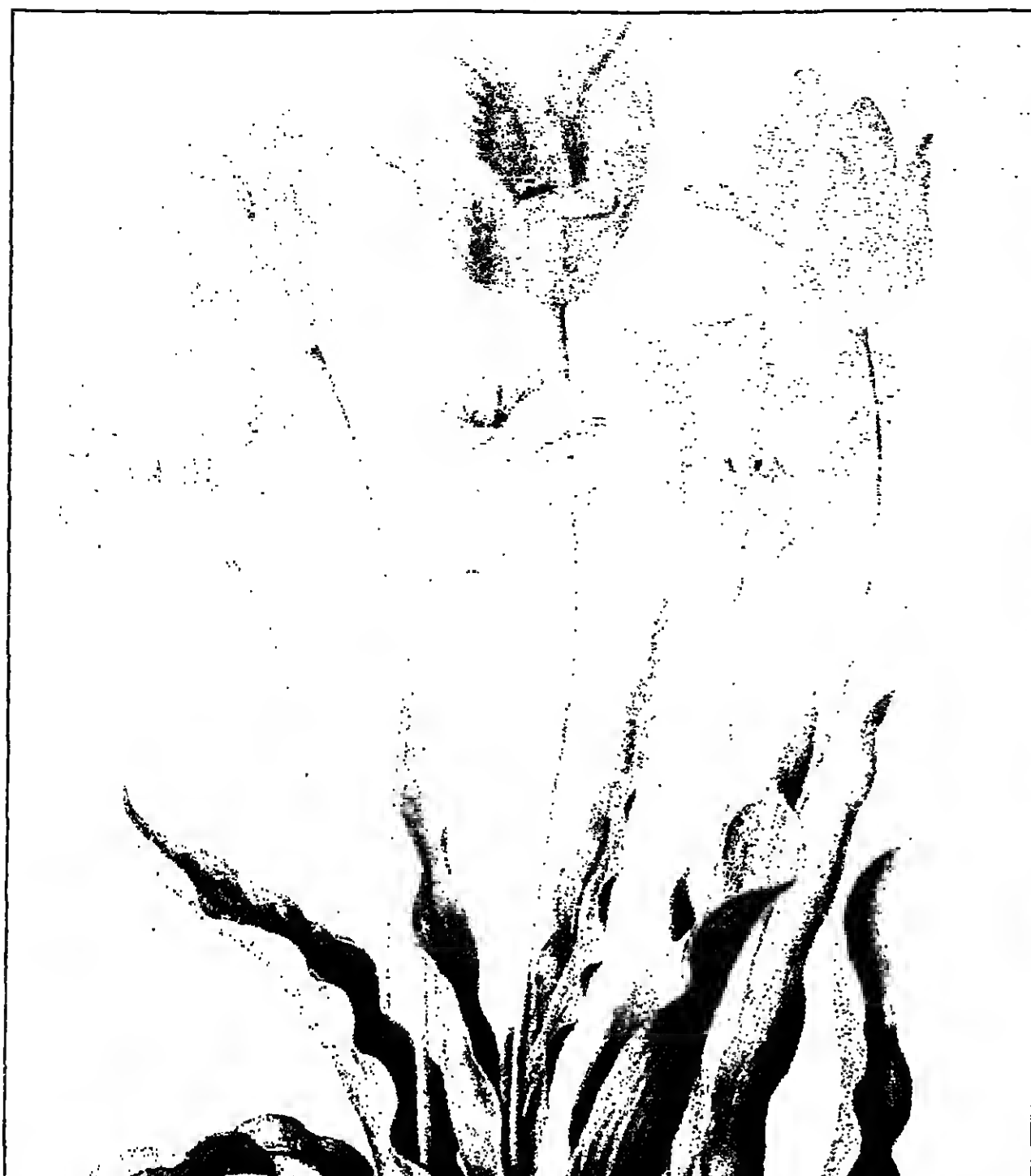
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Books for Christmas

Pictures or puddings? Crystals or curses? Operas or orangeries? Bathrooms or boxing? Whatever subject rings your festive bell,

Independent contributors offer their selection of the best titles to give – and to receive – this season



Tulips from the 'Florilegium' by Johann Jakob Walther, from Anna Favard's *The Tulip* (Bloomsbury, £30), the wild flower that drove men to bankruptcy and madness in the 17th century and which today still carries echoes of its former potency

In the past few years, we have come to expect gardening books to look marvellous, with hundreds of artistic colour photographs, printed to the highest standard on first-class paper. Judging a book by its cover, or at least by the quality of its illustrations, has its drawbacks, however, for there is always the risk of missing out on something rather fine.

Refurbishing a Garden by Stephen Anderton (Kyle Cathie, £19.99) is a case in point. I should hate anyone to pass by such a fascinating and readable book, just because the pictures are more practical than aspirational, consisting, as they do, of chaps in orange helmets and goggles, gripping chain saws, of dead tree trunks lying prone on the ground, and cut-to-the-bone yew hedges.

If you own, or have bought, a neglected or overgrown garden (and what gardening book-buyer does not fall into those categories, sooner or later?) there is much good sense here. The author begins with an exhortation to assess your garden honestly, and goes on to tell how to improve matters. A large section is concerned with the renovative pruning of a wide range of hardy plants, not surprisingly, but he also deals with every other practical thing from eradicating weeds to laying paving. The process of enlightenment is a lot of fun, because Stephen Anderton has an easy, lively and direct style. It is plain that his experience is broad and, most important, first hand. Before turning to full-

GARDENING

URSULA BUCHAN

time garden writing, be managed, for 20 years, large private and public gardens. As he has probably renovated as many ancient hedges as eaten hot dinners, what he writes merits close consideration. Moreover, much of what he says is also applicable to small gardens.

Speaking of hot dinners, I was quite taken by a stylishly designed (and entitled) book called *Cool Green Leaves* and

to marinade. You may find that some vegetables described, such as tomatoes, require a search. However, a good list of seedsmen takes some of the sting out of that. This book is inspirational with a capital I: there is, for example, no mention of slugs or caterpillars in the section on growing cabbages, but what the heck? It all looks so lovely and worth a try.

For solid, copper-bottomed horticultural information, you will not do much better than Stefan Buczacki's *Gardening Dictionary* (Hamlyn, £25). The title does not do the book justice: this is not a dictionary, or certainly not an alphabetical one; it is more a personal tour d'horizon of gardening techniques, types of plant, and gar-

den preoccupations as wild flower and prairie meadows, drought-resistant gardens, natural ponds and turf seats. Do not be put off by the rather dreary dustjacket; there are plenty of inspirational and instructional illustrations inside.

Natural-style gardens are more likely, though not exclusively, to appeal to country dwellers. *Urban Jungle*: the simple way to tame your town garden by Mouty Don (Headline, £19.99) is plainly aimed at twentysomething tyros in towns and cities. So, if you have just bought your first garden in Brixton, I recommend this book as undaunting and unpatronising, yet clever and imaginative. Don's view is that gardening is easy, but that everyone needs a helping hand to avoid wasting time.

Urban Jungle is, as you would expect, hot on containers and windowboxes. If you want to know rather more about the plants to put in them, I suggest an excellent little paperback called *Plants for Pots and Patios* (Pan, £1.99). Written and photographed by the authoritative Roger Phillips and Martyn Rix, it represents excellent value for anyone who wants to know the range available, but is quite happy to do their own plant arrangements, thank you.

Finally, if you are looking to buy a subscription to a gardening periodical for a friend or relative, I recommend *Hortus*, the most literate and literary of them all. A subscription costs £30 from Bryan's Ground, Stapleton, Herefordshire LD8 2LP (Tel: 01544 260001; Fax: 260015).

No mention of slugs in the section on growing cabbages, but what the heck?

Red Hot Peppers: growing and cooking for taste. Co-authored by Christine McFadden (cook) and Michael Michaud (gardener), with photography by James Merrell, this exceptionally attractive book is published by Frances Lincoln at £25. The text consists in part of cultural information about a wide range of vegetables, with recipes and tips on cooking them. The prose is sufficiently forthright and absorbing for you to read it with pleasure while waiting for your potatoes to cook or your grilled tiger prawns with sizzled Thai basil

den situations. It is ideal for beginners but makes refreshing reading for old hands too.

Natural Style for Gardens by Francesca Greenoak (Mitchell Beazley, £22.50) exploits the current commendable desire by gardeners to work more with Nature than against her. In particular, it explores ways of using plants which accord most happily with their given soil, situation and aspect, to promote healthy and harmonious plantings and limited maintenance. This is a knowledgeable, readable and clear-eyed guide to such mod-

The Britpack for breakfast

ART

JAMES HALL

OSCAR WILDE quipped that "every portrait that is painted with feeling is a portrait of the artist, not the sitter". But even he may not have envisaged that a century later there would be artists whose oeuvre would consist of little but self-portraits: Gilbert and George, Anthony Gormley, Marc Quinn, Cindy Sherman...

It wasn't always thus. In Joanna Woods-Marsden's lucid and copiously illustrated study of *Renaissance Self-Portraiture* (Yale, £45), we learn about the slow birth of the genre during the Renaissance. The proliferation of self-portraiture coincides with artists' attempts to move up the social and cultural pecking order, and distinguish themselves from "mere" craftsmen. Woods-Marsden's chapters on Sofonisba Anguissola and Lavina Fontana can be read in tandem with Frances Borzello's discursive, if inconclusive, *Seeing Ourselves: women's self-portraits* (Thames & Hudson, £28).

The greatest self-portrait of all may well be Velazquez's "Las Meninas", and the unique way in which this and 29 other works were created is the subject of Jonathan Brown and Carmen Garrido's eminently readable *Velazquez: the technique of genius* (Yale, £29.95). Full-colour details allow us to stay with the argument. The modern cult of the artist, exemplified by solo exhibitions and personal museums (no more, please!), is explored in Oskar Batschmann's stimulating *The Artist in the Modern World* (Yale, £30).

While self-portraits and their survival do reflect a genuine improvement in the status of the best artists, the vast majority remained anonymous drones. David Alan Brown's *Leonardo da Vinci: origins of a genius* (Yale, £35) is a study of the busy workshop of Andrea del Verrocchio, where the young Leonardo learned his trade. This gripping bit of art historical sleuthing hit the headlines because of Brown's plausible claim that Leonardo contributed a dog and a fish and other frilly bits to Verrocchio's "Tobias and the Angel" in the National Gallery. Brown believes that as Verrocchio was a



'Self-portrait at easel' by Sofonisba Anguissola, in 'Renaissance Self-Portraiture' (Yale)

sculptor who only turned to painting late in life, he was OK on figures, but got assistants to do many non-sculptural bits.

The often grim and sometimes sordid reality of painters' lives in Rome is meticulously explored in Helen Langdon's *Caravaggio: a life* (Chatto, £25), the first full-length biography of the artist. Langdon takes full advantage of recent research to chart the complex network of relationships that sustained and thwarted Caravaggio through his brief life. She shows that his seemingly outlandish behaviour was not so unusual in a city full of unemployed soldiers, serviced by thousands of prostitutes. Tracey Emin and fellow Britpackers would have been eaten alive for *prima colazione*.

Bernini was another highly successful Roman thug. He set about his younger brother with a crowbar after discovering him with his own mistress the wife of one of his studio assistants; and then had her disfigured with a razor. In his more creative guise, Bernini presides over Bruce Boucher's

Italian Baroque Sculpture (Thames & Hudson, £7.95), an elegant distillation of information on this massively under-researched area. Its thematic structure works well, with chapters on fountains, garden sculpture, and even ephemera such as sugar sculptures.

British art is given a professional check-up in Judy Egerton's catalogue to The British School in the National Gallery (National Gallery Publications, £50). An introductory essay charts the uncertain position of British art within this institution, followed by detailed autopsies of 60 British pictures. Because of the matchless quality and range of so many parts of the collection, this new series of catalogues is an essential work.

William Blake has never been shown in the National. Not clubbable enough? For Blake, we can now gratefully turn to a landmark edition of his *Illuminated Books* (Tate Gallery, six volumes, £15-£20 each). They are beautifully produced and great value. Sarah Symons has done a deft job con-

textualising Blake's contemporary, Goya (Phaidon, £12.99). She even reproduces a caricature of the Duke of Wellington as a vain peacock (these days, no aristocrat is sacred) and ends in the present with the Chapman Brothers.

There are several good books on modern sculpture. Richard Kendall's *Degas and the Little Dancer* (Yale, £30) looks at the circumstances surrounding one of the oddest sculptures of the 19th century, while Sergiusz Michalski's *Public Monuments* (Reaktion, £14.95) is a well-illustrated study of monuments from 1870 to the present. Michalski's discussion of the graceless German contribution is fascinating.

Andrew Causey's *Sculpture Since 1945* (Oxford, £2.99) is an extremely intelligent and thorough survey. Unusually for this type of book, Causey is as good on, say, Henry Moore as he is on Richard Serra. Ingo Walter's two-volume *Art of the Twentieth Century* (Taschen, £49.99) is an attractive anthology that covers work in all media: stick it by the loo.

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MEGASTORES

* See Instore For Details.

When pulp facts prove stranger than fiction

REFERENCE
BOYD TONKIN

All of us know about those tragic nerds who love to browse in reference books. The type's definitive portrait appears in Mike Leigh's painfully funny *Nuts in May*, when the bearded control-freak camper Keith zips up his tent-flap and turns away from his hippy wife, Candice-Marie. "What are you reading, Keith?" "The Guinness Book of Records." Quite.

That comes from memory. What if I wanted to check the details? As a one-off BBC production, fitfully released on video, *Nuts in May* fails to feature in any of the main cinema companions – even in my perennial favourite, the eclectic and astute *Time Out Film Guide* (ed. John Pym, Penguin, £13.99). Neither can you find it in Mark Lewisohn's hulky but sitcom-centred *Radio Times Guide to TV Comedy* (BBC, £19.99). I finally tracked down *Nuts in May* – complete with a five-star rating, no less – in a US import: Mick Martin and Marsha Porter's *Video Movie Guide 1999* (Ballantine Books, £10). And who played top-tipton Candice-Marie so perfectly? Alison Steadman, of course.

Confronted, as I have been, with a stack of plump new reference tomes, the temptation is to praise their faultless editing and exhaustive coverage. Until, that is, you genuinely have to discover something fast. Then the thwarted seeker learns that tricky questions of category and definition matter almost as much as the sheer amount of stuff inside. Although, of course, one craves enough breadth as well. When Portuguese novelist José Saramago won the Nobel in October, I scanned the new edition of the *Cambridge Biographical Encyclopedia* (CBE, £35) in vain. No Saramago, but heaps on Susan Sarandon. Cambridge gives you more, in fact, on the feisty *Thelma & Louise* star than on Sappho, Sappho, Sassoon or Singer Sargent, all on the same spread. To be fair, it had never let me down before.

The Nobels always miss the deadline for the annual almanacs (Whitaker's *Almanack*, The Stationery Office, £35; Pears Cyclopaedia, Penguin, £16.99; and the new, pretty comprehensive Hutchinson



The library of Celsus, Ephesus, from 'The Atlas of Archaeology' (Dorling Kindersley, £20)

Almanac, Helicon, £35). But what if (topically speaking) I needed to find out more about Chile and the Law Lords? Pears, that scatty, old-fashioned miscellany, could never seriously do such a job, though it oozes wayward charm. Hutchinson names the Lords of Appeal – but they're hard to find – and does better than Whitaker on Chilean history. Yet Whitaker still scores where it

erwise bandy and reliable *Economist Pocket World in Figures* (Profile Books, £10) sometimes hurs the boundary between stats and views. The quality-of-life ranking of the world's most civilised cities places Vancouver and (wait for it) Auckland at the top, with scant explanation of its basis. The good life, or a quiet death?

As for the actual Guinness Book of Records, (Guinness

Trouper, top coffee-drinking nation? Finland, average 1584 cups p.a.)

At which point, someone will echo Uma Thurman in *Pulp Fiction* and say that's a little more information than they need right now. A genuine rarity, this: a modern quote that slipped into the spoken language within months. So will we find it the new Oxford Dictionary of 20th-Century Quotations (OUP, £16.99)? Not a chance – no Tarantino at all, not even the Royale with cheese, although I did enjoy the prophylactic selection of common misquotations ("Play it again, Sam", "Crisis? What crisis?").

As the lines people genuinely chee pass unrecorded, Oxford offers instead such Wildean sparklers as the trounced John Major saying "When the final curtain comes down, it's time to get off the stage". I can just imagine hearing that in the pub. Revisions of the reference classics always leave loose ends. In 1985, Margaret Drabble supervised a thorough update of the Oxford Companion to English Literature. That was then: this is now, but the Companion's latest version (OUP, £25) has somehow picked those Eighties judgments on the "contemporary" scene. So: William Boyd in, Graham Swift out; Anita Brookner in, Pat Barker out; Michael Holroyd in, Richard Holmes out. Some perfunctory essays on genres (such as Gothic or Spy fiction) and critical trends (Structuralism, Post-Colonial Literature) end up sounding skimpy or naïve. The Post-Colonial section even manages to name the 1997 Booker winner as "Arundhati Rai" (sic).

Enough carping. Well-conceived and niftily executed reference works can give endless pleasure to more than just the Keiths. Jonathan Green's *Cassell Dictionary of Slang* (£25) yields 1,300 pages of disreputable delight from its *cogey-wola* (Hindi, penis, and one of Green's 987 terms for the male part) to its *zuke* (US campus, vomit). The Dorling Kindersley Visual Dictionary (£7.99) will expunge all the doodads and thingummies from your encounters with the innards of motors, molluscs or mosques, while the same firm's sumptuous slab *Art: a world history* (£40) proves hard to put down – if you can pick it up at all.

Music-obsessed Keiths may have the same problem with Martin C Strong's insanely meticulous *Great Rock Discography* (Canongate, £25). I hauled it up when the Bobby Womack number *Tarantino* used in *Jackie Brown* ("Across 110th Street") started spooling through my brain. Yet Strong passes from Jah Wobble to Stevie Wonder. So back to the trusty Penguin Encyclopedia of Popular Music (ed. Donald Clarke, £16.99), which tells me that Womack's brother Harry "was shot dead by a jealous girlfriend who found a woman's clothes in his closet; they belonged to Bobby's girlfriend". And that's as much information as I need right now.

A course in rocket science

COOKERY
CHRISTOPHER HIRST

IF, LIKE me, you tear Simon Hopkinson's literate, earthy temptations out of the *Indy* magazine and later tear your hair because you've forgotten where you've put them, then Gammon & Spinach (Macmillan, £25), a collection of his columns over the past three years, will come as a blessing. His *Pheasant Stewed with Cider and Calvados*, so rich and unctuous that it requires a determined effort to polish off a plateful, was a star item in my repertoire until I lost the recipe. I'm certainly going to essay a "quite brilliant" version of *Oysters Rockefeller*, appropriated from the Sydney Opera House. Hopkinson's superior edition of must-rooms on toast, using dried morels, Madeira and double cream, will surely be on the breakfast menu in heaven.

Hopkinson rails against the "unadulterated crap" dished up by certain TV chefs. Somehow I doubt if he means the solid, interesting grub delivered by the Two Fat Ladies, whose *Full Throttle* (Ebury Press, £17.99) is, by some miracle, even better than their previous two offerings. The Portuguese speciality *Pork with Clams* suggested by Clarissa is one of the world's great gastronomic marriages and I like the sound of the Scottish equivalent, *Chicken with Coddle Sauce*. Robust spirits may be tempted by Jennifer's *Penis Stew* (ram's or bull's, either will do), while Clarissa gleefully points out that, since rabbits did not exist in pre-Columbian Mexico, her intriguing recipe for *Rabbit with Chocolate* was "originally designed for guinea pig or even chihuahua".

Nigel Slater is another oo-nonsense TV chef. Despite his slightly intimidatory persona, he is a no-nonsense at inducing a Pavlovian response in this viewer. Many of the items in his *Real Food* (Fourth Es-

tate, £18.99) might have come from an upmarket parish magazine. You may wonder about laying out 19 quid to learn how to do the *Perfect Baked Potato* or *Toasted Smoked Mackerel Sandwich*, but for cosy-supper-at-home recipes, such as *Baked Plai* with *Parmesan Crumbs*, Nigel's your man.

If I were restricted to just one new cookbook to eat from for the whole of next year, it would be Madhur Jaffrey's *World Vegetarian* (Ebury Press, £25). Treating the concept of vegetarianism fairly loosely (there is a 50-page section on eggs and dairy foods), she scours the globe for recipes. India's *Chickpea Flour Pancakes* segues into Italy's *Chickpea Flour Pizza*. Potatoes are mashed north-Indian style with cumin, cayenne and lime-juice or shredded and stir-fried in a Chinese-American recipe with spring-onions and ginger. Though "almost raw," the result is "unusually delicious". The only problem would be locating some of the more recondite ingredients such as Persian dried limes ("you will wonder how you lived without them"). Presumably not the fault of Jaffrey (who lives in New York), the list of UK suppliers is hopeless.

Aimed at the more practised cook, Leith's *Seasonal Bible* (Bloomsbury, £30) capitalises on the admirable move back to eating foods in their proper season. This approach has the drawback of scattering soups, entrées and puds at four different places. For example, Chestnut Soup is seen as a winter dish, while *Pheasant Consommé* is autumnal. Nevertheless, with such heroic combinations as *Smoked Eel and Warm Beetroot Salad* (summer), *Roast Ham with Nori Seedweed and Puy Lentils* (autumn), and *Roast Tuna Loin with Chilli and Lime* (spring), this book will be a life-

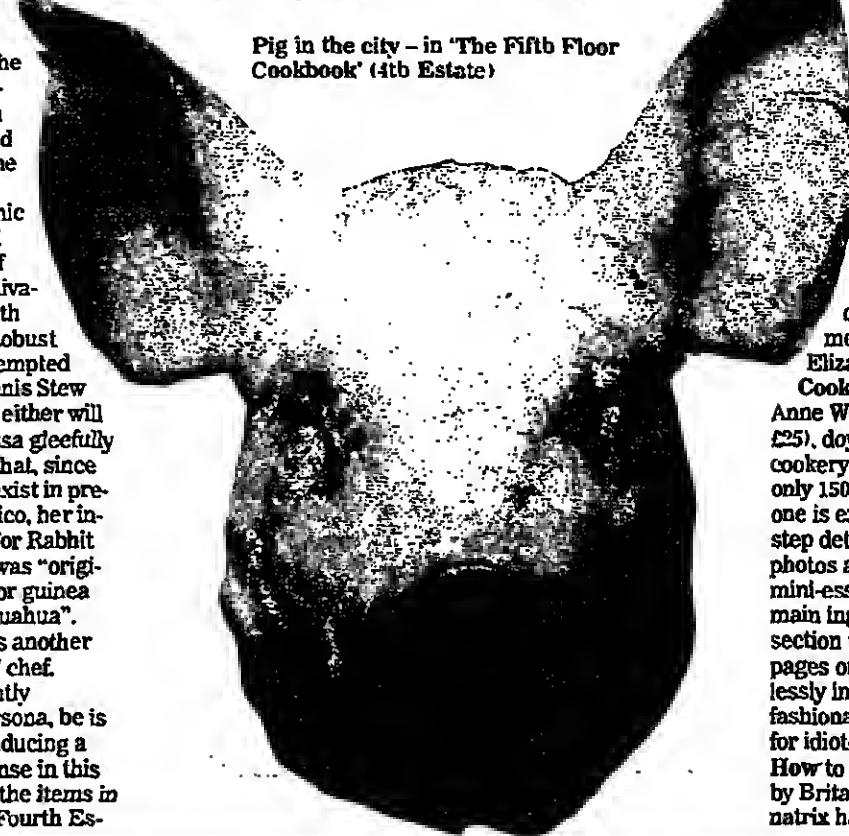
long resource for the serious cook. The how-to section at the front is particularly thorough.

The *Fifth Floor Cookbook* (Fourth Estate, £25) refers to Harvey Nichols, where Henry Harris is the presiding genius. It is hard to imagine many of that establishment's pencil-thin customers tucking into his *Potatoes Roasted in Duck Fat with Fried Onions* or *Deep Fried Belly of Pork with Oysters*. Though this luxurious volume contains many good ideas, in particular the *Saffron-Cured Salmon* (marinated a two-kilo side for 24 hours in a saffron, Pernod and barissamix), I suffered a dyspeptic fit when faced with Harris's version of oysters with sausages. He uses ferociously spicy Merguez (with Tabasco "for extra chilli heat") and native oysters, whose subtle flavour will be overwhelmed by the phosphoric bangers: a mad waste of pricey bivalves, and a classic case of restaurateur's extravagance.

One welcome reprint is

The Cook's Encyclopedia by Tom Stobart (Grub Street, £20). Though occasionally showing signs of its 1980 vintage ("Rocket is a salad plant that is sometimes neglected") it is fascinating. Cheap mortadella may contain donkey meat, according to Elizabeth David.

Cooked to Perfection by Anne Willan (Quadrille, £25), doyenne of La Varenne cookery school, contains only 150 recipes, but each one is explained in step-by-step detail with a host of photos and an explanatory mini-essay devoted to the main ingredient. The meat section is OK, but the two pages on potatoes are hopelessly inadequate. It's unfashionable to admit it but, for idiot-proof instruction, *How to Cook* (BBC, £16.99) by Britain's favourite dominatrix has the edge.



Pig in the city – in 'The Fifth Floor Cookbook' (4th Estate)

Oxford offers no Tarantino at all – not even the Royale with cheese

counts most. Quickly (thanks to a clearer index), it also gives me the ages of the Law Lords, their dates of appointment, even how much they earn: £138,889 p.a. On Chile, it names the entire cabinet and tots up Chile's exports to Britain (£393m) as well as its imports from us: a mere £210m. Crudal nuggets, and only Whitaker has them.

In other fields, "facts" can notoriously befuddle as much as they enlighten. Even the oth-

erwise bandy and reliable *Economist Pocket World in Figures* (Profile Books, £10) sometimes hurs the boundary between stats and views. The quality-of-life ranking of the world's most civilised cities places Vancouver and (wait for it) Auckland at the top, with scant explanation of its basis. The good life, or a quiet death?

As for the actual Guinness Book of Records, (Guinness

SHORTLISTED FOR THE WHITBREAD AWARD

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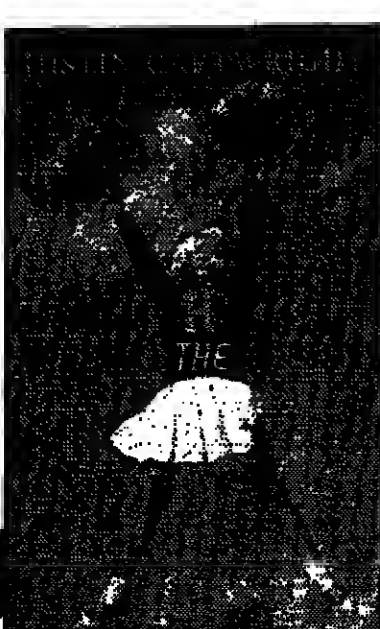
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Framing the rainbow nation: 'Morning on Panchganga Ghat, Benares, Uttar Pradesh' by Raghubir Singh, in 'A River of Colour: the India of Raghubir Singh' (Thames & Hudson)

In the dream-space of desire

So many contemporary photographers are lost in a garishly explicit post-Nan Goldin world of nightclubs in Tokyo, that the representation of the work of past masters – and mistresses – in impeccable formats is anything but regressive. Especially when it is done in such a way as to enable us to see anew how radical work from the pantheon once was.

In this respect, Paul Strand circa 1916 (Abrams, £40) is exemplary, both in its uncompromising standards of selection and reproduction, and in the quality of the text. The increasingly abstract photographs Strand made at this point in his career were stunningly unprecedented.

Maria Morris Hambourg's commentary traces the evolution of Strand's work – this defining moment of photographic Modernism with a passion and precision that

PHOTOGRAPHY

GEOFF DYER

perfectly complements the images.

Ten years earlier in France, Jacques Henri Lartigue had begun producing the work of his early maturity. He was 12 at the time. Boyishly fascinated by speed and flight, by cars and planes, his gaze then began to linger on the fashionable women of Paris boulevards. With carefree facility he went on to record scenes of an opulent, happy world apparently undisturbed by the convulsions of history. Jacques Henri Lartigue: Photographer (Thames & Hudson, £45) is easily the best produced and most comprehensive edition of his work.

Man Ray's manipulation of the photographic image now seems rather more quaint than Lartigue's straightforward rendering of a vanished world. Even so, Man Ray: photography and his double (Laurence King, £45) is a seminal source of archive prints and recent scholarly research. It illuminates Ray's darkroom processes and situates his experiments in the broader context of surrealism.

One of surrealism's most acute analysts, Walter Benjamin, suggested that the expressive quality of 19th-century photographic portraits was due to the way that lengthy exposure times obliged sitters to concentrate their lives "in the moment rather than hurrying past it". Julia Margaret Cameron's Women (Yale, £35) is an extended display of evidence in support of this claim. "Haunting" is the word most often used to describe these time-drenched portraits, and this, in contrived fashion, is also the feeling provoked by

Francesca Woodman's strangely disturbing tableaux.

Woodman was only 22 when she killed herself in 1981, but she had already mapped out an unmistakable visual and psychological terrain. In common with much feminist art practice, her own naked body was the site of uneasy meditations on the dream-space of memory and tainted desire. Francesca Woodman (Scala, £27) serves as a preview of a retrospective of her work to be shown at the Photographer's Gallery next year. Meanwhile, Margaret Bourke-White: Photographer (Pavilion, £40) includes many classic images of photojournalism from Life magazine but suffers from a cloying text.

This year's single best book of a contemporary photographer's work is surely A River of Colour: the India of Raghubir Singh (Phaidon, £35). The title emphasises one ravishingly important quality of Singh's photographs of his native land. His compositional

skill is scarcely less evident but it is his discretion, the ability to find a private moment in the most crowded street – or intimacy in panoramic scenes – that make these pictures so moving. In common with the two greatest western photographers of India – Cartier-Bresson and William Gedney – Singh is a deeply literate artist who brings a vast knowledge and culture unobtrusively to bear on everything he photographs. A segment of Marco Pavesi's "travels on the global metro", Underground (Aperture, £22) takes place in Calcutta; other colourful glimpses of being-in-transit are snatched in Berlin, Paris, New York and London.

The crowds and empty spaces – it actually seems more accurate to say the crowded empty spaces – of Andreas Gursky's photographs render familiar sites like malls, offices or hotels as abstract colour patterns. The colours and clarity of the works in Andreas

Gursky (Art Data, £39.95) are strongly reminiscent of Jeff Wall's similarly digitally enhanced images; his landscapes also have frequent affinities with German Romanticism, but Gursky's vision is quite unique. Adopting the vantage point of an "extra-terrestrial being", Gursky regards the world with a distance and detachment – in his native German there is probably a multi-syllable word, a category of the sublime, that elides the two – that brings us, through a series of visual inversions, close to a world at large that is microscopically fascinating.

Finally, from a seductive crop of high-art porno, Obsessions (Stemmle/Art Books International, £50) gradually immerses us in photographer Tony Ward's command of the tangled geometry of sex. His ultra-explicit, stubble-grained pictures are very beautiful and profoundly perversely in equal measure... well, not quite equal, actually.

Try a little tenderness

SPORT
HARRY PEARSON

GEORGE PLIMPTON once asked the former light-heavyweight champion, Billy Conn, if there was any truth in the view that a top boxer would not last two seconds against a seasoned streetfighter. The Irish-American laughed: he had plenty of encounters with streetfighters, and it "was like knocking over a girl". Whatever his Boycottian tendencies, Conn was a genuinely tough guy, but I doubt even he would have voiced a similar opinion in the hearing of Lenny McLean: 22 stone bare-knuckle bruiser and East End hard man.

McLean was the unofficial British all-in brawling champion, and his pacy autobiography *The Guv'nor* (Blake, £14.99) contains most of the elements you might expect: the old-style villains kept the streets safe, a lovely old mum, right slugs and genuine diamonds, Mad Frankie Fraser, and enough brutal violence to satisfy any teenage boy tired of books by SAS men.

McLean wonders how the unglorious Victorian prize fights could have lasted so long. No answer is supplied by Tony Gee's sprightly *Up to Scratch* (Lemann/Queen Anne £14.99), an anecdotal account of the golden age of the prize ring. But there are plenty of compensations – not least, a chance to enter the world of swells, low-lives and sporting gods who once surrounded the roped square.

The relationship between boxer and trainer is often so close they end up with a single double-barrelled name between them: Tyson-D'Amato, Ali-Dundee, Nick Pitt's excellent *The Paddy and The Prince* (Yellow Jersey, £16) reviews the umbilical bond that links Yorkshire Yemmel featherweight Naseem Hamed with eccentric Sheffield-based Irishman Brendan Ingle. The two men are gifted, and both have their faults. Ingle is prone to heavyweight didacticism; shopkeeper's son Hamed to an obnoxiousness bordering on cruelty. Pitt's account is so balanced and sympathetic you end feeling a little sorry for both.

In *The Guv'nor* there is photo of Lenny McLean on the set of *Lock, Stock and*

Two Smoking Barrels with co-star Vinnie Jones. The footballer, normally noted for being so rugged, looks oddly nervous. Perhaps this is why Jones makes no mention of the meeting in Vinnie (Headline, £16.99). In fact, the former Wimbledon enforcer spends much of the book playing down a fearsome reputation and playing up his genuine love of the countryside. He almost succeeds. Nevertheless, the moment when he writes, *a propos* magpies, "I shoot all vermin", is one of the most genuinely chilling in sporting literature.

The searcher after less confrontational toughness might do better to invest in *Close to the Wind* (Headline, £18.99), Pete Goss's gripping account of his gruelling experiences in the 1996 single-handed round-the-world yacht race. Jones might be able to grab Paul Gascoigne's privates, but would he be able to operate on his own elbow without anaesthetic using faxed instructions – as Goss did in mid-ocean?

Another high-class example of the sporting memoir is Harry Redknapp: my autobiography (Collins Willow, £16.99), a refreshingly honest effort from the West Ham manager. It includes a colourful account of the Poplar boy's tribulations with foreign players (Marco Boegers ran away and was later discovered living in a caravan) – and the mandatory reference to the Krays.

The more modern trend is towards the confessional. Tony Adams's *Addicted* (Collins Willow, £16.99) is the perceptive and painful account of the Arsenal skipper's battle with alcoholism. This is an excellent book about men whose will to win is sometimes a terror of losing; though old-fashioned fans might wonder where all the soul-unburdening will lead. It seems only a matter of time before an England player appears on *Esther* to announce he is a woman trapped in a man's body.

From the bath to the bazaar

DESIGN AND DECORATION

ANNABEL FREYBERG

BOOKS ON decoration and design seldom get reviewed, in part because their primary purpose is to beguile through pictures – indulgent and somehow suspect. But that's precisely why such books delight; people are largely absent from their photographs, allowing unnatural perfection and a dreamy, melancholy atmosphere to prevail. Here are some treats for the eye.

Even in Roman times, the bathroom was a place of pleasure – which was why the early Christian Church associated washing with moral turpitude and tried to ban it. The desire to beautify scenes of hygiene has remained strong, as the bathrooms of Pope Clement VII in the Vatican (Pompeii-style frescos), Napoleon (neoclassical murals) and Jayne Mansfield (wall-to-wall pink shag-pile carpet and a heart-shaped bath) testify. They can be found in *The Book of the Bath* by Françoise de Bonneville (Thames & Hudson, £25), a celebration in paintings, luscious photographs and words of the evolution of baths public and private.

For those who thrill to the romance of the Islamic orient, *The Bazaar* by Walter M Weiss and Kurt-Michael Westermann (Thames & Hudson, £32) allows you to wallow in a plethora of fezes, camels, men in long robes and dappled light. Linger over picturesque shopping from Kairouan in Tunisia to Aleppo in Syria, Samarkand and Isfahan, especially traditional trades and crafts – from lute and dagger makers to perfumers and calligraphers.

There are no traditional hunting trophies in the East African decor of *Safari Style* by Tim Beddow and Natasha Burns (Thames & Hudson, £24.95). Instead, delectably furnished lodges and thatched camps give the flavour of an ex-



'The Book of the Bath' (Thames & Hudson): a 1940s nude

tended travel brochure. Most of East Africa was colonised between 1895 and 1915, and an Edwardian flavour can still be detected in the preponderance of wood, leather and linens, along with up-to-date ethnic style: solar-powered lamps, woven banana-leaf ceilings, and even the improbable-sounding "Masai Versailles".

The airy black-and-white interiors depicted in *Irish Houses and Gardens*: from the archives of Country Life by Sean O'Reilly (Aurum, £35) seem impossibly grand and formal. They include not just the Georgian mansions of the Anglo-Irish – the demolition of which inspired the foundation of the Irish Georgian Society – but examples of Irish Gothic, as well as Lissadell, home of Yeats's friends the Gore-Booths, now as then, "The light of evening, Lissadell/ Great

windows open to the south". The Irish Home by Ianthe Ruthven (Collins & Brown, £25) contains some of the same settings but, in addition, cosy cottages, clutter and colour.

Alistair McAlpine has variously collected African beads, stuffed animals, rustic Australian furniture and American Expressionists. In *Collecting & Display* (by Alistair McAlpine and Cathy Grahame; Conran Octopus, £30), he revels in the collections of others (teeth extracted by Peter the Great of Russia, displays of weapons at Chevering). It contains inventive ways of storing and showing treasures and sections on conservation.

The English Archive of Design and Decoration by Stafford Cliff (Thames & Hudson, £22) is a grand idea somewhat overdesigned. Cliff lays out pages of intoxicating and mostly anonymous designs

from 18th-, 19th- and early 20th-century pattern-books – from butterknives to pagoda jelly moulds and rococo chairbacks.

Among editing reference books, 20th-Century Architecture by Jonathan Glancey (Carlton Books, £29.95) is an entertaining tour around 400 of the century's seminal buildings; each one is given a page to itself, with a big picture and a short history and appraisal. Glancey includes buildings he considers bad, as well as favourites from Lutyens to Le Corbusier, the Empire State Building to the Peter Jones department store in London. Contemporary World Architecture by Hugh Pearman (Phaidon, £59.95) is a triumphing building-block of a book that in 13 chapters and more than 1,000 pictures rounds up a huge slice of significant architecture from the past 30 years. Packed with unfamiliar and photogenic buildings, it boasts a briskly informative text. For a broader overview, Nikolaus Pevsner's *The Penguin Dictionary of Architecture and Landscape Architecture* (£25) has been newly overhauled by John Fleming and Hugh Honour. Pevsner addicts can turn to the latest volume, London 4: North by Bridget Cherry and Pevsner (Penguin £30).

The rickshaw is an astonishingly resilient means of transport: it was invented in Japan in the 1870s to compete with tardy sedan chairs and costly carriages, and has persisted into the motorised age. Even so it is a feat to fill a book with different varieties – from 12 cities – as Tony Wheeler and Richard L'Anson do in *Chasing Rickshaws* (Lonely Planet, £19.99). The most joyous are the painted ones in Dhaka, the rarest, the eight remaining red rickshaws of Hong Kong.

In Country and Modern (Quadrille, £20) Dinah Hall argues the case for rural minimalism. Her model is the austere medieval monastery, castle or barn – where light, and bare walls dominate. She also espouses the delights of "stackology": "deep within each one of us lives the spirit of a primitive hut dweller".

Zarafa

The true story of a giraffe's journey from the plains of Africa to the heart of post-Napoleonic France

MICHAEL ALLIN

'An intriguing tale that reminds us that, once upon a time, exotic new creatures had the power to enchant and astound' *The Sunday Times*

'Wonderfully entertaining. A vivid cabinet of curiosities, full of intriguing oddities' *Independent on Sunday*

'A charming tale... Utterly enjoyable, often spell-binding' *Financial Times*

'Manages to combine history, travel writing and the often breathless first-hand accounts of the expedition' *The Times*

'Delightful... almost a fairy tale' *Daily Mail*

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Myths, monsters, memories

MUSIC

MICHAEL CHURCH

Taking the myth out of musicology is an uphill task, because myths are by definition seductive. People love imagining the angelic young Brahms playing in brothels: Jan Swofford's *Johannes Brahms* (Macmillan, £30) dwells with gusto on the virginal youth's defilement by whores. But this is one of the myths which *Styria* Avins's magnificent *Johannes Brahms: Life and Letters* (Oxford, £35) lays to rest. While Swofford offers romantic fiction, Avins offers a richly documented portrait of this lovably irascible outsider.

A plethora of myths are despatched in Ruth Halliwell's *The Mozart Family* (Oxford, £30), most notably that of Leopold's beastliness to his son. What other biographers persist in seeing as vindictive possessiveness, she shows to be proper parental care: young Wolfgang, falling for a succession of outhouse girls, needed saving from himself. This magisterial book reflects everything known about how the Mozarts lived. Alan Walker has now completed his definitive three-volume biography of Liszt (Franz Liszt: the final years; Faber, £45). Here we follow the triangular relationship between Liszt's daughter Cosima, her husband Hans von Bulow, and her lover Richard Wagner. Walker deploys formidable scholarship against the backdrop of history, but musically he gets right up close.

Among modern composer biographies, Daniel Jaffe's *Prokofiev* (Phaidon, £14.95) stands out as exemplary. No



'Don Carlos', in 'Chronicle of Opera' (Thames & Hudson)

- and his musical achievement - in Peter Pettinger's *Bill Evans: how my heart sings* (Yale, £19.95).

This year has brought two remarkable memoirs by composers' wives. My Life With Janacek (Faber, £25) paints a highly unflattering portrait of this much-loved composer, who specialised in the sensitive depiction of oppressed women. Zdenka Janackova dictated her autobiography as therapy for the pain inflicted by her adulterous husband. She was a pure spirit: the contrast with Alma Mahler-Werfel - pursued by Klimt and Kokoschka, married to Mahler and Franz Werfel - could not be more stark. As her *Diaries 1898-1902* (Faber, £25) show, this fame-obsessed female would have felt entirely at home in the Groucho Club.

"Wept for a long time on the bedroom floor..." I can't see why anyone - apart from its ghastly dramatic personae - should want to buy Mary Allee's lachrymose Covent Garden saga *A House Divided* (Simon & Schuster, £17.99). But Michael Raeburn's *The Chronicle of Opera* (Thames & Hudson, £24.95) is an intelligent (and gloriously illustrated) account of opera's rise and rise, while Stephen Pettitt's *Opera: a crash course* (Simon & Schuster, £9.99) wears its learning with wacky coquetry.

one could have been more resourceful than this prolific pianist-composer, but Stalin's system first broke his family, and finally his spirit. "My soul hurts," said Prokofiev when he realised the game was up, dying 50 minutes before his tormentor and from the same type of cerebral haemorrhage.

One of the year's most eagerly awaited biographies - Elizabeth Wilson's *Jacqueline du Pré* (Weidenfeld, £20) - was a thundering disappointment, being essentially Daniel Barenboim's ghost-written account, but Richard Osborne's *Herbert von Karajan* (Chatto, £20) has been well worth the wait. After patiently stalking his prey for two decades, Osborne has produced an even-handed portrait of this charismatic egomaniac. Kevin Bazzone's Glenn

Gould: the performer in the work (Oxford, £25) brings philosophical rigour to this cult pianist's oeuvre. And what about Bill Evans, admired by Gould and in effect the jazz world's answer to him? Read all about his slow suicide by drugs

CHILDREN AT CHRISTMAS

SALLY WILLIAMS

ANNUALS USED to be big at Christmas. Now, it's treasures, anthologies and special selections. The idea is the same: buying made easy for godparents or grannies, but I don't remember the *Bunty Annual* being so hefty. Take *The Complete Chronicles of Narnia* by C.S. Lewis (Collins, £29.99). It's a beast of a book, thick as the Yellow Pages, but fans will find this a fitting tribute to Lewis's 100th birthday. This is the first time all seven stories have been published together; the first time Pauline Baynes has reworked her original illustrations in colour. For a first read it is, perhaps, scary stuff. But for old hands, this is a real event.

Bigger isn't always better though. Take *Spot the dog*. You'd have thought that *Spot's Bedtime Storybook* by Eric Hill, (Frederick Warne, £7.99), with ten stories in one, has to be a good buy. Not so. What young children like about *Spot* books is that they can carry them around. Chew them. Rip the flaps. Here, the flaps have gone; the stories



look squashed. Small hands like small books. Except, of course, when the book is as beautifully illustrated as *The Puffin Baby and Toddler Treasury*, (Puffin, £14.99), in which case larger hands will want to hold it too. Stories from authors such as Shirley Hughes and Beatrix Potter and nursery rhymes old and new make for a book full of gentle humour and tenderness.

High production values also drive *Classic Poetry: an illustrated collection*, selected by Michael Rosen, illus. Paul Howard, (Walker, £14.99). It's full of

The lion, the witch and the website

heavyweights (Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Keats) but Rosen adds such freshness with his absorbing biographies of each poet that children won't notice they're enjoying classic texts.

If only all educational books were as brilliant as *A Street Through Time* by Dr Anne Millard, illus. by Steve Noon, (Dorling Kindersley, £12.99). Page by page, children are taken on a 12,000-year journey along the same street. You see churches built on the site of ancient temples, wooden bridges destroyed and then remade in stone. It is fascinating - and not a

microchip in sight. Sequels can be disappointing, but Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets by J.K. Rowling (Bloomsbury, £10.99) repeats the wonderful sparkle of the first book. Perfect stocking fillers are *Action Man: crack of doom and Barbie: Barbie loves her sisters*, (Reed, 99p each). Full of stereotypes, but children love them. Older children may prefer *All About Michael Owen*, (Egmont, £2.99) or *Get On-line: create your own web site* by Chris Lane (Bloomsbury, £3.99). But to get in the mood, pick up *The Snowman* by Raymond Briggs, (Penguin, £9.99). This atmospheric picture book still captures the magic of that perfect Christmas.

Moving through the ages in 'A Street Through Time' (Dorling Kindersley)

Natural selections

POPULAR SCIENCE may not quite be the new rock-'n'-roll, but there were certainly parallels between the two art forms in the best science publications of 1998. We had the posthumous hit: a bestseller from Richard Feynman, in *The Meaning of It All* (Allen Lane, £9.99), a collection of talks about why science is important, originally given in the early 1960s and appearing in print for the first time. To go with the "new" hit there were the obligatory re-issues - a paperback edition of his book *Six Easy Pieces* (Penguin, £6.99), which is one of the very best introductions to physics for the uninitiated, and *Six Not So Easy Pieces* (Allen Lane, £20), a new collection aimed at a slightly higher level. Anyone who reads the three Feynman books in that order will have a pretty clear idea of what science is all about, and get some entertainment on the way.

We also had new books from the equivalent of the dinosaurs of rock. Richard Dawkins demonstrated that an oldie can still be a goodie by moving into Feynman territory with his *Unweaving the Rainbow* (Allen Lane, £18.99), attacking pseudo-science and ignorance on a broad front, while Paul Davies reinvented himself with *The Fifth Miracle* (Allen Lane, £18.99), moving into Dawkins territory with a book (arguably his best ever) about the origin of life. What was so nice about the Davies book is the honest way it portrays a new scientific idea in the process of growing, and how he is careful to give due credit and space to rival ideas, explaining why he disagrees but ultimately leaving readers to choose the version they prefer.

But while these two were changing tack and coming up fresh with new material, Stephen Jay Gould played the Paul McCartney role, coming up with the mixture as before: a collection of essays, this time under the title *Leonardo's Mountain of Clams and the Diet of Worms* (Cape, £17.99). Gould is clever, but

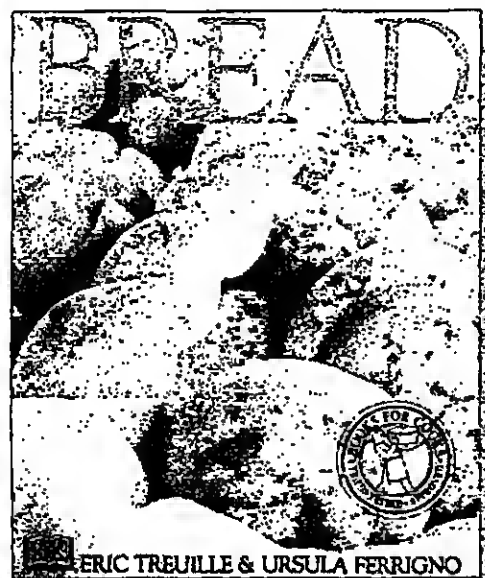
POPULAR SCIENCE

JOHN GRIBBIN

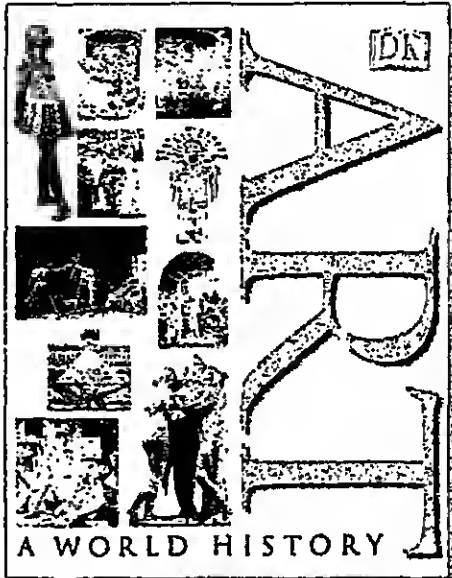
nowhere near as clever as he thinks he is, and the mixture is perhaps a little over-familiar by now. Daniel Dennett did the same sort of thing better with his collection *Brainchildren* (Penguin, £10.99), while Steven Pinker (who even looks like a rock star) offered a tough tutorial on what goes on inside your head with *How the Mind Works* (Allen Lane, £20). Speaking of children, we also had the pop science equivalent of Sean Lennon, with George Dyson, son of a famous physicist and science author, popping up with *Darwin Among the Machines* (Allen Lane, £22.50), the best book I have ever seen about machine intelligence. And then, as in all genres, there were the biographies. Two stand out from the pack. *The Man Who Loved Only Numbers* by Paul Hoffman (Fourth Estate, £12.99) tells the bizarre tale of the mathematician Paul Erdos, as mad as several hatters put together but an undoubted genius who made major contributions to number theory. The story is so bizarre, like many rock biographies (Keith Moon springs to mind), that the book is a delight in spite of the author's limited grasp of the technique of writing continuous prose - which I guess also offers a parallel with pop.

For me, though, the science book of the year was another biography, the equivalent of the surprise number one from a debut artist. Georgina Ferry is new to books, but learned her trade at *New Scientist*, which is to science writers what Hamburg was to Liverpool beat groups of the 1960s. She has produced *Dorothy Hodgkin: a life* (Granta, £20), which tells the story of one of the pioneers of X-ray crystallography. Sounds dull? Believe me, it isn't.

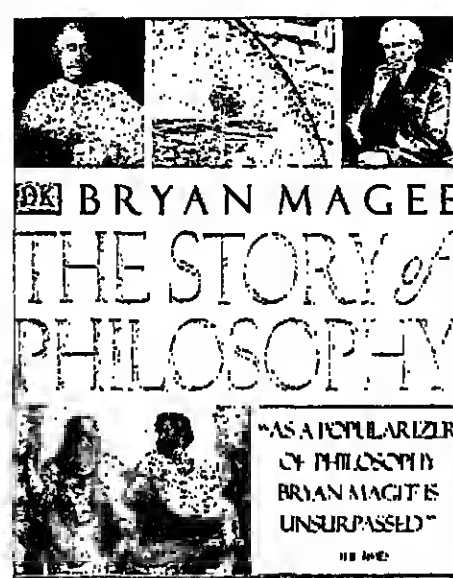
The gifts for everyone



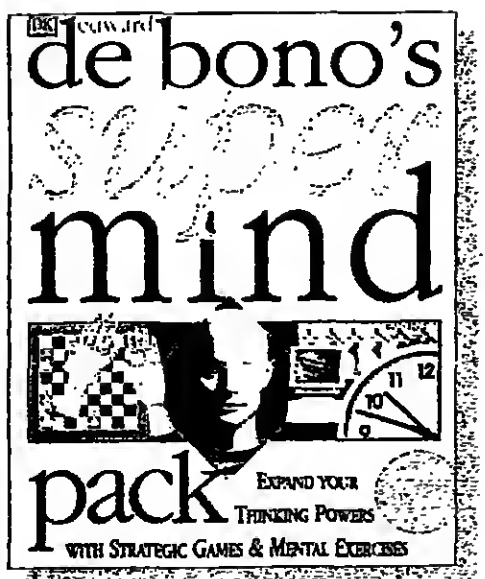
For bakers



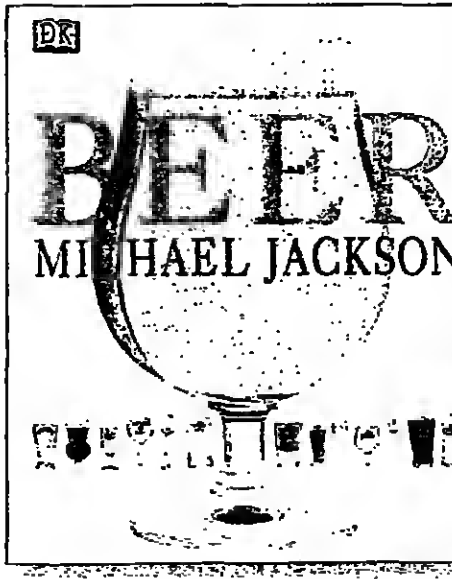
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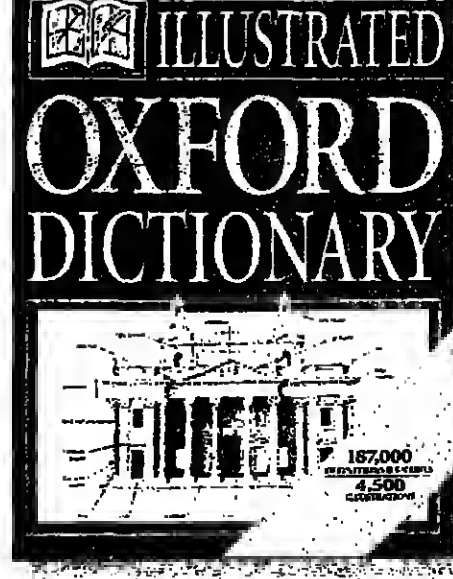
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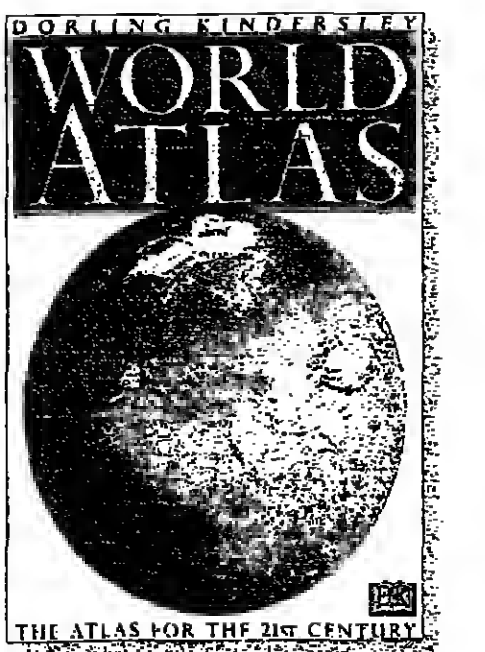
For mind games



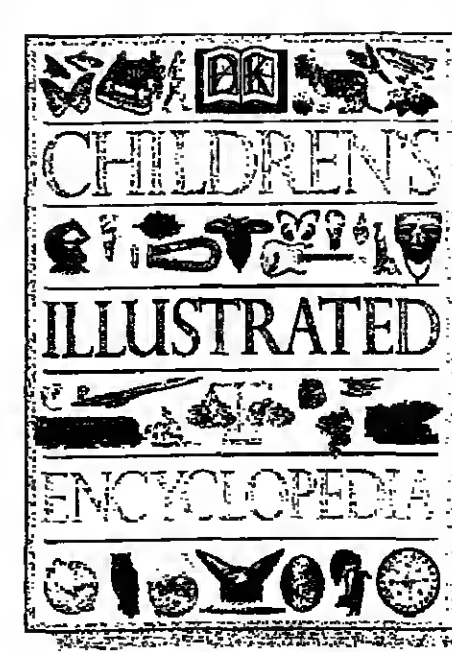
... beer enthusiasts



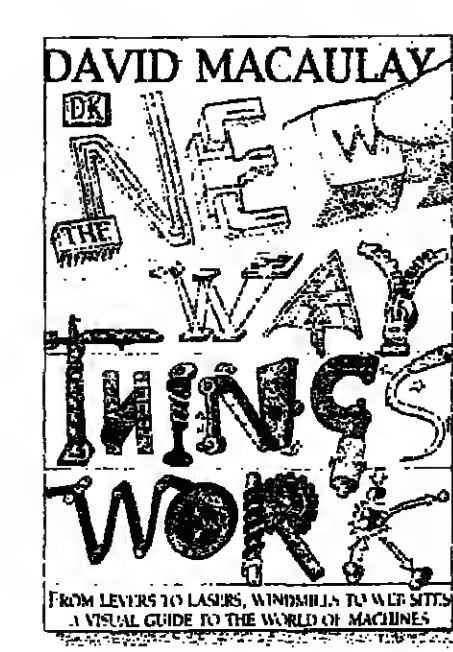
... and lovers of words



For explorers



... browsers



... and the curious

COUNTRY & GARDEN

A lesson from the life of Brian

COUNTRY MATTERS

DUFF
HART-DAVIS

Old Brian is dead. Never again shall we see his diminutive figure, hunched and twisted, shuffle slowly past along the lane. Never again shall I watch him pause at the stile, summoning the effort to climb over on to the footpath that leads through a spinney and on across the meadow. Brian has gone, and with him has vanished the last trace of an earlier way of life.

Always a bachelor, Brian lived alone in the back half of a cottage a few hundred yards up the hill from us, and every day he set out on his unsteady perambulation to the village, a mile away. Never owning a telephone, never able to drive, or even ride a bicycle, he relied on his legs for contact with the outside world. For the few people who live along the lane, he was an absolute fixture. Every morning at ten past eight, he would come down past us on his way to the shop or bus-stop. In reasonable weather he would take a short cut across the fields, but if it was wet, he would stick to the road. Every morning - a couple of hours later - he would make his slow way home again, stopping frequently to rest.

Even when we first knew him, his gait was singular. He walked leaning to the left, with his left arm tucked horizontally round behind his back; and as he grew older, his list to port grew ever more pronounced. If a car came up behind him, he would ignore it until it was within inches of his heels - although whether this quirk sprang from stubbornness or deafness, it was hard to tell. Eventually he would move crab-wise into the bank, looking rather aggrieved.

In the days when he still went regularly into Dursley - our nearest town, three miles off - he would always decline a lift on his way to the village, on the grounds that he would reach the bus-stop too early, and have to wait; but on the way back he was happy to be picked up at any stage of his marathon.

Strangers who came across him



sometimes took him for the village idiot, because often, if addressed, he would not reply. In fact he had a perfectly good brain and an excellent memory. He was a regular church-goer and a keen philatelist, and he could recall every detail of the fierce winter of 1962-63, describing how snow drifted in the lane to a depth of 13ft.

His trouble was a bad stammer, which made him reluctant to talk. When his voice did stutter into action, he could be exceedingly voluble, not least on the subject of the weather. Since he listened to radio and TV every morning, he was always an authority on the latest

forecast, and - although they could not possibly affect him - he would be bang up to date on motorway traffic problems.

Gradually we got to know a little of his background. Always Gloucestershire people, he and his elder brother Richard were born at a farm beyond the Severn, but they grew up in the house on the lower side of our yard, where their father Maurice kept a few cows, pigs and chickens. At the start of the Second World War, the family moved to the cottage up the lane, and it was there, after his parents had died prematurely, that Brian lived alone for more than 30 years. He worked

first at a sawmill in the village, and then at Listers, the engineering company in Dursley, until finally he was made redundant.

To me, the most striking fact about him was the simplicity of his life. His house was exceedingly primitive - no central heating, practically no plumbing (only a bath in the kitchen), and no means of heating water. The building is damp and cold, hunched so tightly into a north-eastern shoulder of the hill that it catches only a few minutes of sun on fine summer mornings, and none in winter.

Yet Brian never complained of his privations, and his demands on

society were as light as could be. In spite of his physical frailty, he had an inner strength that made him self-sufficient: he was content with what he had. He expected very little of life, and I feel that in his stoicism, his acceptance of discomfort, he resembled the country people of years gone by.

The same was even more true of his walking. Two centuries ago, everyone in the community walked to and from work, creating the footpaths that remain one of England's unique assets. From cottages scattered round the sides of the valley, they trudged down to the wool mills along the River Ewelme, and back

home every evening. By 1820, the valley was one of the most prosperous in England, and it supported 2,500 inhabitants. Then in 1840 came the great crash, as coal-powered mills came on stream in Yorkshire, and the bottom dropped out of the Cotswold wool industry. In 10 years the population fell to less than half its previous figure, and the parish exported hundreds of families to North America and Canada, since it was cheaper to get rid of them that way than to keep them on the rates.

In the good times, three cottages stood at the field gate below Brian's house, three more out in the

high meadow, and two in the edge of the wood above our own fields. Now all are gone, the stone used again for other buildings. Of those cottages which had been in the open, no trace remains, but the site in the wood is still marked, every spring, by a drift of snowdrops.

Even more than the snowdrops, Brian's constant perambulation was a visible, living link with the past. Lucky for him, people say, that he died suddenly of a heart attack, and did not suffer the misery of long illness, or of having to leave his home. Maybe; but we have lost a regular feature of our landscape, and feel that much the poorer.

NATURE NOTES

BY NOW hedgehogs should be safely tucked up for the winter in nests of leaves under sheds, hushes or piles of brushwood. Gardeners proposing to burn up old heaps of rubbish should first make sure that nobody has taken up residence in them during the past few weeks.

Providing a hedgehog can put on enough weight in autumn, it should survive until the spring, living on its body fat. When

it curls up in a ball to hibernate, the temperature of its extremities falls to that of the environment, and its respiration slows to only five or six breaths a minute. Like bees, the animals are best served by frost and snow: so long as the weather stays cold, they remain dormant, but when the air warms up, they are likely to come round and venture forth - only to find that there is little food about, their

normal diet being worms, caterpillars, beetles, slugs and so on.

Hedgehogs have been known to live for 10 years, but many die before their first birthday, and average life expectancy is only two or three years. Their worst enemies are foxes, which kill them in spite of their defensive prickles, and cars - thousands of the animals are squashed on the roads every year.

DUFF HART-DAVIS

The whooper has landed

Wild swans have arrived from the frozen tundra wastes to feast and bask in the relative warmth of a British winter. By Daniel Butler

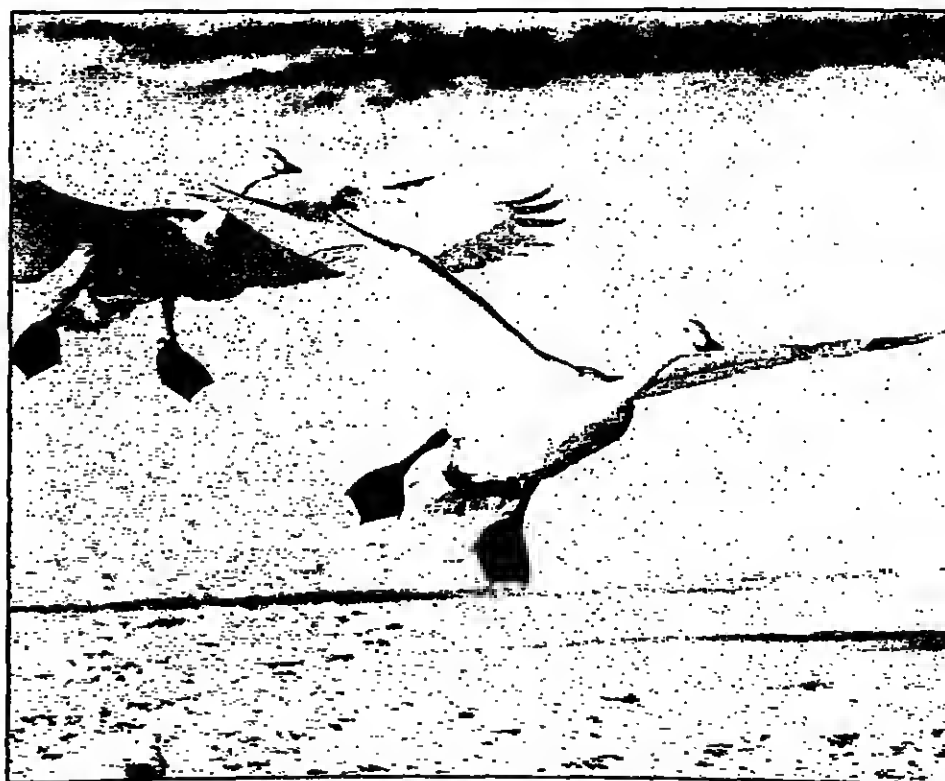
IT IS around now that thousands of winter tourists will begin to flood into Britain. After a long flight from frozen northern wastes, Bewick and whooper swans are now touching down to bask in the comparative warmth of our winter.

Unlike their familiar resident cousin, the mute, these long-distance migrants - often referred to as "wild" swans by ornithologists - choose to split their year between the vast wastes of the Arctic and water-logged British farmland. Whoopers are the larger, and though they are about the same size as a mute swan, they swim with a much more upright neck and head and have yellow, rather than orange, bills. Also, unlike mutes they never raise their wings above their backs and, when in flight, they make no "singing" noise: simply a rhythmic swishing.

Thanks to their yellow bills, at a distance a group of Bewicks can easily be mistaken for whoopers hut, in reality, they are much smaller. The simplest way to distinguish them is by their calls (whoopers "bugle", while Bewicks call like geese). Also, they have shorter necks which they are more inclined to arch. From now until spring both will be a familiar sight at a handful of our best wetland reserves, where they will remain until lengthening days draw them back to the frozen wastes.

At first glance this may seem like a curious way to divide your year. Why would any creature - let alone a bird with all the problems of keeping eggs warm - opt to breed in the chilly Arctic summer? In fact, the answers are relatively simple.

The great attraction of a summer near the poles is linked to daylight. While the



Whoopers have come early this year due to strong tailwinds Chris Knights/Ardea

tropics may bask in a seasonless year of steady temperatures, days are always about 12 hours long. The further north or south you go, however, the more elastic daylight becomes. The result is that animals breeding in these regions have far more time to search for food.

A good demonstration of this is the peregrine falcon which, as a global species, makes direct comparisons easy. Pairs breeding in the tropics typically raise only one youngster a year; British residents average two or three; while the migratory tundra subspecies can manage up to five. In the case of the Bewick and whooper swans this

lactic is also highly successful. They are among the few true migrants capable of making long-distance flights to such remote areas. Also, as large birds they have the body weight to sustain the frequent cold snaps that occur even in midsummer. This means that for six months they cash in on the many tundra pools erupting with insect and other invertebrate life and the explosion of hardy grasses and flowers, making the most of 22-hour days. All this acts as the natural equivalent of a fat free buffet for the swans.

There are other appeals, too. As large birds they are relatively safe from most predators.

Apert from a handful of Arctic foxes and skuas, they face few risks on their tundra breeding grounds. All this results in breeding pairs - which mate for life - raising four or five youngsters.

When, in October, the first snows force them to look for pastures new, the family flies south as a group. It continues to stick together throughout the winter, splitting up only in spring when the youngsters reach sexual maturity, although most don't breed until the following year. Normally the annual arrival of the swans would be almost finished by now, but this year is unusual.

Whoopers have arrived in force somewhat earlier than normal, but the reverse is true for Bewicks. Normally the Wildfowl and Wetland Trust (WWT) would expect at least 1,000 birds at its Welney reserve, while at its Slimbridge sanctuary there are only about a dozen birds - well down on the normal 60. This disruption is due entirely to the weather, which has been dominated by westerly gales. These strong headwinds have seriously hampered the influx of Bewicks. In addition, thanks to flooding, Dutch farmers have lost much of their potato crop, which lies rotting in semi-submerged fields. Root crops are an important part of the Bewick's winter fare and the flocks that should arrive here any day have been delayed, feasting on the unexpected bonanza on the other side of the Channel.

Conversely, however, the winds have helped the whoopers. Normally Britain gets few whoopers because it is at the southern extremity of their range, but because of the strong tailwinds this year their two prime wintering sites, Martin Mere in Suffolk and Welney in Norfolk, are now close to reserve records, with roughly 1,000 birds at each.

For the next four months, there is ample opportunity to watch our biggest and most spectacular winter migrants feeding on the flood plains of the East Coast and Severn Estuary.

Visit the WWT's Slimbridge Reserve near Gloucester (01453 890331) or Welney on the Wash (01353 860711). There are floodlit swan feeds Sat and Sun evenings all winter and the Trust also runs a £25 sponsorship scheme of ringed birds

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20/GARDENING



Amanda and Chris Dennis of the Citrus Centre, Pulborough, West Sussex, where gloomy winter days are quickly dispelled by the scent, fruit and foliage of citrus trees

Andrew Hasson

There's more to juice than Jaffas

A citrus fruit is an ideal pot plant to cheer you through the winter gloom, especially if it's a Tahiti lime. By Anna Pavord

Can there be anything more agreeable in winter? enquired the horticulturalist Richard Bradley in 1713, "than to have a view from a Parlor or Study through Ranges of Orange Trees and Curious Plants of Foreign Countries, blossoming and bearing Fruit, when our Gardens without Doors are, as it were, in a State of Death?"

No, Mr Bradley, probably not. It's acquiring that view that is the problem. My study looks straight out on to a border close to a state of death: huge leaves of crabs melting messily round the stump of its crown, peony foliage crusted and brown, the gaunt, twiggy outline of a dark red rose, 'Souvenir du Docteur Jamain', mounds of damp leaves blown from the beech tree. Oh for a range of orange trees instead.

An important part of their appeal is that they look their best in the months when the rest of the garden is at its worst.

But I like the fictitious quality of citrus trees, too. Each one looks as though it might have been turned out by a craft workshop. The bright fruit is so perfect and unreal. The

colour contrasts so acutely with the sober, handsome foliage.

With the prospect of an orangery (or even a mini-lean-to conservatory) as distant as an oasis in the desert, I went instead for my citrus fix to Chris and Amanda Dennis's nursery near Pulborough in West Sussex. It was a horrible, damp, foggy, grey day, but as I walked into the show greenhouse, cruel reality was blocked out by picture-book trees, flowering and fruiting all at the same time. The smell was swoony. I had not realised that the foliage of citrus trees is scented, too. The same essential oils that give a lime its intense, tangy smell are present in the leaves as well as the fruit.

Chris Dennis is in his mid-thirties, and the nursery, only four years old, is a triumph of hope over dreary experience. He was working as a general dogbody in an architectural and design practice in South Kensington when he decided to throw it all in and indulge his passion for citrus trees instead.

Had he established that there was a market need for these things? No, he said, he hadn't, but he was sure there ought to be. His buoyant optimism infected even his bank man-

ager, and the Dennises, starting from scratch, have already built up a thriving business growing more than 140 different citrus varieties.

His trees hadn't enjoyed the miserable summer, he said. Low levels of light and cool temperatures had slowed down the rate of growth.

At low temperatures, the roots become less efficient at transporting nutrients to the leaves. To a certain extent you can get around that problem by foliar feeding, he explained, but you have to use a feed that is high in nitrogen, with all the

right trace elements. He sells a well balanced liquid feed at the nursery, but uses liquid seaweed as an occasional booster. Trees get bored with the same diet all the time.

Fortunately, citrus trees, with their neatly contained rootballs, are well adapted to living in pots. In this country, where they have to be wheeled into frost-free quarters for the winter, that is an advantage. The chief danger with pot-grown plants is over-watering. They'll recover from under-watering, says Mr Dennis. Even if they are so dry that all

their leaves drop off, they will probably grow back again, but over-watering is fatal.

He uses a very free-draining compost, with plenty of crushed bark mixed into it to help excess water drain away. Use the fruit as an indicator, he suggests.

Water only when the fruit feel slightly squidgy. If they are hard, resist the temptation - especially in winter, when the rate of growth slows down and trees need less sustenance.

Chris Dennis is in the position of

a fond parent, loving all his offspring equally, but, if pressed, he points out useful differences between one member of the citrus family and another. Mandarins (such as the handsome willow-leaf mandarin which I ogled covetously) flower only once a year, so if the plant has a hiccup and drops its flowers, as they sometimes do, you have a long wait before the next show.

Lime trees are in flower by Easter and continue to produce a trickle of flowers all through the summer. They don't fruit as heavily as calamondins, but because of that they grow faster, bearing too much fruit slows a tree down. Lime trees are naturally compact, but other types of citrus may need pinching out or pruning to stop them getting straggly. Pruning can be done at any time of the year.

Trees can be potted on each year. That will make them grow faster than if they are left in the same pots, but, as Mr Dennis points out, they fruit better when they are slightly under-potted. Scale insects, like tiny blobs of dirty tissue stuck to the undersides of the leaves, can be a problem, sucking the sap from leaves. Wipe them off with a damp

cloth. If you are happy to use insecticides choose malathion, but remember it kills bees and is dangerous to use near fish in aquariums. You will need to spray at least twice.

The difficulty, wandering through the Dennises' nursery, was to resist the urge to pick the golden fruit. I had to keep my hands firmly stuffed into the pockets of my jacket. The diarist Samuel Pepys was equally tempted.

"Mrs Penn carried us to two gardens at Hackney," he wrote in his diary for 1666. "The gardens are excellent and here I first saw oranges grow, some green, some half, and some a quarter and some full ripe on the same tree... I pulled off a little one by stealth (the man being mighty curious of them) and ate it. Lord Brooks, the owner of the garden, had the last laugh. These were Seville oranges."

The Citrus Centre is at West Mure Lane, Marshill, Pulborough, West Sussex. RH20 2EA (01798 872786) and is open Wed-Sun, 9.30am-5.30pm. Send SAE for a plant list and fact sheet. Plants can be sent by mail order (ideal for Christmas presents) as long as there is no frost

FOR BEGINNERS, CHRIS DENNIS RECOMMENDS:

LEMON

'Four Seasons' is a moderately vigorous tree, with fruit that hangs for a long time. It flowers several times a year, with ripe fruit and flowers at the same time. Better than Meyers' lemon, which drops its leaves in an alarming way in autumn, a habit that gets worse as the plant gets older. Meyers' lemon is popular, thinks Chris Dennis, only because nurserymen find it

easy to propagate. A 2ft-high 'Four Seasons' lemon costs £30.

LIME

'Tahiti', the lime you buy in supermarkets, is seedless, and the tree crops prolifically even when young. If you leave limes on the tree, they will turn yellow like lemons. The 'Tahiti' has deliciously aromatic leaves and costs £20 for a bush 1ft high. Keen cooks should go instead for

the 'Kaffir' lime which produces the leaves used in Thai dishes.

ORANGE

Of all the citrus family, the 'Calamondin' is the most resilient to life on a windowsill. It makes an ornamental little plant with small, sour fruit like miniature oranges, which make good marmalade. It is very prolific, rarely without fruit or flower. A bush 1ft high costs £20.

CUTTINGS

NEWS FROM THE GARDENER'S WORLD

SPORTS SPRAIN ointment, ilex energy buzz, camellia compress, soothing bronchial brew (made from asparagus), flatulence and nausea tea - you can find recipes for them all in *The Garden Healer* by Helen Farmer-Knowles (Gaia Books, £12.99). I suspect I'm not alone in liking the idea of medicine from the garden - it conjures up memories of childhood potions, pounded from primroses and the tips of hawthorn - or in failing ever to have translated intention to action. Ms Farmer-Knowles shows how to go about it.

BRIAN ALLT, from Sudbury in Suffolk, writes in praise of willow fencing. "I have a road frontage of 64ft, although the garden is only 25ft deep. When I arrived here there was a low fence and an awful 5ft hedge mainly composed of privet suckers, which had swamped virtually all the original flowering shrubs."

"I had all the privet torn out - a major job. Then I got a nearby genius to weave a willow fence 8ft high. Not the growing kind. One of its great advantages is that it is not necessary to dig great holes. It is woven round long scaffold poles which are just driven straight into the ground with a huge cast-iron hammer."

"I don't know why this type of fencing is not used more. There are no posts to rot, and it does not disturb nearby plants. It provides a much better wind-break than a solid fence, and it

is easy to thread ties through it to support climbing plants."

A NEW service to conservatory owners is offered by Marcoline Siddons, owner of a nursery specialising in conservatory plants. Send her a sketch of your conservatory, with its size, its aspect, the amount of light it receives, and how hot it gets during the day (and how cold at night). Tell her of any plants you particularly like, and any colours you want to avoid, and within two weeks she will provide a planting plan to fit the space. The service costs £10, but you can reclaim this if you go on to order plants from the nursery. For more details, contact Ms Siddons at The Conservatory, Station Road, Gomshall, Surrey GU5 9LB (01483 203019). The nursery is open Monday to Saturday, from 10am to 5.30pm.

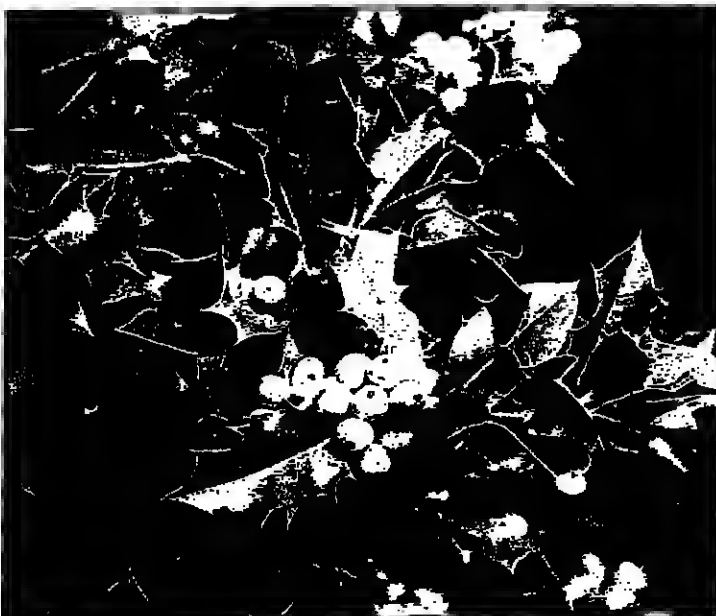
THE ROYAL Parks Agency, which looks after many of London's great parks, is organising a flower show in Regent's Park between 25 and 28 June next year. Up to a hundred thousand people are expected at the event, which will recreate the great shows held in the park during Victoria's reign. The park forms part of an elaborate architectural complex designed by Nash for George IV, an ambitious project linking Regent's Park with St James's Park via Portland Place and Regent Street. It was opened to the public in 1838.

'Tis the season to pick holly ...

Forget tawdry tinsel and pathetic paper-chains - the only stylish Christmas decoration is the one that grows on trees. And the berries don't even have to be red. By Cathy Packe

THE TRADITION of decorating the home with holly at Christmas has been popular for centuries. Since Roman times, boughs have been decorated with lights and greenery to celebrate the New Year, a habit that spread during the Middle Ages to the Christmas festivities. Evergreens were seen as symbols of survival and everlasting life, and holly was often used to deck the halls simply because there was very little else to use. Apart from ivy, yew and Scots pine, there are almost no other native evergreens in Britain, which probably accounts for the association, in carols at least, of holly with ivy, two plants that would not, naturally, grow together.

It would be a mistake, though, to think that while you are out in the garden collecting a few branches to bring indoors, you should carry out a wholesale pruning of the bush. Cutting pieces here and there is unlikely to do much harm, but heavy winter pruning can leave the plant vulnerable to frost damage; it will also stay in its severely cropped condition for some time before it puts on any new growth, which can be as unattractive to look at as a very short haircut that refuses to grow out. The best time for pruning holly is in August; by then, you will be able to see where the berries are forming, and so avoid inadvertently ruining the crop; and the bush will have time to put on a bit of protective growth before the winter.



'Bacciflava': the holly with yellow berries

A-Z Botanical

The main attraction of holly at this time of year, though, is its berries, which are usually red, although varieties such as 'Bacciflava' have yellow ones. To grow a successful crop of berries, there must be a male plant not too far from the female, although not necessarily in the same bed. In a group of hollies, one male plant will be enough for four or five females. There is no easy way to identify a plant as male or female if

you do not know the variety, other than waiting to see whether or not it produces any berries. Even the names are not foolproof - 'Golden King', for example, is female, although for consistency, 'Golden Queen' is male - but plants bought from garden centres and nurseries should be clearly marked with the sex of the cultivar.

The only way to avoid fertilisation problems is to buy one of the self-

fertile varieties, such as J.C. van Tol, which manage to produce berries all on their own. If you have a successful crop of berries, you are likely to find seedlings sprouting nearby. Propagating from seed is not a hobby for the impatient: if a berry drops into the ground it will lie dormant for at least 18 months. A quicker way to increase the number of plants is to take cuttings; this should be done in August, by which time the wood will be semi-ripe, and the cutting will have a reasonable chance of survival. Vegetative propagation - by cuttings or grafting - allows you to grow the same cultivar, which means you will know whether it is male or female, which is not possible with plants grown from seed.

Hollies are easy to grow, as long as the soil is not too alkaline or too waterlogged, but, like any other plant, they can be a disappointment if the wrong variety goes in the wrong place. If not kept in check, they can grow extremely tall and look out of place in a small garden.

The ideal use for them is topiary, since they are very tolerant of shade and don't shed their leaves from the inside, leaving nasty bald patches that become visible once they have been cut back. The best varieties for this are the plainer ones, as it is the shape rather than the colouring that is important. If, instead, the main point of growing the holly is to display it as a specimen shrub, there are several variegated types

that can make a bright feature in a dark corner, the two main ones being the yellow border around the edge of the leaf - usually described as 'Aurea Marginata' - and 'Maculata', which has a splash down the middle of the leaf.

There is far more to holly, however, than just a plant with a spiky, shiny leaf, as is evident in the national collection at the Valley Garden in Windsor Great Park. Fifty-two species are on display, but taking into account all the different cultivars, there are 301 different kinds of plant in the collection. To the unpractised eye, many of these look distinctly unhollylike: *Ilex crenata*, for example, grows in mounds rather than columns, and has a small, spineless, round leaf. Another striking variety is *Ilex pernyi*, which grows wild in China and has a curly leaf that almost resembles a corkscrew. The variegated cultivars, 'Silver Milkmaid' and 'Silver Milkboy', have pale lemon colouring, which at times can be almost silver.

Indoors, holly is an ideal backdrop to decorations of a more glittery kind. Whether made into a wreath or laid along the mantelpiece, tied with red ribbon or displayed with candles, it will retain its freshness for several weeks. All it needs is an occasional watering: if it cannot be kept in a vase, spray it regularly to keep it moist, and it will be as attractive in the house as in the garden.

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My one to one with San Marco

Travelling alone is an opportunity to indulge in the Renaissance treasures that decorate La Serenissima. By Matthew Hoffman

Your plane has been delayed due to industrial action in Italy," the BA check-in clerk told me matter of factly. "It is now scheduled to depart at 1.30pm." This was both annoying and faintly worrying. Annoying, because I had rushed to the airport to be on time for my 10.45am flight and now, I calculated, I was already due to lose three hours of my four days' holiday in Venice. Worrying, because I didn't want the hotel to give up my room when I failed to appear at the expected time. The check-in clerk seemed baffled by my worries. "Aren't you with a group?" he asked. "No." "Can't you call your travel agent?" "No, I booked the flight and hotel all by myself." Sorry, no help for the independent traveller.

In the end, it didn't matter. I used my extra time at the airport to study Italian verbs and useful phrases, and the hotel receptionist, who remembered me from my stay there last year, was very relaxed when I finally turned up in the early evening. None the less, there are unavoidable difficulties in being your own Thomas Cook, and when travelling alone, there isn't even the opportunity for shared miseries.

But Venice is the best urban place I know for the solitary tourist. Loneliness is put at bay, both by the intrinsic interest of the sights and sounds, which so quicken the mind, and by the intimate nature of the public spaces. The little campi, the narrow calli, the pretty rii with their open gondolas, provide an illusion of companionship, and quickly become familiar.

I struck out from my hotel room for a quick stroll before dinner. Crossing the second bridge, over the Rio di S. Maurizio, I looked down and saw five "Japanese boats" (as the locals call gondolas) pass below me. They were filled with Japanese, in fact: the men dressed in black and the women wearing a white make-up which made them appear like masked characters in a kabuki play.

I made my way to a wine bar recommended in a city guide, got lost and went, instead, into a bar full of Venetians, off Salizada San Luca, where I ordered an "ombre, per favore". (That's what, the books say, Venetians call a glass of wine.) A customer standing at the bar laughed, and repeated the word: "ombre". The bartender laughed too. So I switched to a "glass of white

wine". The Venetian customer translated, and the bartender then poured a thimble-full of white wine into a glass for me. The helpful Venetian told the bartender to put some more in, which he did. It was delicious, and cost £3,000, a little more than £1.

The point of my trip, if there was one, was art; and the next morning began with a visit to Santa Maria della Salute and the Scuola Grande di San Rocco. Crossing the Grand Canal on a *traghetto* (a gondola ferry), we weaved through a demonstration of taxi motorboats. Several dozen of them, escorted by police, filled the width of the canal, horns blaring as they progressed towards San Marco's basin, making their protest (I later learnt) against a proposal by the mayor to issue another 300-plus licenses.

Paolo Veneziano, Giovanni Bellini, Titian, Tintoretto: these are painters whose work I have got to know, and am still getting to know, through seeing their paintings rather than reading about them. I just go to the churches, the galleries, the scuole (Venetian guild halls) and look around, letting my attention fix on what it will. The occasional work sends me into a deep reverie, characterised by conjectures about the meaning of the work, its formal qualities, and much else that comes to mind. Later I read about what I have discovered - and missed.

I had been to the Frari before, but I had not seen the Tintoretto at the Scuola di San Rocco. If you have been to the Sistine Chapel in Rome, you will have some idea of the scale of the ambition and achievement to be found in these three rooms. I don't know how long I spent there; what I remember is settling down hours later at Paolo's gelateria in the Campo Santo Stefano, next to my hotel, to read what Ruskin has to say about it. Here's what I found about Tintoretto's *Crucifixion*: "I must leave this picture to work its will on the spectator; for it is beyond all analysis, and above all praise."

Other works I saw on the trip were four little angels carved by Tullio Lombardo, in the church of San Martino; a baptism of Christ by Cima da Conegliano, in San Giovanni in Bragora, that is as fine as a similar work by Piero della Francesca in London's National Gallery; a presentation in the temple of the baby Jesus wrapped in swaddling clothes, by Giovanni Bellini, in the Palazzo Querini-Stampella; a homely scene of St Augustine in his



Venice and its works of art can 'stun the soul into silence and beguile the nervous temperament into a happy quiescence'

Corbis

study, by Carpaccio, in the Scuola San Giorgio degli Schiavoni; and, for me literally breathtaking, the giant mosaic Virgins which hover in fields of gold above the apses in the Basilica of Santa Maria della Salute. Surano and the Cathedral of Santa Maria Assunta in Torcello.

But there comes a time when you have to put high culture aside and go shopping. For this inclination I have poetic sanction: the Nobel prizewinner Joseph Brodsky says in his book of reflections on Venice,

Watermark, "one - a woman especially, but a man also - hits the stores as soon as one arrives here, and with a vengeance. The surrounding beauty is such that one instantly conceives of an incoherent animal desire to match it, to be on a par." On a visit last year I bought myself a fawn-coloured scarf of airy thinness, and this year I matched the extravagance with a dove-grey tie of silk and wool.

In addition, I collected a leather-bound photo album, assorted sta-

tionery (including Christmas cards), a monogrammed letter seal and wax, three glass-bead necklaces, one glass-bead bracelet, a Carnival doll adorned with Burano lace, and, from Murano, one glass fish and five glass candles. Venice is a vast emporium and, as you walk through the shop-lined streets, you think of what would please particular friends.

Returning to London, I read a work on the history of Venice, its growth from humble origins into a commercial and military power that

dominated the eastern Mediterranean. The plane skimmed over London and landed at Heathrow, today's Venetian lagoon and an entrepot for cargoes from around the globe. But for all our size and technological prowess, how is it, I wondered, that we fail to produce works of art that stun the soul into silence and beguile the nervous temperament into a happy quiescence?

Matthew Hoffman flew free on British Airways, through Air Miles

collected mainly by credit card purchases. If you are paying, take advantage of the fares war from Stansted between Go (0845 60 54321), which starts flying to Marco Polo airport on Tuesday for £80, and Ryanair (0541 569 569), which flies to Treviso for £49.98.

A single room at the Hotel Santo Stefano (041 5200166) costs £210,000 per night and a new recommended restaurant, with a British-born chef, is Accqua Passa, in Calle de la Mandola, San Marco

TRAVEL

When you die and go to heaven you change planes at Abu Dhabi

IN THE WEEKEND REVIEW PAGE 25

LOTTO
The winning Lotto numbers for draw date 3rd December 1998 are:
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WHETHER ON the cricket pitch or in the tourism arena, Australians tend to speak their minds. In the competition for the tourism dollar, though, this refreshing directness is turning into a bit of a slanging match.

This week, Councillor Henry Love, a politician on the coast of Victoria, dismissed the resort of Anglesea as "just a place you go through on the way to Lorne" - his home town. *Surfing Life* magazine has the headline: "Golf is a ridiculous pastime," above a story that claims, homophobically, "It is a well known fact that golf is a game for sissies and limp-wristed ballet dancers."

You might imagine that Anglesea golf club would be reeling under this twin onslaught. But the club boasts the sort of marketing that money can't buy. Somehow, all the streets around the course have been given golf-related names: Fairway Drive leads to Birdie Avenue and Eagle Court. It suits the club down to a Tee (Street).

AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST city, too, gets a regular boost from the partisan airline captain who is fond of signing off with the words: "Ladies and gentlemen,



SIMON CALDER
No passenger has ever died because of an air accident on Qantas

welcome to Sydney. For those of you with connecting flights - I suggest you have a serious word with your travel agent." Unfortunately, I didn't fly to Australia with him. Instead, I flew on Qantas flight 314. Given that the airline was one of the first to introduce a world-wide no-smoking rule, I was surprised to be allocated a seat in the smoking section.

There is a school of thought that maintains that smokers have more fun on planes, but the prospect of travelling for 8,000 miles surrounded by chain-smokers was enough to

make me fume. Eventually I found a seat in the non-smoking section, where all you get is the occasional waft of smoke.

How can this happen? Our old friend code-sharing, of course - the increasingly common device whereby an airline buys an allocation of seats on a flight operated by another carrier, and even gets its own flight number. So Qantas flight 314 is in fact just another name for Emirates flight 68, on which you are welcome to smoke.

TRAVELLERS WITH respiratory problems, who select non-smoking airlines deliberately, should check whether their chosen flight is in fact operated by the carrier on the ticket. So, too, should those who decide on the grounds of safety.

As Dustin Hoffman said in the film *Rain Man*, no passenger has ever died as a result of an air accident on Qantas. The Australian airline has a band of devotees who travel on it for the sole reason of safety; these days they could easily find themselves flying on British Airways or Emirates instead. Since the BA/Qantas tie-up began, at least one passenger checking in at Heathrow has re-

fused to travel upon discovering that the Qantas flight on his ticket was a BA service.

HE THEREBY missed the chance to try the new World Traveller product, as BA grandiosely terms its economy-class cabin. Call me sad, but on my British Airways flight to the Gulf I was rather impressed by little extras such as the natty two-tier meal trays and the seat-back videos - a Virgin Atlantic innovation that is at last reaching BA.

Even better, the seats on the Boeing 777 are implausibly comfortable. (Incidentally, the plane was masquerading as Emirates flight 6112 - where will this all end?) Emirates also flies its own 777s, but there is big difference: while the industry standard for this aircraft is nine seats abreast in economy, Emirates squeezes in 10.

This is achieved by making the seats thinner and the aisles narrower. Six, instead of five, passengers therefore find themselves seated away from an aisle; in my experience this is probably no bad thing, given the number of times your slumbers are likely to be disturbed by a passenger squeezing past.

A FEW DAYS IN VENICE

This is one of those travel opportunities that only come up once every so often. Since we are obliged to operate a larger aircraft to Venice than originally planned we are able to arrange a short visit to this wonderful city at a fraction of the normal tariff. The programme is presented as either a 3-night arrangement from Monday to Thursday or a 4-night weekend arrangement from Thursday to Monday.

As any frequent visitor to Venice will testify, hotels in Venice are usually small in terms of the number of rooms they provide and as such this programme is offered with the choice of three hotels.

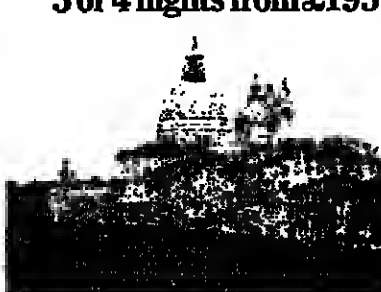
Flights are with Monarch Airlines modern A310 aircraft departing London Gatwick.

The Hotel Selection is as follows:

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Hotel Continental - located in the Lista di Spagna district facing the Grand Canal. There are 93 rooms with en suite facilities, telephone, satellite television, and safe. The public facilities include a restaurant overlooking the Grand Canal well known locally for serving classical Venetian and Italian dishes. There is a lounge, an American bar and a terrace onto the Grand Canal. Supplement £5 per night.

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Budget airlines have made weekend ski breaks much more affordable. But are they worth the hassle? By Stephen Wood

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A secret life beyond duty-free

Abu Dhabi is more than a transit airport: it's a desert paradise. By Simon Calder

Think of Abu Dhabi as an onion. The outer skin is Abu Dhabi, the largest and richest of the United Arab Emirates states. On the map, it sprawls comfortably across the north coast of the Arabian peninsula, reclining on the broad hulk of Saudi Arabia, an elbow poking into Oman. The next layer is Abu Dhabi, the capital, which occupies a bare slab of island in the Gulf, in a part of the world where everything is roasted to a crisp by the blinding sun, the city is an extraordinary, high-rise collusion.

The tender heart is Abu Dhabi, the airport, which resembles a discarded prototype for the Millennium Dome - a shiny emerald orb which makes you feel you have been swallowed up by a particularly elegant flying saucer. Yet the only part of this trinity that gets any attention from most travellers is the bit in the middle: that green gem of an airport.

These days, long-range aircraft allow most travellers from Europe to the Far East to fly straight overhead, but the destination board at Abu Dhabi airport still reads like a global gazetteer. Anyone heading from Amsterdam to Zanzibar, Casablanca to Chittagong, or Paris to Peshawar, can make it with a single stop at Abu Dhabi, an aerial crossroads. To paraphrase an old American adage, when you die and go to whichever heaven is expecting you, you have to change planes at Abu Dhabi.

Your first encounter will inevitably be in the middle of the night. You will spend an hour being befuddled by jetlag and bemused by the duty-free shop, and leave behind a city, and a state, that deserves much more of your attention. Abu Dhabi sells itself solely on its airport, so the unwitting traveller never knows what a fine time is waiting to be enjoyed in the city and state, with a free side-trip to another Sultanate.

Here's how. A couple of the best-value deals to the Far East and Australia are on Gulf Air and Royal Brunei. The former will take you to Hong Kong for around £400, while the latter charges little more for a trip all the way to Perth or Brisbane. With many of these discounted tickets, you are allowed to stop over at no extra charge. Seize the chance; it will be a highlight of your holiday.

For starters, getting in is simple. Britain's historic links with the former Trucial States (of which Abu



The Abu Dhabi skyline is one of the city's great attractions, skyscrapers - largely glassless to protect occupants from the sun - towering up like huge cheese graters

Simon Calder

Dhabi is but one), mean UK passport holders are allowed in without a visa. You'll need some cash, of course. Your credit or debit card should work in the Automatic Teller Machine just outside customs. Careful how much you take out; for a two-day stay, I drew out the dirham equivalent of £100 and found it impossible to spend more than half.

The airport bus conductor will demand rather less than £1 for the 20-mile run to the city centre. The ticket "wishes you a happy journey". The driver will politely point in the best place to drop you for your lodgings. You will be politely pointed in the right direction, through streets that are safe day and night, towards a hotel where a suite bigger (and nicer) than my home costs just £40 for the night. On the way, drop in to a café for a spicy kebab and salad, washed down with coconut milk straight from the shell; oh well, there goes another pound. Fancy a drink? All the big hotels conceal a pub, and a pint costs a lot less than in London. You get the picture.

A foolish traveller, of course,

knows the price of everything but the value of nothing. So what is the tourist value of Abu Dhabi, the city? Probably not as high as it was in the days before oil, when it was a one-camel town with a real live souk as municipal market, rather than the sanitised, concrete successor. But still worth half a day of anyone's time, for three good reasons.

The set-piece highlight is the Al-Husn palace, a low-rise oasis in a middle of skyscraping. Built in the 19th century atop a freshwater well, it is also the only building more than 30 years old in the entire city. In line with the effortless architecture of Abu Dhabi, you seem able simply to wander in and glide around shady courtyards where intensely purple and yellow flowers flourish against dazzling, whitewashed walls. Wait up to the fortifications. Take a twirl and marvel at the towering array of steel and concrete that has sprouted from the most arid of ground.

The skyline is the second big attraction. Imagine the more interestingly shaped components of a plumbing system being magnified a

millionfold. Great tubes stretch skywards, and perform improbable turns before a flashy finish. Inevitably, there is an array of identical domino blocks but the rarity of glass gives a texture different from the average high-rise city. A typical building looks like a gigantic cheese-grater. Any larger windows, and the occupants would melt in the sun.

The melting that does take place is mainly of the cultural kind. The greatest of all Abu Dhabi's attributes is the population. For a real com-



pendium of cultures, forget London, Paris, or New York - look no further than the Gulf states. The oil wealth sloshing around Abu Dhabi has drawn people from all across the Muslim world.

The only certainty about your taxi driver (you take a lot of taxis, due to the absurd heat, longish distances and the fact that no ride seems to cost more than £1) is that he will be male. His home, though, could be in Sudan, Pakistan or Indonesia.

He will be a model of dignity and concern for your welfare, even if these attributes are not reflected in his driving. Wherever you pause - whether for a cup of strong, sweet tea or the complete works of curry - you will sense a generosity of spirit as well as a dollop of curiosity as to why anyone would want to be a tourist here.

One excellent reason to believe in the concept of "Abu Dhabi, holiday destination", is the desert. Outside the city, it is almost everywhere. Take the bus through it for 80 miles due east, along a highway that comes with its own vegetation but

carves through dunes that resemble soft, golden pillows. As you get deeper into this, the fringe of Arabia's Empty Quarter, the horizon gradually rises. Distant mountains are ignited by the drooping afternoon sun. What you need is a decent oasis.

Al Ain, when it appears through the heat-haze, is no mirage. Abu Dhabi's second city grew up around the Buraimi oasis, but anyone hoping to encounter a squadron of camels quenching their thirst from a pool of clear blue water fringed by palm trees, is in for a shock. For a start, the watercourse is entirely dry at present. And in place of nomads' tents, these days you find a row of shops in a frenzy of fluorescence.

The commerce gets calmer across the Omani border. Thanks to a wrinkle in international frontiers, Al Ain throws a loop around the town of Buraimi - part of the Sultanate of Oman. You can wander freely between the two countries. The pace of life around the souk is gentle, and the most notable encroachment of modernity is the occasional telephone box - castellated, and dressed

up like a miniature desert fort. To finish this foray in style, pack yourself into a service taxi - a lumbering Peugeot estate, with room for seven in comfort - and hurtle through the blistering desert due north, to Dubai. You cruise into a city which has been trading for centuries, and is therefore at odds with the instant prefabrication of Abu Dhabi. Dubai feels like a city with a human pulse, rather than simply a place which exists as a means to an end: pumping around oil money. But the airport isn't as nice as Abu Dhabi's.

Simon Calder stopped at Abu Dhabi as part of a British Airways/Qantas round-the-world itinerary, for which he paid £556 through Quest Worldwide (0181-547 3322). He paid £40 for a night at the Federal Hotel in Abu Dhabi city (00 971 789 000).

The bus to Al Ain runs roughly hourly, takes around three hours, and costs £1.70. A place in a service taxi from Al Ain to Dubai costs £3.40. To complete the triangle, there are frequent fast service taxis between Dubai and Abu Dhabi.

JASPER REES



You could buy dinner in Scotland with the ghost of Bobby Ewing, some sort of Euro-encounter with Julio Iglesias, a week in the Bahamas with Jerome Flynn. You can just imagine that one!

IN THE WEEKEND REVIEW PAGE 32

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THURSDAY TELEVISION

BBC1

- 6.00 Business Breakfast** (59749, 7.00 News (T) 59881), 9.00 **Kirby** (59811), 9.40 **Style Challenge** (S) (59749), 10.05 **City Hospital** (S) (70546), 10.55 **News** (T) (479078), 11.00 **Good Living** (S) (479045), 11.25 **Can't Cook, Won't Cook** (S) (479133), 11.55 **News** (T) (161381), 12.00 **Pass the Buck** (S) (597942), 12.25 **Going for a Song** (S) (598379), 1.00 **News** (T) (59792), 1.30 **Regional News** (453904), 1.40 **Neighbours** (S) (T) (597532), 2.05 **Inside** (R) (590530), 2.55 **Battersea Dogs Home** (S) (T) (479547).
- 3.25 Children's BBC: Playdays** (521421), 3.45 **Fireman Sam** (R) (595938), 3.55 **Rugrats** (S) (T) (593497), 4.20 **M. Wym** (S) (T) (545901), 4.35 **Smart** (T) (599022), 5.00 **Newsround** (S) (T) (245107), 5.00 **Aquaria** (S) (T) (590922).
- 5.35 Neighbours** (S) (T) (59190).
- 6.00 News: Weather** (T) (497).
- 6.30 Regional News** (T) (749).
- 7.00 Watchdog** (S) (T) (825).
- 7.30 EastEnders**. Grant and Beppe have a nasty encounter over Tiffany (S) (T) (861).
- 8.00 Animal Hospital** (S) (T) (8213).
- 9.00 2point4 Children** (R) (S) (T) (8723).
- 9.00 News: Weather** (T) (584).
- 9.30 Dinnerladies**. The works do is organised and set to go - in a formal Japanese manner (S) (T) (80756).
- 10.00 They Think It's All Over**. Knockabout sports quiz (S) (T) (89316).
- 10.30 Clive Anderson All Talk** (S) (T) (72336).
- 11.00 Question Time** (S) (T) (783478).
- 12.05 FILM A Woman Deceived** (1992). Meredith Baxter is charged with murder after her husband leaves her for a younger woman (S) (T) (94275).
- 1.40 Weird Science** (S) (598966), 2.05 **BBC News 24** (9430912). To Gam.

BBC2

- 6.30 Horses for Courses** (457381), 6.35 **Towards a Better Life** (594594), 7.00 **Garden Fairs** (R) (S) (533447), 7.05 **Teletubbies** (S) (533038), 7.30 **Yogi's Treasure Hunt** (R) (S) (533038), 7.55 **Blue Peter** (T) (533038), 8.30 **Funky Phantom** (R) (458877), 8.45 **Fridley Foodie Bird** (598838), 9.00 **Garden Fairs** (R) (S) (533447), 9.05 **The Phil Sneyers Show** (R) (533038), 9.30 **Great Romances of the Twentieth Century** (S) (T) (59128), 10.00 **Teletubbies** (R) (S) (45842).
- 10.30 FILM Great Expectations** (1946). Perhaps the greatest ever screen adaptation of Charles Dickens' work, starring John Mills, Alec Guinness and directed by David Lean (T) (5996749).
- 12.25 Urgent Action** (595735), 12.30 **Working Lunch** (12942), 1.00 **Fridley Foodie Bird** (598838), 1.30 **Arts and Crafts Hour** (S) (595735), 2.00 **Match of the Day** (S) (595735), 2.40 **News** (T) (595735), 2.45 **Westminster** (S) (T) (595735), 2.55 **News** (597032), 3.30 **Gardeners' World** (R) (S) (T) (855), 4.00 **Change That** (R) (S) (T) (597042), 4.25 **Ready, Steady, Cook** (595222), 4.55 **Lowri** (S) (T) (45855), 5.30 **Today's Day** (S) (T) (128).
- 6.00 Star Trek: Deep Space Nine**. Sci-fi adventure (S) (T) (243497).
- 6.45 Sliders**. Sci-fi series (S) (T) (595955).
- 7.30 First Sight** (403).
- 8.00 Boat Race** (S) (T) (7855).
- 8.30 Top Gear** (S) (T) (2590).
- 9.00 3rd Rock from the Sun**. Award-winning alien sitcom (S) (T) (440403).
- 9.25 CHOICE Science at War**. The story of how the Soviet Union developed the H-bomb. See Choice, below (S) (T) (39077).
- 10.15 Wrappers**. (S) (T) (53486), 10.25 **Urgent Action** (S) (T) (710749), 10.30 **Newsnight** (T) (43367), 11.15 **Late Review** (S) (43367), 12.00 **Despatch Box** (S) (72904), 12.30 **Learning Zone** (599641). To Gam.

ITV Granada

- 6.00 GMTV** (457229), 9.25 **Trisha** (S) (T) (201720), 10.45 **This Morning** (T) (59882), 12.15 **Granada News** (T) (597017), 12.30 **News: Weather** (T) (597017), 1.00 **Home and Away** (S) (T) (595735), 1.30 **Christina's Home in the Country** (S) (T) (599047), 2.40 **Emmerdale** (R) (S) (T) (595912), 2.40 **Dale's Supermarket Sweep** (S) (T) (485059), 3.40 **News** (T) (120512).
- 3.20 Children's ITV: Wizards** (R) (595938), 3.45 **The Adventures of Paddington Bear** (S) (401025), 3.55 **Cow and Chicken** (355213), 4.15 **Hey Arnold** (S) (T) (199738), 4.40 **Worst Witch** (T) (107045), 5.10 **Home and Away** (S) (T) (595735), 5.40 **News** (T) (24251).
- 5.55 Granada Tonight** (T) (432942).
- 7.00 Emmerdale** (S) (T) (1887).
- 7.30 We Can Work It Out**. Judy Finnigan with the show that campaigns for the consumer (229).
- 8.00 The Bill**. A high-profile baby snatch has Deakin and Boulton chasing different leads - but will the television appeal help or hinder the search? (T) (359).
- 9.00 Picking up the Pieces**. Medical drama series. An accident with a syringe puts Tony at serious risk. Meanwhile, Barry is in a mood about the on-board computers (S) (T) (758).
- 10.00 News: Weather** (T) (5184).
- 10.30 Granada News** (T) (55687).
- 10.40 Master Class** (41623).
- 11.10 Hitting Home** (59126), 11.40 **The Sami Army Game Show** (43362), 12.40 **Tales from the Crypt** (592277), 12.40 **Highlander** (R) (477169), 1.35 **Pirate TV** (591053), 2.00 **ITV at the Reading Festival** (125275), 2.55 **Box Office America** (R) (593701), 3.20 **The Haunted Fishbowl** (495045), 3.45 **ReCollections** (R) (5527), 4.15 **ITV NightScreen** (747194), 5.30 **Morning News** (7459). To Gam.

Channel 4

- 7.00 The Big Breakfast** (S) (T) (78871), 9.00 **Home Movies** (64851).
- 9.30 FILM Father Was a Fullback** (1949). College football coach Fred MacMurray is plagued by problems at home (565376).
- 11.05 Little Women in Transit** (505749), 11.15 **Learning Aid** (597887), 11.30 **Powerhouse** (T) (5957), 12.00 **Sesame Street** (59497), 12.30 **Dream of Jeannie** (R) (T) (8071), 1.00 **Judge Joe Brown** (5958), 1.30 **Roots to Success** (7510422).
- 1.50 FILM Cairo Road** (1950). Eric Portman stars as a shy chief of police, trapping drug runners (597035).
- 3.30 Collectors' Lot** (T) (823), 4.00 **Fifteen to One** (T) (595), 4.30 **Countdown** (S) (T) (591768), 4.55 **Ricki Lake** (S) (T) (730523), 5.30 **Pet Rescue Roadshow** (T) (294).
- 6.00 Roseanne** (R) (T) (107).
- 6.30 Hollyoaks** (T) (887).
- 7.00 News: Weather** (S) (T) (518963).
- 7.50 Artransperine** (T) (28923).
- 8.00 The Italian Kitchen** (T) (2923).
- 8.30 The Body Story**. The definitive story of pregnancy (T) (4958).
- 9.00 Dispatches** (T) (5107).
- 10.00 FILM Canadian Bacon** (1994). President Alan Alda turns against Canada in this comedy from Michael Moore (T) (22674).
- 11.45 Oz** (57501), 12.50 **Vids** (281955), 1.20 **Parish the Red Man** (229941), 1.30 **For the Love of Faith** (3327).
- 2.30 FILM The Blue Eyes of Yonta** (1991). Post-colonial drama (256169).
- 4.15 Nothing but the Truth** (109445), 5.15 **Right to Reply** (R) (73647), 5.40 **Dropout** (R) (772430), 5.55 **Sesame Street** (S) (59159). To Gam.

Channel 5

- 6.00 5 News and Sport** (S) (545400), 7.00 **WideWorld** (R) (S) (533587), 7.30 **Mikeshake** (S) (533587), 7.35 **Wimzies House** (R) (S) (599590), 8.00 **Wimzies House** (R) (S) (782742), 8.30 **Dappleford Farm** (782613), 9.00 **The Antiques Hunter** (R) (S) (T) (345056), 9.25 **Postcards** (R) (435010), 9.30 **Oprah** (555839), 10.20 **Sun at Beach** (S) (T) (498251), 11.00 **Lozza** (R) (S) (T) (597871), 11.30 **5 News at Noon** (S) (T) (730229), 12.30 **Family Affairs** (S) (T) (245039), 1.00 **The Bold and the Beautiful** (S) (T) (594958), 1.30 **Sons and Daughters** (244001), 2.00 **100 Per Cent Gold** (S) (594580), 2.30 **Good Afternoon** (S) (245959).
- 3.30 FILM The Ride to Hangman's Tree** (1957). Outlaws Jack Lord, James Farentino and Don Galloway want to go straight, but the lure of crime is hard to resist (T) (4896403).
- 5.40 The Roseanne Show** (433887).
- 6.00 100 Per Cent** (S) (2736229).
- 6.30 Family Affairs** (S) (T) (264738).
- 7.00 5 News** (S) (T) (709478).
- 7.30 Watery World**. Wildlife film about the Amazon river system and its abundance of colourful cardinal tetra fish (S) (T) (245355).
- 8.00 Wing and a Prayer**. Panic hits the Chambers when a brother-keeper threatens to name names. The list includes a judge and a well-known QC - but which one? (R) (S) (T) (597213).
- 9.00 FILM Desperado: Return of the Desperado** (1988). Alex McArthur's appeal grows in this second entry to the western series about a roving vigilante, who helps others while on a mission to clear his name (T) (33954749).
- 10.50 Sex and Shopping**. (S) (339552), 11.20 **The Jack Docherty Show** (S) (275045), 12.00 **Live and Dangerous** (595527), 12.40 **Live and Dangerous** (S) (2286237), 4.40 **Prisoner: Cell Block H** (412481), 5.30 **100 Per Cent** (R) (S) (745950). To Gam.

ITV/Regions

- Anglia**
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TUESDAY TELEVISION

BBC1

- 6.00 Business Breakfast** (7331). 7.00 News (4359). 9.00 **Kirby** (T) (5655224). 9.40 **Style Challenge** (51576). 10.05 **City Hospital** (S) (718753). 10.55 **News** (T) (482224). 11.00 **Good Living** (S) (483980). 11.25 **Cart Cook, Wont Cook** (484088). 11.55 **News** (754137). 12.00 **Pass the Buck** (S) (944379). 12.25 **Going for a Song** (S) (944220). 12.50 **Weather Show** (S) (7329427). 1.00 **News** (T) (4882). 1.30 **Regional News** (4559401). 1.40 **Neighbours** (9750003). 2.05 **Innards** (856747). 2.55 **Battersea Dogs Home** (4894934).
- 2.55 Children's BBC: Playdays** (R) (S) (533205). 3.45 **Bananaman** (R) (S) (533034). 3.50 **ChuckleVision** (R) (S) (567030). 4.30 **Noah's Island** (S) (T) (490345). 4.35 **ITV Never Work** (S) (T) (595885). 5.00 **Newsround** (S) (T) (253366). 5.10 **Aquila** (S) (T) (820779).
- 3.55 Neighbours** (S) (T) (572048).
- 4.00 News: Weather** (T) (427).
- 4.30 Regional News** (T) (773).
- 4.00 Holiday**. Jill Dando visits the Caribbean island of Mustique (T) (7243).
- 4.30 EastEnders**. Terry is consumed with guilt (S) (T) (663).
- 4.00 Mysteries with Carol Vorderman**. Real-life mystery stories (S) (T) (5663).
- 4.30 Only Fools and Horses**. When the Trotters go shopping they have no idea what's in store (R) (S) (T) (278).
- 4.00 News: Weather** (T) (232).
- 5.30 FILM Highlander** (1986). Christopher Lambert stars as an immortal Scottish swordsman doing battle through the ages. With Sean Connery and Clancy Brown (S) (78886).
- 1.25 FILM The Dead Can't Lie** (1988). Cynical private eye Tommy Lee Jones investigates the curious case of a ghostly dead wife (S) (4106).
- 1.00 Weird Science** (S) (T) (567096). 1.25 **BBC News** 24 (9793537). To 6am.

BBC2

- 6.30 Living with Drought** (761834). 7.00 **Little Polar Bear** (846953). 7.25 **Teletubbies** (548456). 7.30 **Yogi's Treasure Hunt** (836175). 7.55 **Blue Peter** (S) (T) (483069). 8.20 **Robinson Sucroe** (420724). 8.45 **Oakie Doke** (539320). 8.55 **Tooth Fairies** (235392). 9.00 **Little Polar Bear** (476753). 9.05 **The Phil Silvers Show** (723902). 9.30 **Great Romances of the Twentieth Century** (55048). 10.00 **Teletubbies** (9181).
- 10.30 FILM The Big Circus** (1959). Victor Mature stars as a financially strapped circus owner (T) (840775).
- 12.30 Birds with Tony Soper** (816132). 12.30 **Working Lunch** (70578). 1.00 **Oakie Doke** (219446). 1.10 **Arts and Crafts Hour** (S) (893422). 2.00 **Match of the Day** (845955). 2.45 **Westminster** (297940). 3.25 **News** (814308). 3.30 **Gardeners' World** (R) (S) (T) (885). 4.00 **Change That** (83798). 4.25 **Ready, Steady, Cook** (T) (81885). 4.55 **Lowri** (S) (T) (72431). 5.30 **Today's Day** (S) (T) (159).
- 6.00 Fresh Prince of Bel Air** (42975).
- 6.20 Heartbreak High** (S) (T) (56034).
- 7.30 The O Zone** (S) (52779).
- 7.25 Urgent Action** (S) (T) (82514).
- 7.30 From the Edge** (S) (T) (205).
- 8.00 University Challenge** (S) (T) (1205).
- 8.30 Delia's How to Cook** (S) (T) (3040).
- 9.00 Back to the Floor**. The Chief Constable of Sussex goes back on the beat (S) (T) (8214).
- 9.30 Modern Times**. Moving film recalling the football World Cup games this summer (S) (T) (34477).
- 10.20 Wrappers** (S) (T) (57797).
- 10.30 Newsnight**. (T) (54277). 11.00 **Seinfeld** (S) (T) (58231). 11.35 **The Larry Sanders Show** (S) (T) (73146). 12.00 **Despatch Box** (S) (4335). 12.30 **Learning Zone** (88007267). To 6.00am.

ITV Granada

- 6.00 GMTV** (423888). 9.25 **Trisha** (S) (T) (215459). 10.45 **This Morning** (108040). 12.45 **Granada News** (539563). 12.30 **News** (T) (90030). 1.00 **Home and Away** (T) (583077). 1.25 **Christmas Home in the Country** (S) (T) (502963). 2.10 **Coronation Street** (884826). 2.40 **Dale's Supermarket Sweep** (S) (T) (842344). 3.30 **News** (T) (133582).
- 3.20 Children's ITV: Wizards** (812595). 3.30 **Singing Kettle** (S) (320466). 3.45 **Wolves, Wolves and Giants** (549682). 3.55 **Zzap! S** (367108). 4.45 **January** (854321). 4.40 **Out of Sight** (S) (T) (103560). 5.30 **Home and Away** (S) (T) (800330). 5.40 **News** (28514).
- 5.55 Granada Tonight** (T) (857879).
- 7.00 Emmerdale** (S) (T) (231).
- 7.30 The Mall** (T) (359).
- 8.00 The Bill** (T) (3137).
- 9.00 Golfers**. Work on the house appears to be progressing well, but then a council inspector finds old plague pits beneath the building and closes the job indefinitely (S) (T) (6601).
- 10.00 News: Weather** (T) (72446).
- 10.30 Granada News** (T) (566021).
- 10.40 An Ethiopian Journey**. Jonathan Dimbleby returns to Ethiopia to relive his experiences of 25 years ago when his documentary, "The Unknown Famine", shocked the world (390243).
- 11.40 UEFA Champions League Special** (S) (75708). 12.15 **Haunted Fishmark** (24880). 12.45 **Planet Rock Profiles** (S) (503425). 1.20 **Real Stories of the Highway Patrol** (731370).
- 2.05 FILM A Little of What You Fancy** (1968). A half-century capers with Farley Granger (S) (T) (24083).
- 3.45 Soundtrax** (S) (288368). 3.25 **Nationwide Football League Extra** (285287). 4.20 **ITV Nightscreen** (285287). 5.30 **Morning News** (7118). To 6am.

Channel 4

- 7.00 The Big Breakfast** (S) (T) (38205). 9.00 **Home Movies** (R) (988408).
- 9.35 FILM Give My Regards To Broadway** (1948). Charles Winninger stars in this musical (8674595).
- 11.10 Devon Whies** (865444). 11.20 **Rhinoceros** (865798). 11.30 **Powerhouse** (6595). 12.00 **Sesame Street** (73959). 12.30 **I Dream of Jeannie** (8972). 1.00 **Judge Joe Brown** (83932). 1.30 **Ocean World of John Stenman** (875874).
- 1.55 FILM The Star** (1952). Bette Davis stars as a faded movie actress hitting the bottle (8749330).
- 3.30 Collectors' Lot** (853). 4.00 **Fifteen to One** (T) (808). 4.30 **Countdown** (994024). 4.55 **Ricki Lake** (726777).
- 5.30 Pet Rescue Roadshow** (T) (224).
- 6.00 Harry Hill** (T) (137).
- 6.30 King of the Hill** (R) (S) (T) (777).
- 7.00 News: Weather** (S) (T) (73866).
- 7.50 Artraspennine** (T) (306801).
- 8.00 Brookside** (S) (T) (8601).
- 8.30 Classic Aircraft**. Eight-part series about aircraft designs (S) (5403).
- 9.00 CHOICE Cutting Edge**. The story of four homeless people who live on social security. See Choice, below (T) (4243).
- 10.00 The Young Person's Guide to Becoming a Rock Star**. (S) (26306). 10.45 **Adult Ricki** (549882). 11.30 **Dope Sheet** (2447). 12.05 **Animated Shorts** (588354). 1.35 **Achilles** (890579). 1.55 **Deadline** (S) (839267). 2.25 **The Real World** (R) (S) (837818). 2.50 **Homicide: Life on the Street** (T) (226335). 3.45 **Witness** (T) (629770).
- 4.40 FILM A Gentleman at Heart** (1942). Cesar Romero stars in this diverting B-farmer (472002).
- 5.40 Jack and the Beanstalk** (8957147). To 6am.

Channel 5

- 6.00 5 News** (S) (659056). 7.00 **WideWorld** (R) (S) (T) (634243). 7.30 **Milkshake** (S) (257915). 7.55 **Winnings House** (R) (S) (652918). 8.30 **Havakazoo** (R) (S) (793798). 8.30 **Dappledawn Farm** (796209). 9.00 **Great Garden Game** (R) (S) (T) (359640). 9.25 **Postcards** (R) (421866). 9.30 **Oprah** (888759). 10.20 **Sunset Beach** (S) (T) (434037). 11.10 **Leeza** (R) (S) (883947). 12.00 **5 News** at Noon (S) (T) (796885). 12.30 **Family Affairs** (S) (T) (258795). 1.00 **The Bold and the Beautiful** (S) (T) (634014). 1.30 **Sons and Daughters** (258886). 2.00 **100 Per Cent Gold** (S) (867446). 2.30 **Good Afternoon** (S) (254021).
- 3.30 FILM Maxie** (1985). Glenn Close is possessed by the ghost of a 1920s flapper in this comedy farce (788408).
- 5.20 The Roseanne Show** (945804).
- 6.00 100 Per Cent**. The gameshow without a host (S) (279288).
- 6.30 Family Affairs**. Elsa confronts Jack and accuses him of trying to drive her mad. Roy declares his love for Mel. Annie feels powerfully attracted to Dave (S) (T) (278337).
- 7.00 5 News** (S) (T) (701551).
- 7.25 UEFA Cup Football - Live Liverpool vs Celtic**. Steve Scott presents second-leg, third-round UEFA Cup action from Anfield with special studio guest Mark Wright. Commentary by Jonathan Pearce and Ray Clemence (S) (4184779).
- 9.50 FILM Edge of Deception** (1994). Detective Stephen Shellen falls for murder suspect Jennifer Rubin, while journalist Mariel Hemingway sniffs out material for her feature "Cops who fall in love with killers" (6833205).
- 11.45 The Streets of San Francisco** (R) (T) (201451). 12.45 **Live and Dangerous** (continued) (S) (348818). 3.45 **Asian Football Show** (901491). 4.40 **Prisoner**. Cell Block H (778357). 5.30 **100 Per Cent** (S) (759506). To 6am.

ITV/Regions

- Anglia**. As Granada except: 12.30 **Anglia News** (65547). 1.00 **5 News** (659056). 1.30 **Home and Away** (659056). 1.55 **Winnings House** (652918). 2.30 **Postcards** (652918). 2.55 **Winnings House** (652918). 3.30 **Anglia News** (65547). 3.55 **Winnings House** (652918). 4.30 **Anglia News** (65547). 4.55 **Winnings House** (652918). 5.30 **Anglia News** (65547). 5.55 **Winnings House** (652918). 6.30 **Anglia News** (65547). 6.55 **Winnings House** (652918). 7.30 **Anglia News** (65547). 7.55 **Winnings House** (652918). 8.30 **Anglia News** (65547). 8.55 **Winnings House** (652918). 9.30 **Anglia News** (65547). 9.55 **Winnings House** (652918). 10.30 **Anglia News** (65547). 10.55 **Winnings House** (652918). 11.30 **Anglia News** (65547). 11.55 **Winnings House** (652918). 12.30 **Anglia News** (65547). 12.55 **Winnings House** (652918). 1.30 **Anglia News** (65547). 1.55 **Winnings House** (652918). 2.30 **Anglia News** (65547). 2.55 **Winnings House** (652918). 3.30 **Anglia News** 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SUNDAY TELEVISION

BBC1

- 7.00 Match of the Day** (S)(T) (63457).
8.30 Breakfast with Frost (S)(T) (20051).
9.30 Advent Hope (S) (633440). **10.30**
The Life of Birds (S)(T) (720440). **11.00**
Pommes (R)(T) (2544). **11.30 Countryfile**
 (S)(T) (2273). **12.00 On the Record**
 (S)(T) (6105). **1.00 EastEnders** (R)(S)(T)
 (642676).
- 2.20** **FILM** *Herbie Rides Again* (1974).
 Disney's slapstick "Love Bug" sequel,
 with Helen Hayes (764070).
- 3.50 The Pink Panther Shows** (67188).
4.40 Clothes Show Live (S) (763069).
4.45 Children of the New Forest (S)(T)
 (25081). **5.15 News** (T) (640025). **5.35**
Regional News (662032).
- 5.40 Songs of Praise** (S)(T) (70849).
- 6.15 Last of the Summer Wine**. Vintage
 comedy series (R)(S)(T) (64886).
- 6.45 Antiques Roadshow**. Hugh Scully
 and team visit the grounds of Ickworth
 House in Suffolk (S)(T) (76076).
- 7.30 Wildlife on One**. David Attenborough
 tells the story of the South American
 piranha (R)(S)(T) (683).
- 8.00 Ballykissangel**. Strange goings-on in
 the strathpore attract a UFOlogist to the
 village (S)(T) (64457).
- 8.50 Keeping Up Appearances**. Long-
 running sitcom (R)(S)(T) (68252).
- 9.20 News; Weather** (T) (73490).
- 9.30 Vanity Fair**. Becky faces her toughest
 challenges so far, and Amelia finally
 discovers the truth about George (S)(T)
 (64067).
- 10.25 Everyman**. The stories of some of the
 thousands of children who each year
 lose a parent (S)(T) (6544).
- 11.15** **FILM** *Breaking Away* (1979).
 Dennis Christopher as aimless Indiana
 teenager fixated on all things Italian but
 bike-riders in particular (T) (43419).
- 12.55 Joins BBC News 24** (20277604).
 To 6am.

BBC2

- 7.30 Teletubbies** (S) (67278). **8.30**
Whirl! Bert Strawberry Jam (R)(S)
 (64449). **8.35 The Artbox Bunch**
 (673273). **8.40 Tumble Thunders**
 (R)(S)(T) (632480). **8.50 Fievel**
American Tale (R)(S) (682677). **9.15**
The Island (R)(S)(T) (739457). **9.40**
The Streets Noise (S)(T) (46925). **10.30**
The Wayne Manifesto (R)(S) (777888).
10.35 Grange Hill (R)(S)(T) (642681).
11.00 **Sort It** (S) (487069). **11.25**
Grange Hill (R)(S)(T) (67649). **11.50**
The Ozone (R)(S) (680824). **12.05**
The Simpsons (R)(S)(T) (657967).
12.30 **Robot Wars** (S)(T) (7018). **1.00**
Around Westminster (6886). **1.30**
Sunday Grandstand (S) (636205). **5.30**
Animal Zone (648273). **5.25** **Watch Out**
Britain (S) (678273). **5.25** **Big Cat Diary**
 (S)(T) (634562).
- 5.55 The Natural World** (S)(T) (68457).
- 6.45 Star Trek: Voyager** (S)(T) (71631).
- 7.30 The Money Programme**. Are
 European consumers being fleeced by
 products with fancy names? (S)(T) (235).
- 8.00 Earth Story**. A new theory about how
 mountains are formed (S)(T) (67749).
- 8.50 Urgent Action**. Short programme on
 human rights (S)(T) (778506).
- 9.00 Ray Mears's World of Survival**. An
 Amazon tribe whose lifestyle has hardly
 changed in 10,000 years (S)(T) (6362).
- 9.30 Clarkson**. More chat with motomouth
 Jeremy (S)(T) (636506).
- 10.30 The Car's the Star**. The Ford Edsel
 in the spotlight (S)(T) (42706).
- 10.30 The Millennium Fever**. Five short films
 about the Millennium (S)(T) (768506).
- 11.20 Urgent Action** (S)(T) (67283). **11.25**
Human Rights Season: The Human
Rights Map (S)(T) (65729).
- 11.55** **FILM** *Z* (1983). Controversial Oscar-
 winning political thriller. With Yves
 Montand, Irene Papas (6054594).
- 2.00 Learning Zone** (65649). To 6.35am.

ITV Granada

- 8.00 GMTV** (67702). **8.00** **Digby** (625432).
8.25 House of Toons (R) (732167).
8.50 Extreme Ghostbusters (R)(S)(T)
 (658148). **10.45 Finders Keepers**
 (R)(S)(T) (23582). **10.45** **Milly** (S)(T)
 (645362). **11.15** **Morning Worship** (S)(T)
 (675059). **12.15** **Link** (S)(T) (633549).
12.30 **Soccer Sunday** (S)(T) (677492). **1.30**
News; Weather (T) (217272). **1.40**
Jonathan Dimbleby (S)(T) (237475).
2.00 **Granada News** (T) (683476).
2.05 **Sunday Supplement** (6829167).
2.25 **Stepping the World** (635363).
3.15 **Wild North** (644493). **3.15**
Arts (634493). **3.45** **In the Fire: the**
Making of East of Eden (672322).
- 5.00 Coronation Street** (R)(T) (070).
- 6.00 Carlton** (206322).
- 6.30 Granada News** (T) (20005).
- 6.45 FA Cup Draw**. Live coverage of the
 third-round draw (T) (23394).
- 6.45 News; Weather** (T) (82355).
- 7.00 Dog Squad** (R) (6089).
- 7.30 Coronation Street** (T) (071).
- 8.00 You've Been Framed** (S)(T) (5419).
- 8.30 Heartbeat**. Miss meets his match in
 soldier Jack Lambert (S)(T) (65863).
- 9.30 Cold Feet**. When Karen contemplates
 an affair with an author, David exacts
 revenge by trying to sleep with her
 nanny (S)(T) (67728).
- 10.30 Sermon from St Albion's** (S)
 (78457). **10.40** **News** (77863). **10.55**
South Bank Show (S)(T) (42161). **11.55**
Sunday Night (S) (445436). **12.55** **In**
Bed with Meddler (S) (47813).
- 1.25** **FILM** *Two Rode Together*
 (1961). Four marauding James Stewart
 and grumpy army men Richard
 Widmark, post-war with hostage-
 holding Comanches (67222).
- 3.30** **H2O** (23633). **4.00** **Motor Racing**
 (R) (203295). **4.55** **Nightvision** (648599).
5.30 **News** (42262). To 6am.

Channel 4

- 8.55** **Camden Town** (R)(T) (214782).
8.55 **Footie Focus** (R) (251457). **9.45**
Dog City (R)(S) (682044). **10.10** **14**
 (657728). **10.35** **Thin** (647235). **10.55**
Johnny Bravo (R) (784964). **11.35** **Sister**
Sister (785941). **11.55** **Wise Up** (S)
 (692235). **12.15** **Planet Pop** (654824).
10.00 **The Walters** (R)(T) (2252). **11.00**
Hollyoaks (R)(S)(T) (704493). **12.30**
Late Lunch with Mel and Sue (T)
 (208047). **1.35** **Football Italia** (2707388).
3.30 **Traveling Thru** (T) (333254).
- 3.45** **FILM** *The Kentuckians* (1955).
 Burt Lancaster takes his son from the
 backwoods to a frontier town in this
 handsome adventure (T) (67676).
- 5.45** **FILM** *Big Deal at Dodge City*
 (1936). Henry Fonda gallops as a cut-
 throat game of poker in this beguiling
 comic western (T) (603894).
- 7.30** **Deadline**. Dramatic poem (S1).
- 8.00** **CHOICE** *The Truth about Art*.
 Critic Waldemar Januszczak compares
 the art of today with that of the past.
 See Choice, below (T) (4273).
- 9.00** **Rory Bremner... Who Else?**
 Sketches and stand-up (42569).
- 9.45** **The Mark Thomas Comedy**
Product (T) (677902).
- 10.00** **FILM** *The Godfather and the Death*
 (1995). Sharon Stone rides into
 redemption with vengeance on her
 mind in Sam Raimi's stylish spaghetti
 western tribute (T) (6070).
- 12.00** **Babylon 5** (R)(S)(T) (2194). **1.00**
Dark Skies (R)(S)(T) (64303).
- 2.00** **FILM** *Saghar* (1990). Pavan,
 Mehrotra in Hindi drama based on a
 well-known folk tale (609200).
- 3.25** **FILM** *The Walls* (1989). Gaspard,
 Mammy deves his own sense of
 freedom within prison walls (63352).
- 5.25** **Highland Byword** (R)(S)(T)
 (751587). **5.55** **Sesame Street** (S)(T)
 (648281). To 7am.

Channel 5

- 6.00** **Virgin Gardeners** (R)(S) (768777).
6.30 **Hazelkiss** (R)(S) (404462). **7.00**
Dappledawn Farm (R) (647089). **7.30**
Winnipeg (S) (202808). **7.55** **Winnipeg**
House (R)(S) (685022). **8.00** **The Best**
of First on Five (705254). **8.30** **First**
on Five (705254). **9.00** **Fort**
Stickard (708287). **9.30** **Fort**
Boyard (S)(T) (683770). **10.30** **Sister**
Sister (S)(T) (707761). **11.00** **Daria** (S)
 (623544). **11.30** **Singled Out** (S)
 (624273). **12.30** **The Mag** (6777457).
1.30 **5 News** (S)(T) (68752803).
1.50 **Exclusive** (2994486). **2.55** **Family**
Affairs Omnibus (R)(S)(T) (3264254).
- 6.30** **FILM** *First Trapped on the*
37th Floor (1991). Lee Majors finds
 himself trapped in true-life *Towering*
Inferno (S)(T) (6445167).
- 7.00** **We Are Family**. This series on
 unusual families takes to people who will
 never know their biological fathers - they
 are among the 30,000 children in Britain
 born as a result of sperm donation
 (S)(T) (665490).
- 7.30** **Serious Money**. Advice on making
 the most of your cash (S) (218877).
- 8.30** **Nature's Fury**. Survivors of the 1991
 San Francisco earthquake testify to
 the awesome power of nature. Stories
 of floods, tornadoes and hurricanes
 reinforce the point (S)(T) (602525).
- 9.00** **The Great Los Angeles**
Earthquake. Conclusion of the two-
 part drama started last night. The city's
 emergency services are stretched to the
 limit as the seismicologists worst fears
 are confirmed (T) (612761).
- 10.50** **The Comedy Store**. Stand-up
 comedy, with Tim Clark, Tom Rhodes,
 Mike Gunn, John Muloney and Maria
 Faltzone (S) (310964).
- 11.50** **Sports Talk with Steve Scott** (S)
 (628815). **11.50** **Ice Hockey: NHL 98**
Toronto Maple Leafs vs Montreal
Canadiens (S) (3156419). **4.40** **TBS**
and FBS (R)(S) (6699025). **5.05** **Move**
On Up (R)(S) (6699025). **5.30** **Serious**
Money (S) (751262). To 6am.

ITV/Regions

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 mind in Sam Raimi's stylish spaghetti
 western tribute (T) (6070).
 12.00 *Babylon 5* (R)(S)(T) (2194). 1.00
Dark Skies (R)(S)(T) (64303).
 2.00 *FILM* *Saghar* (1990). Pavan,
 Mehrotra in Hindi drama based on a
 well-known folk tale (609200).
 3.25 *FILM* *The Walls* (1989). Gaspard,
 Mammy deves his own sense of
 freedom within prison walls (63352).
 5.25 *Highland Byword* (R)(S)(T)
 (751587). 5.55 *Sesame Street* (S)(T)
 (648281). To 7am.
- ITV1**
 As Granada except: 8.30 *Anglia News*
 (67702). 8.55 *Footie Focus* (R) (251457).
 9.45 *Dog City* (R)(S) (682044). 10.10
 14 (657728). 10.35 *Thin* (647235). 10.55
Johnny Bravo (R) (784964). 11.35 *Sister*
Sister (785941). 11.55 *Wise Up* (S)
 (692235). 12.15 *Planet Pop* (654824).
 10.00 *The Walters* (R)(T) (2252). 11.00
Hollyoaks (R)(S)(T) (704493). 12.30
Late Lunch with Mel and Sue (T)
 (208047). 1.35 *Football Italia* (2707388).
 3.30 *Traveling Thru* (T) (333254).
 3.45 *FILM* *The Kentuckians* (1955).
 Burt Lancaster takes his son from the
 backwoods to a frontier town in this
 handsome adventure (T) (67676).
 5.45 *FILM* *Big Deal at Dodge City*
 (1936). Henry Fonda gallops as a cut-
 throat game of poker in this beguiling
 comic western (T) (603894).
 7.30 *Deadline*. Dramatic poem (S1).
 8.00 *CHOICE* *The Truth about Art*.
 Critic Waldemar Januszczak compares
 the art of today with that of the past.
 See Choice, below (T) (4273).
 9.00 *Rory Bremner... Who Else?*
 Sketches and stand-up (42569).
 9.45 *The Mark Thomas Comedy*
Product (T) (677902).
 10.00 *FILM* *The Godfather and the Death*
 (1995). Sharon Stone rides into
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 Mammy deves his own sense of
 freedom within prison walls (63352).
 5.25 *Highland Byword* (R)(S)(T)
 (751587). 5.55 *Sesame Street* (S)(T)
 (648281). To 7am.
- ITV2**
 As Granada except: 8.30 *Anglia News*
 (67702). 8.55 *Footie Focus* (R) (251457).
 9.45 *Dog City* (R)(S) (682044). 10.10
 14 (657728). 10.35 *Thin* (647235). 10.55
Johnny Bravo (R) (784964). 11.35 *Sister*
Sister (785941). 11.55 *Wise Up* (S)
 (692235). 12.15 *Planet Pop* (654824).
 10.00 *The Walters* (R)(T) (2252). 11.00
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Late Lunch with Mel and Sue (T)
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 3.30 *Traveling Thru* (T) (333254).
 3.45 *FILM* *The Kentuckians* (1955).
 Burt Lancaster takes his son from the
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 Mehrotra in Hindi drama based on a
 well-known folk tale (609200).
 3.25 *FILM* *The Walls* (1989). Gaspard,
 Mammy deves his own sense of
 freedom within prison walls (63352).
 5.25 *Highland Byword* (R)(S)(T)
 (751587). 5.55 *Sesame Street* (S)(T)
 (648281). To 7am.
- ITV3**
 As Granada except: 8.30 *Anglia News*
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 9.45 *Dog City* (R)(S) (682044). 10.10
 14 (657728). 10.35 *Thin* (647235). 10.55
Johnny Bravo (R) (784964). 11.35 *Sister*
Sister (785941). 11.55 *Wise Up* (S)
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 10.00 *The Walters* (R)(T) (2252). 11.00
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 Mammy deves his own sense of
 freedom within prison walls (63352).
 5.25 *Highland Byword* (R)(S)(T)
 (751587). 5.55 *Sesame Street* (S)(T)
 (648281). To 7am.
- ITV4**
 As Granada except: 8.30 *Anglia News*
 (67702). 8.55 *Footie Focus* (R) (251457).
 9.45 *Dog City* (R)(S) (682044). 10.10
 14 (657728). 10.35 *Thin* (647235). 10.55
Johnny Bravo (R) (784964). 11.35 *Sister*
Sister (785941). 11.55 *Wise Up* (S)
 (692235). 12.15 *Planet Pop* (654824).
 10.00 *The Walters* (R)(T) (2252). 11.00
Hollyoaks (R)(S)(T) (704493). 12.30
Late Lunch with Mel and Sue (T)
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 3.30 *Traveling Thru* (T) (333254).
 3.45 *FILM* *The Kentuckians* (1955).
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 backwoods to a frontier town in this
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 (1936). Henry Fonda gallops as a cut-
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 Critic Waldemar Januszczak compares
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 10.00 *FILM* *The Godfather and the Death*
 (1995). Sharon Stone rides into
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 5.25 *Highland Byword* (R)(S)(T)
 (751587). 5.55 *Sesame Street* (S)(T)
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- ITV5**
 As Granada except: 8.30 *Anglia News*
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 9.45 *Dog City* (R)(S) (682044). 10.10
 14 (657728). 10.35 *Thin* (647235). 10.55
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Sister (785941). 11.55 *Wise Up* (S)
 (692235). 12.15 *Planet Pop* (654824).
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Late Lunch with Mel and Sue (T)
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 (1936). Henry Fonda gallops as a cut-
 throat game of poker in this beguiling
 comic western (T) (603894).
 7.30 *Deadline*. Dramatic poem (S1).
 8.00 *CHOICE* *The Truth about Art*.
 Critic Waldemar Januszczak compares
 the art of today with that of the past.
 See Choice, below (T)

Regions

SATURDAY RADIO

RADIO 1
(56.9-98.8MHz FM)
10.00 Mark Goodier. 10.00 Chris Moyles. 1.00 Lisa Ineson. 3.00 Radio 1's R'n'B Chart. 5.00 Judge Jules. 7.00 Darnley Ramping. Lovegroove Dance Party. 9.00 Westwood - Radio 1 Rap Show. 12.00 Radio 1 Reggae Dancehall Nite. 2.00 The Essential Mix. Norman Cook. 4.00 - 6.30 Annie Nightingale.

RADIO 2
(88-90.2MHz FM)
6.00 Mo Dutta. 8.05 Brian Matthews. 10.00 Steve Wright's Saturday Show. 1.00 John Bird: That Mocking Bird. 1.30 Love 40 - New Balls Please. 2.00 Alan Freeman. 3.30 Johnnie Walker. 5.30 Paul Gambaccini. 7.00 Roy Orbison: the Big O. See Pick of the Day. 8.00 The Phil Collins Big Band in Concert. 9.00 Sweet Soul Radio 2. 10.00 Bob Harris. 1.00 Nicky Home. 4.00 - 7.00 Mo Dutta.

RADIO 3
(90.2-92.4MHz FM)
6.00 On Air. 9.00 CD Review. 11.00 Building a Library. 12.00 Private Passions. 1.00 The Radio 3 Lunchtime Concert. 2.00 Best of 3. 3.00 Youth Orchestras of the World. 4.25 The Finishing Touch. 5.00 Jazz Record Requests. 6.00 Punk Jazz. 6.30 Opera on 3. Mozart's timeless comedy, in a new production by Jonathan Miller, launches this winter's season of Radio 3 relays from the New York Metropolitan Opera. In the household of the lecherous Count Almaviva, Figaro's sassy bride-to-be and fellow servant Susanna pioneers one of the best methods of dealing with sexual harassment from an employer. With Bryn Terfel, baritone (Figaro), Barbara Bonney, soprano (Susanna), Dwayne Croft, baritone (Count), Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orchestra. James Levine. Act 1. See Pick of the Day. 7.25 New York Stories. Throughout the century, the bright lights of New York have attracted some

PICK OF THE DAY

JOSEPHINE TEY is best known for her historical detective novel *The Daughter of Time* and the kidnap drama *The Franchise Affair*. The Saturday Play, *A Shilling for Candles* (3pm R4), is a more jaunty tale about a man wrongly accused of murder who becomes involved with a police man's daughter while on the run. Tonight's Opera on 3 (6.30pm R3) is *The Marriage of Figaro*

the infamous Jonathan Miller production in which Cecilia Bartoli wanted to sing a different aria. She isn't in it any more; instead we get Barbara Bonney and Bryn Terfel. Meanwhile, John Peel offers an impassioned tribute to one of the century's great popular music voices in Roy Orbison (right) - the Big O (7pm R2).



ROBERT HANKS

of the world's finest writers, and our own time is no exception. In a nine-part interval series of specially commissioned works for Radio 3, novelists, essayists and playwrights who have moved to New York present portraits of the city through fiction and non-fiction. 1. Australian novelist Peter Carey. 7.45 *The Marriage of Figaro*, Act 2. 8.40 *The Met Opera Quiz*. Martin Bernheimer puts listeners' questions to P. Owen Lee, Bridget Paolucci and Christopher Purdy. 9.05 *The Marriage of Figaro*, Acts 3 and 4. 10.40 *Best Words*. Michael Rosen introduces the latest reviews, performances and interviews from the world of poetry, including an interview with American poet August Kleinzahler. 11.00 *Figures in the Garden*. 11.30 Jazz on 3. 1.00 - 6.00 Through the Night.

RADIO 4
(92.4-94.8MHz FM)
6.00 News Briefing. 6.05 Sports Desk. 6.10 Open Country. 6.57 Weather. 7.00 Today. 9.00 Home Truths. 10.00 News; Loose Ends. 11.00 News; The Food Programme. 11.30 From Our Own Correspondent. 12.00 News; Money Box. 12.30 True Lies. 12.55 Weather.

1.00 News.
1.15 Any Questions?
2.00 News; Any Answers? 0171 580 4444.
2.30 Rhythmic Assemblies.
3.00 News; The Saturday Play: A Shilling for Candles. See Pick of the Day.
4.00 News; Weekend Woman's Hour.
5.00 Saturday PM.
5.30 Talking Pictures.
5.54 Shipping Forecast.
6.57 Weather.
6.00 Six O'Clock News.
6.45 The Now Show.
6.45 Hearing with Hegley.
7.00 Saturday Review.
7.45 Better than Sex. Four writers celebrate a single, readily available sensual experience which gives them intense pleasure. 4. Celia Brafield on Jason and the Buttercups.
8.00 The Archive Hour. Alfred Bradley. During the 60s and 70s, Alfred Bradley produced some of the most innovative drama to have appeared on BBC Radio. Alan Plater looks back at his career, recalling classic plays such as *Shelagh Delaney's 'A Taste of Honey'*, Stan Barstow's *A Kind of Loving* and Peter Terson's *The Fishing Party*.
9.00 News; The Classic Serial: *Bleak House*. By Charles Dickens, dramatised in five parts by John Dryden, Jamyocye and Jamyocye, a contested inheritance, has been dragging through the Courts of Chancery for years, gradually grinding down its suit-

ors. Into this mincing machine are thrown two young innocents, Ada and Richard. With Claire Price, Michael Kitchen and John Shrapnell. Director John Dryden.
10.00 News and Weather.
10.15 A Life Worth Living. Disabled people are concerned that scientists, carried away by the possibilities of genetic research, are making dangerous judgements about a person's value to society. Peter White chairs a debate about the subject between disabled people and leading scientists.
11.00 News; Aerial Views. Jennifer Cox talks to European broadcasters about the cities they work in and the music they play.
11.30 Fine Lines. (R)
12.00 News.
12.25 Experimental Feature: *Starbales*.
12.30 The Late Story: A North-East Wind.
12.48 Shipping Forecast.
1.00 As World Service.
5.30 World News.
5.35 Shipping Forecast.
5.40 Inshore Forecast.
5.50 - 6.00 Bells on Sunday.

RADIO 4 LW
(98kHz)
12.00 - 12.04 News Headlines; Shipping Forecast.
RADIO 5 LIVE
(693, 909kHz MW)
6.00 Dirty Tackle.
6.30 Breakfast.
9.00 Chiles on Saturday.

11.00 Move It.
11.30 The Back Page.
12.00 SportsCall.
1.00 Sport on Five.
6.06 Six-O-Six.
8.00 Dailyn UK. Richard Dailyn with news from around the UK. Including the National Lottery Draw.
9.00 The Treatment. Stuart Macdonald and guests review the week's news.
10.00 Late Night Currie. Edwina Currie with the weekend's big issues. Phone 0500 909693. Featuring world championship boxing from Cardiff, where Joe Calzaghe defends his WBO super-middleweight title against Syd Vaderpool of Canada.
1.00 Up All Night.
5.00 - 6.00 Morning Reports.

CLASSIC FM
(100.1-101.9MHz FM)
6.00 Sarah Lucas. 8.00 Countdown. 11.00 Masters of Their Art. 12.00 Mike Read. 3.00 Margaret Howard. 6.00 Classic FM at the Movies. 7.00 Smooth Classics at Seven. 9.00 Opera Guide. 10.00 The Classic Quiz. 12.00 Midnight Music. 2.00 Evening Concert. 4.00 - 6.00 Sunday Start.

VIRGIN RADIO
(1215, 1197-1260kHz MW 105.8MHz FM)
6.00 Jeremy Clark. 9.00 Harriet Scott. 12.00 Classic Countdown with Russ Williams. 2.00 Rock and Roll Football with Chris Evans. 6.00 Wheels of Steel. 10.00 Janey Lee Grace. 2.00 - 6.00 Richard West.

WORLD SERVICE RADIO
(198kHz LW)
1.30 On Your Behalf. 1.45 Sports Roundup. 2.00 Newsday. 2.30 Music Review. 3.00 World News. 3.45 Sports Roundup. 3.50 From Our Own Correspondent. 4.00 Newsdesk. 4.30 Global Business. 5.00 Newsday. 5.30 - 6.00 Jazzmatazz.

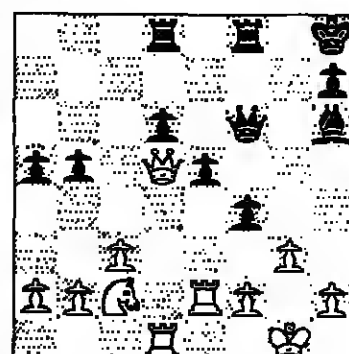
TALK RADIO
6.00 Paul Ross and Carol McGiffin. 9.00 Wendy Lloyd. 11.30 Darnley Baker and Darnley Kelly. 1.00 Saturday Sport. 3.00 Nationwide League Live Commentary. 5.30 Darnley Baker and Darnley Kelly. 7.30 Nancy Roberts. 10.00 Mike Allen. 2.00 - 6.00 Mike Dickinson.

SATELLITE TV, RADIO/31

INDEPENDENT PURSUITS

CHESSE

JON SPEELMAN



NEVER NOTED for chess, Ireland, which in the view of Fide is united, has gradually been improving, spurred on by the strong ex-Russian grandmaster Alexander Baburin, now happily settled in Dublin with his family, and two first-class annual weekend tournaments: Bunnraty in February, and Kilkenny.

This year's Kilkenny boasted a formidable entry, including five strong grandmasters and several international masters. Bloodcurdling play resulted in a three-way tie between Stuart Conquest, Bogdan Lalic and Luke McShane on 5/6, followed by Baburin, Heidenfeld and Quinn (IRE), Tim Wall (ENG) and Rochev (presumably RUS) on 4; the Russian grandmaster Sergei Tiviakov made a miserable 3.5.

While Bogdan Lalic was the only unbeaten player, it was McShane who made the greatest stir, playing wonderfully to pick up two more notable scalps. Luke, who isn't 15 till January, recovered from his third-round loss to Mark Hedder to beat another Mark - the son of one of Ireland's most famous players, Wolfgang Heidenfeld (1911-1981) - Tiviakov and Baburin.

Here Luke was Black against a world-class Russian particularly good at squeezing out the full point from small endgame advantages. In the Sveshnikov (also known as the Pelikan) Black sacrifices structure for the bishop pair and activity. Tiviakov managed to exchange off the white squared bishops, a positional success; but in the diagram he still hasn't quite got control. 27 Qxb5 looks wrong since it lets the black rook enter forcefully on b2. I wondered instead about 27 Ne1 which allows the shot f5xg3 h3xg3

White: Sergei Tiviakov
Black: Luke McShane
Kilkenny round 5
Sicilian Sveshnikov

1 e4 e5 20 Bb5 Ne7
2 Nf3 Nc6 21 Bxe6+ Qxe6
3 d4 cxd4 22 Nd5 f4
4 Nxd4 Nf6 23 Nxe7+ Qxe7
5 Nc3 e5 24 Qd5+ Kh8
6 Nd5 d6 25 Rfe1 Qf6
7 Bg5 a6 26 Re2 Bh8 (see diagram)
8 Na3 b5 27 Qxb5 f3
9 Bxf6 gxf6 28 Re4 Rb8
10 Nd5 f5 29 Qxa5 Rxb2
11 c3 Bg7 30 Qx5 Rxb2
12 exf5 Bxf5 31 Ne3 Re2
13 Nc2 Be6 32 Rb4 Bf1
14 g3 0-0 33 h3 Bxg3
15 Bg2 a5 34 Qd5 Bxd2+
16 0-0 Rb8 35 Kf1 Be5
17 Qd2 Qd7 36 Rb7 Rg2 0-1
18 Rd1 f5 19 Nde3 Rbd8

BRIDGE

ALAN HIRON

SOUTH HAD the germ of a good idea here, but he still did not give himself the best of chances and, as a result, still failed to get home.

South opened One Diamond and North responded with an old-fashioned 2 No-trumps - suggesting 11-12 points with no four-card major. I am quite sure that, with the South hand, I would simply have raised to 3 No-trumps and hoped for the best. This would not have been a success, for East has an obvious club lead and the suit breaks 5-3. More scientifically, South explored with Three Spades - not so much with the idea of playing in spades, but to suggest a weakness elsewhere.

With no guard in clubs, North gave preference to diamonds and South went on to game. West led ♠Q against Five Diamonds and it was clear that South had bid the hand better than I would have done. He won on the table and, sensibly enough, drew just two rounds of trumps with the ace and queen before testing the spades by playing off the ace, king, and queen. He would have been all right if the suit had divided 3-3, or if the defender with only two spades also held only two trumps, but East was able to ruff. Now South was a trick short. Certainly South's play was bet-

Game all; dealer South

North
♠ A S 3
♥ A 6 5
♦ K 4 2
♣ 9 7 4 3

West East
♠ J 10 5 4 ♠ 9 7
♥ Q J 10 8 ♥ 9 3 2
♦ 7 5 ♦ 9 6 3
♣ A 10 2 ♣ K J 8 6 5

South
♠ K Q 6 2
♥ K 7 4
♦ A Q 10 J 8
♣ Q

SATELLITE AND CABLE

PICK OF THE DAY

CLINT EASTWOOD (right) has carved out a good reputation as a director with films like *Unforgiven* and *Birdie*. In *Absolute Power* (10pm Sky Premier), a satellite premiere, he directs himself as a thief, Luther Whitney, who, while committing a robbery witnesses a murder by the US President. He soon finds himself drawn into a plot involving corruption at the highest levels. Good support comes from Gene Hackman, Ed

Harris and Judy Davis. Steve Martin's work does sometimes veer into sickly sentimentality, and yet, at his best, he is a winning performer. He is celebrated in a triple-bill on Sky Moviemax tonight. *Father of the Bride II* (7pm) is followed by *Sgt. Bilko* (9pm) and his divine road comedy *Planes, Trains and Automobiles* (10.30pm) with the late John Candy.



JAMES RAMPTON

SKY PREMIER
6.00 Five Days One Summer (1983) (56708). 8.00 Major League (1989) (4210). 10.00 We the Jury (1996) (60056). 12.00 Five Days One Summer (1983) (56708). 2.00 Major League (1989) (4210). 4.00 Old Yeller (1957) (1143). 6.00 We the Jury (1996) (60056). 7.30 preview (3478). 8.00 Nick of Time (1995) (84650). 10.00 Absolute Power (1997) (58747). See Pick of the Day. 12.00 Surviving Picasso (1996) (6786633). 2.00 The War of the Roses (1989) (71439). 4.00 - 6.00 North Star (1958) (85650).

SKY MOVIE MAX
6.00 Destroy All Monsters (1969) (58124). 8.00 The Christmas List (1997) (75327). 9.30 Too Close to Home (1997) (32673). 11.30 Destroy All Monsters (1969) (58124). 1.00 Father of the Bride Part II (1995) (77321). 3.00 The Christmas List (1997) (75327). 5.00 Too Close to Home (1997) (32673). 7.00 Father of the Bride Part II (1995) (77321). See Pick of the Day. 9.00 Sgt. Bilko (1996) (60582). See Pick of the Day. 10.30 Planes, Trains and Automobiles (1997) (5889221). See Pick of the Day. 12.00 Multiplicity (1996) (588916). 2.00 The Machine (1993) (122893). 3.45 - 6.00 The Killing Secret (1996) (89278146).

SKY CINEMA
11.00 Quality Street (1937) (8290303). 12.30 Earth vs the Flying Saucers (1956) (2322893). 2.00 Top Hat (1935) (3051833). 4.00 Son of Pale Rider (1992) (7832327). 6.00 Tight Spot (1955) (5346339). 6.00 Goli South (1978) (5343834). 10.00 Blume in Love (1973) (4283747). 11.55 Compulsion (1959) (1434327). 1.40 Woodstock (1970) (8555490). 4.40 Don't Bother to Knock (1959) (85044790). 5.55 Close.

FILMFOUR
6.00 Goodbye (1955) (2138372). 8.00 Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe (1991) (5077210). 10.30 The Crow (1994) (2320921). 12.00 Bad Boy Bobby (1994) (3432631). 2.00 Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars (1973) (8503896). 3.30 - 6.00 The Adventure of the Hound of the Baskin (1994) (4646893).

DISCOVERY CHANNEL
4.00 Wings of Tomorrow (3654747). 5.00 Battlefield (586768). 2.00 The Lines (500868). 6.00 Raging Planet (5004019). 8.00 Extreme Machines (5067582). 10.00 Forensic Detectives (5007959). 11.00 Battlefield (586768). 1.00

SKY ONE
7.00 Bump in the Night (7037). 7.30 Street Sharks (23672). 8.00 Adventures of Sinbad (31853). 9.00 The Simpsons (12221). 9.30 Court Duckula (57582). 10.00 The Best of the Chris Evans Show (20598). 11.00 World Wrestling Federation Live Wire (2432). 12.00 World Wrestling Federation Shotgun Show (47105). 1.00 The New Adventures of Superman (58653). 2.00 The Newwired Games (5582). 2.30 The Newwired Games (5582). 3.00 Star Trek: Deep Space Nine (7501). 3.30 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 4.00 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 4.30 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 5.00 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 5.30 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 6.00 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 6.30 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 7.00 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 7.30 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 8.00 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 8.30 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 9.00 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 9.30 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 10.00 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 10.30 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 11.00 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 11.30 Star Trek: Voyager (5869). 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Channel 5

REVIEW

decades of your presence. The argument was simple. A series of photographs with half-burned middle forefingers were conducted off a month of 200 women. You could say either in accordance with the ghost of Lady Isengard, but for some sort of Euro-accouter with those regressive, the informative that episode did convey with the stereotypic of the hairy Celt, locked into a sleepspan ring. On no, we were much more sophisticated than that, although the evidences of Alan Fox, who is that we appear to be regressing.

Channel 5

THE

Boes gives an exclusive interview (B&E 59).
200 The Cops (S) (T) (B&E 12).
210 FIM Sonatina (Kikashi Kimura 1993, Jap), more fast and furious Yakuza action with the mild, Japanese film-maker. This one involves gang warfare in Okinawa (B&E 57), to 245am.

12. *Police Slap Shot* (George Roy Hill 1977 US), Ice Hockey manager Paul Newman tries to beat up the team with a trio of new recruits who specialise in foul tactics in the action comedy which simultaneously declares violence in sport while enjoying the depiction. (7/8/1982), **0.5**

13. *Baywatch Nights* (R) (S) (6604/94), **2.00** Box Office America (490838/95), **2.00** (holding the fort - the Making of *Baywatch*), **4.00** (1982), **2.50** CD UK (S) (669898/96), **4.50** TV (Nightracoon (44593/1), to 5.00am.

[illegible]

Parade (1982 UK). Daily professor discovers groups in their "home" (SAC4223).

Melville Chart Show (#52067) **4.45 Mon On** (B44187) **4.40** Premier: Car Book H. (S35591), to

The Litton Guide by Gerald Chubb

100

FROM EARTH (245pm 98C) Powell and Pressburger's much-misappreciated depiction of Mary Webb's 1917 bodice-riper, if not epoch-bending play of story-telling with the Oldham-hum, Jennifer Jones might mesmeric as the supercilious 19th-century Shropshire lass who keeps a level keel. Marted to view: Cyril Cusack. It's a lushly snuffed David Warner who struts here, even if he does have some nasty fox-grafting scars (the Welsh border country is beautiful).



John

JOHN LENNON is to make television advertising 18 years after his murder in New York. The former will appear in a plug for phones. Lennon's positive appearance, to be shown every day, may sound like bad news, but it is part of a trend.

INSIDE THIS

- ✓ Lockerbie hopes
- ✓ Lockerbie bombing suspects could be handed over in a fortnight
- ✓ Home P5
- ✓ Kids father guilty
- ✓ Man faces life in jail for rejecting son with HIV
- ✓ Foreign P12

HOME 2-10 FOREIGN 11-13

1